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POETICAL WORKS
OF
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

POETICAL WORKS
OF
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

INCLUDING
THE BIGLOW PAPERS

WITH PREFATORY MEMOIR, NOTES
GLOSSARY, ETC.



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PREFATORY MEMOIR

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL was born on the 22nd of February 1819, at Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was descended on the father's side from a family of English gentlemen, one of whom, Percival Lowell, emigrated to America in 1639, and died at Newbury, Massachusetts, in 1665. The Lowells prospered. The poet's grandfather was a member of the Convention which framed the Constitution of Massachusetts, and introduced the clauses in the Bill of Rights which effected the abolition of slavery in that State. He was appointed by Washington the first judge of the United States District Court, and at his death was Chief-Justice of the Circuit Court of the United States. His correspondence with John Adams was published in the *Boston Historical Magazine*. "He was," says Everett, "among those who enjoyed the public trust and confidence in the times which tried men's souls, and bore his part in the greatest work recorded in the annals of constitutional liberty—the American Revolution." One of his sons, John, founded the Lowell Institute at Boston, and was the author of many pamphlets. Another of his sons, Charles, was the father of the poet. The Rev. Charles Lowell graduated at Harvard College, 1800; matriculated at the University of Edinburgh, and studied Moral Philosophy under Dugald Stewart. He was ordained minister of West Church, in Boston, 1806.

The poet's mother was the descendant of an Orkney family, and from her he derived a poetic imagination and a sensitive nature; while from his father, a beloved clergyman of Boston, he inherited a taste for fine scholarship and Puritan principles, though he did not adopt the Puritan doctrine. He was an extremely clever lad, and spent a happy childhood and youth in his paternal home at Cambridge, a pleasant village near Boston. It was the seat of the oldest college in America, and was inhabited at that time by men devoted to literature. Lowell studied at Harvard College, and graduated there in 1838. But his tastes in reading and his poetic studies somewhat interfered with

his college course, and during his last year at Harvard he was "rusticated" for some months in Concord. Of this he writes in his delightful "Letters," edited by his friend Charles Eliot Norton: "I acknowledge that I have been something of a dreamer, and have sacrificed, perchance too assiduously, on that altar to the 'Unknown God,' which the Divinity has builded not with hands in the bosom of every decent man, sometimes blazing out clear with flame like Abel's sacrifice, heaven-seeking; sometimes smothered with green wood, and earthward, like that of Cain. Lazy, quotha! I haven't dug, 'tis true, but I have done as well; and since my free soul was mistress of her choice, and could of books distinguish her election, I have chosen what reading I pleased, and what friends I pleased, sometimes scholars and sometimes not."

On leaving Harvard he hesitated as to his choice of a profession. He thought once of embracing his father's (his great-grandfather and his father were both clergymen), but changed his mind and tried the law. He did not like it, and made trial of a counting-house; but finding this less satisfactory still, returned to the law, and was called to the Bar. His true vocation was, undoubtedly, literature; verses of his had appeared in the *Magazines*, and he even thought of writing a drama on "Cromwell." His first volume of poems, entitled "A Year's Life," was published in 1841. It was not very successful, though looked on as a work of promise. There was a pause of three years before another collection was made, and then he published "A Legend of Brittany," "Prometheus," "Miscellaneous Poems and Sonnets." Edgar Poe thought "A Legend of Brittany" "the noblest poem of the same length written by an American." But his was an extremely morbid taste, for the subject of the legend is very disagreeable, though Lowell has done the best with it that could be done.

In 1840 the young poet became engaged to Miss Maria White, the daughter of a rich merchant residing at Watertown, Massachusetts. She was highly accomplished, the writer of some poems of great merit, and an admirable translator of German. Her manner and character were alike charming, and she was greatly beloved by her friends. The engagement had the best possible effect on Lowell: the sympathy, taste, and ability of such a woman were beyond price for him. They were married in 1844.

Lowell's next work was in prose—"Conversations on some of the Old Poets"—an enlargement of some essays written for a magazine, called the *Pioneer*, that he had started in Boston, but which had not been a

success, though Poe and Hawthorne had written for it. He published nothing separately for some years afterwards ; but he was continually writing, for in 1848 he produced another volume of poems, "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "A Fable for Critics," and the first part of the "Biglow Papers," which had appeared occasionally in the newspapers.

The Poems contained the "Indian Summer Reverie" and many anti-slavery poems, which became popular.

We fancy we can see the influence of his gifted wife in "Sir Launfal," which is a very delightful poem. The preludes are charming descriptions of summer and winter ; and the teaching of the power and need of sympathy in almsgiving is very striking. "A Fable for Critics" was a clever review of the best-known writers of his day—of Bryant, Halleck, Poe, Holmes, Longfellow, &c. It is a very keen satire, but good-natured and kindly. It would have taken even a higher rank amongst humorous works than it did, had not the poet rivalled himself in the "Biglow Papers."

They must have been busy years that preceded 1848 to produce so much good work, and the poet in his "Letters" has left a delightful picture of the scenery where that work was done. We give a short extract from his "Letters," edited by Charles Eliot Norton.

The poet is at Elmwood, and thus describes the trees that probably gave name to the house, and the scenery round it : "Here I am in my garret ; I slept here when I was a little curly-headed boy. . . . It is a pleasant room, facing, from the position of the house, almost equally towards the morning and the afternoon. In winter I can see the sunset, in summer I can see it only as it lights up the tall trunks of the English elms in front of the house, making them sometimes, when the sky behind them is lead-coloured, seem of the most brilliant yellow. When the sun, towards setting, breaks out suddenly after a thunder shower, and I see them against an almost black sky, they have seemed of a most peculiar and dazzling green tint, like the rust on copper. In winter my view is a wide one, taking in a part of Boston. I can see one long curve of the Charles and the wide fields between me and Cambridge, and the flat marshes beyond the river, smooth and silent with glittering snow. As the spring advances, and one after another of our trees puts forth, the landscape is cut off from me piece by piece, till by the end of May I am closeted in a cool and rustling privacy of leaves. Then I begin to bud with the seasons. . . . When I can sit at my open window, and my friendly leaves hold their hands before

my eyes to prevent their wandering to the landscape, I can sit down and write."

Lowell's wife shared his opinions as well as his tastes, and at this period they had matter for serious reflection. The slave power seemed growing rapidly, and the poet's generous nature caused him to sympathise deeply with the sufferings of the Africans. As was worthy of Judge John Lowell's son : he became an abolitionist. His shorter poems had already breathed that spirit ; the "Biglow Papers" expressed even more strongly his abhorrence of slavery. The cause which produced them was the war with Mexico. The Mexicans were angry at the proposed annexation of Texas, and declared war against the United States in June 4, 1845. Lowell, who believed that the annexation would only enlarge the area of slavery, considered the war a disgraceful one, and spoke his opinion of the Slave States' invasion of Mexico in the famous "Biglow Papers." The Mexicans were defeated at Palo Alto, in May 1846, by General Taylor, and again at Buena Vista, in February 1847. In the same year Vera Cruz was taken by storm ; everywhere the American army conquered, signally at the great battle of Sierra Gorda under General Scott. Meantime the "Papers" were constantly appearing at intervals in the newspapers and *Atlantic Monthly*. The first lyric at once won the attention of the public ; the following papers were equally good. He protested not only against the slaveholders' invasion of Mexico, but against war itself, in the first series. He rejected the popular ideal of Webster ; turned into stinging, yet good-humoured ridicule Robinson, a clever lawyer who represented the town of Lowell in Congress, Caleb Cushing, and Palfrey, and gave utterance to the most crushing scorn of trimmers—the men in the expressive Yankee dialect "sitting on a fence," i.e., ready to jump down to the successful side. In the "Notices of an Independent Press" he satirised the journalists and reviewers, and in mock Latin burlesqued the college catalogues and New England genealogies.

In the second series, published twenty-five years afterwards, Lowell was no longer adverse to war. He probably foresaw in the civil conflict the coming freedom of the slaves ; but in the first series he even hinted at secession rather than supporting the Slave States.

The characters invented as the supposed writers of the Biglow Papers are masterpieces of creative power. The simple-minded, pedantic, and learned Homer Wilbur is a worthy companion to Dr. Primrose. Hosea Biglow, with his shrewd common-sense, his proverbial philosophy, and

his honesty, contrasts well with Birdofredom Sawin, the trimmer, who, standing for the Presidency, suggests that his friends, to please the South, might raise funds enough "to buy a *low-priced baby*" for him :—

"An' then to suit the No'thern folks, who feel obleeged to say
They hate an' cuss the very thing they vote fer every day,
Say you're assured I go full butt fer Libbaty's diffusion,
An' make the purchis on'y jest to spite the Institootion."

The Yankee dialect is well and cleverly represented, and is full of humour and comic expression. Many of the lines form telling proverbs, as "Don't never prophesy unless you know," "I guess the gran'thers *they* knowed suthin'," &c. &c.

D. O'Phace's remark at the "extrumperry caucus" is an equally telling sarcasm.

"A marcoiful Providunce fashioned us holler
O' purpose that we might our principles swaller ;"

and in the second part we have,

"A ginooine statesman should be on his guard,
Ef he *must* hev beliefs, nut to b'lieve 'em tu hard."

The introductions are admirable, and are scarcely inferior in ability to the admirable introductions to Scott's novels.

The great success of the "Biglow Papers," when, collected in 1848, they appeared altogether, attracted the attention of America to the writer's more serious poems, which thus far had had a comparatively small circle of readers ; and Mr. Lowell received the recognition he merited as a poet, though his prose works have always been considered as good, if not superior to his serious verse.

In July 1851 Lowell left America for a tour in Europe ; visited England, France, Switzerland, and Italy, and returned to his home at the close of 1852. A cloud was gathering over his happiness then, to fall darkly on him the next year. In 1853 his gifted young wife, at the close of nine years of wedded happiness, died. Her death was commemorated by Longfellow in his exquisite poem "The Two Angels :"¹

"'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and, with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

¹ Longfellow had a child born to him the morning Mrs. Lowell died.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom—
A shadow on those features fair and thin ;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in."

The poet's loss must have been unspeakable. Mr. Griswold had said of Mrs. Lowell, that "for her genius, taste, and many admirable qualities, she was worthy to be the wife of that fine poet and true-hearted man." Longfellow had held the chair of Modern Languages and Belles Lettres at Harvard College from 1836 ; in 1856 he resigned it, and as there was a prospect of Lowell being appointed his successor, the latter again visited Europe. During his previous tour he had spent a rather long time in Italy : he now devoted himself to the study of German literature at Dresden. In 1856 he returned to America, and entered on his new duties, for which his lectures on the British Poets at the Lowell Institute, Boston, had shown that he was well suited. He did not, however, love the duty of teaching or lecturing, though he fulfilled it admirably, and his influence on his students was strong and lasting. We are told by his friend Mr. Norton that "he used to gather his classes in Dante around him in his study at Elmwood, and there, in those rich hours, his greatest service to them was not in expounding the 'Divine Comedy,' but in laying open to them the treasures of his full mind, in making them conscious of the relation of character with learning, of poetry with life, and of the pre-eminence of the things of the spirit over those of the flesh."

Time, change of scene, and work had softened the poet's grief, and in 1857 he married again. His second wife was Miss Frances Dunlap, niece of the ex-governor of Portland, Maine, and again he had chosen wisely. From 1857 to 1862 he was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and he edited the *North American Review* from 1863 to 1872. His separate publications were "Fireside Travels," 1864, and the second part of the "Biglow Papers." A war had broken out in 1860 between the Northern and Southern States. At the time the first "Biglow Papers" appeared many Northern men, as we have said, were inclined to advocate separation from the Slave States ; to this Lowell thus alluded in the first part :—

"Ef I'd *my* way, I hed ruther
We should go to work an' part,
They take one way, we take t'other,
Guess it wouldn't break *my* heart ;

Man hed ough' to put asunder
Them thet God had noways jined ;
An' I shouldn't gretly wonder
Ef there's thousands o' my mind."

But from 1860 to 1864 he no longer spoke of disunion ; his satire was pointed against weakness, hesitation, and delay. There is a warning worth noticing by M.P.'s in this stanza :—

" Words, ef you keep 'em, pay their keep,
But gabble's the short cut to ruin ;
It's gratis (gals half-price), but cheap
At no rate, ef it henders doin'."

There is more poetry and pathos in the second part of the "Biglow Papers" than in the first ; and though it has not been thought quite equal to the latter, we think there are few English readers who will not prefer it. There is something so picturesque and pathetic in the following verses from "Hosea Biglow," that we must give them :—

" Under the yaller-pines I house,
When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented,
An' hear among their furry boughs
The baskin' west wind purr contented,
While 'way o'erhead, ez sweet an' low
Ez distant bells thet ring for meetin',
The wedged wil' geese their bugles blow,
Farther an' farther south retreatin'.

Or up the slippery knob I strain,
An' see a hundred hills like islans,
Lift their blue woods in broken chain
Out o' the sea o' snowy silence ;
The farm-smokes, sweetes' sight on airth,
Slow thru the winter air a-shrinkin'
Seem kin' o' sad, an' roun' the hearth
Of empty places set me thinkin'.

Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street
I hear the drummers makin' riot,
An' I set thinkin' o' the feet
Thet follered once an' now are quiet,—
White feet ez snowdrops innercent,
Thet never knowed the paths o' Satan,
Whose comin' step ther's ears thet won't,
No, not lifelong, leave off a-waitin'.

Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee ?
 Didn't I love to see 'em growin',
 Three likely lads ez wal could be,
 Hahnsome an' brave an' not tu knowin' ?
 I set an' look into the blaze
 Whose natur', jes' like theirn, keeps climbin',
 Ez long 'z it lives, in shinin' ways,
 An' half despise myself for rhymin'."

Lowell lost three nephews in this war, and as he was of a very affectionate nature, and warmly attached to the members of his family, it must have been a great grief to him.

In 1864 Lowell published "Fireside Travels" as well as the second part of the "Biglow Papers." In 1869 "The Willows and other Poems" appeared. In 1870 "The Cathedral," a poem, and in the same year the prose works: "Among my Books;" in 1871, also prose, "My Study Windows," containing, "My Garden Acquaintance," "On a certain Condescension in Foreigners," and essays on Chaucer, Pope, Carlyle, and Swinburne. In 1874 the English University of Cambridge conferred on the American poet the degree of LL.D.

English Governments have long ceased to employ poets and prose writers in diplomacy, as was the custom in the reigns of the Stuarts up to the time of Queen Anne—until, in fact, the king appeared who hated "Bainting and Boetry." In America the fashion of the Stuarts has been preserved, and in 1877 Lowell was selected as Minister to Spain. Then he resigned his picturesque and beloved home at Elmwood, and the society of the friends he so warmly loved, for diplomacy; but he thought his duty required him to serve his country when his services were most required, and Spain, the land of romance, seems to have been well suited to a poetic envoy. He did his duty there so well that in 1880 he was transferred to London. Here the distinguished American was warmly received; his wit, genius, and numerous accomplishments were fully appreciated in the "old home," as he called England. He had many friends here, and to the people generally he gave quite a different impression of Americans to that which had been formerly common. He did much also by his tact and influence to draw together the kindred people, and has left a venerated and tender memory of himself in both lands.

The pleasure of his embassy to London was destroyed in the last year of his residence there by a great grief—Mrs. Lowell died.

She was in every way worthy of her husband, and was deeply regretted.

In 1885 he returned to America, but not to Elmwood, where his loss would be more cruelly felt. At first he stayed with his great friend Mr. Norton at Ashfield ; and this gentleman, who has given us a delightful picture of the poet's life and habits, tells us that Lowell was present at the August festival of the village, and spoke there eloquently and pathetically. He had not entirely forsaken England, however ; he visited it nearly every summer.

He did not write much more—a few poems only ; and he delivered a course of lectures on the Old English Dramatists.

In 1889 he returned to Elmwood, no longer solitary, for his daughter and her children resided with him. He had been absent nine years from it, but he loved his birthplace, and doubtless he was happy there for the two more years of life remaining to him.

Lowell died in August 1891, recognised as one of the best of the American poets.

He could never be as popular as Longfellow as a serious poet ; but he takes the first place as a humorist, and he shares with Longfellow the glory of never having written a line that "his daughter might not read." The most generous and faithful of friends, the truest of patriots, one of the most accomplished of men, retaining in age the freshness and charm of youth ; as he himself expressed it, he had a nature "sloping to the southern side." This brightness endeared him to his friends as much perhaps as his "true-heartedness." All his personal friends—they were many of them lifelong friends—speak of Lowell with enthusiastic admiration and regret, and also of the hours passed with him in his study, surrounded by his beloved books, and listening to the wit and wisdom that flowed from the lips of their host. To him Longfellow addressed the "Hérons of Elmwood :"

" Warm and still is the summer night,
As here by the river's brink I wander ;
White overhead are the stars, and white
The glimmering lamps on the hillside yonder.

Silent are all the sounds of day ;
Nothing I hear but the chirp of crickets,
And the cry of the herons winging their way,
O'er the poet's house in the Elmwood thickets.

Sing to him, say to him, here at his gate,
Where the boughs of the stately elms are meeting,
Some one hath lingered to meditate,
And send him unseen this friendly greeting.

That many another hath done the same,
Though not by a sound was the silence broken ;
The surest pledge of a deathless name
Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken."

Lowell had a true feeling for Nature, and was greatly flattered at Darwin's saying that he was a born naturalist. His descriptive power was great ; of this the "Pictures from Appledore," the verses "To a Pine-Tree" and "To the Dandelion" are examples ; the latter is a perfect gem. "The Shepherd of King Admetus," and the lovely stanzas on "Phoebe" (the bird so named from its notes) in the *Century*, are also perfect. "The First Snowfall" is a touching lyric. But it is as a humorist of the highest standing that Lowell has won his fame ; in fact, it is doubtful if he is not the *very* first, better than Butler or Hood, the Yankee dialect greatly aiding him. As a serious poet he may claim a high place also, though not perhaps the highest. He was also a good prose writer.

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EARLIER POEMS

THRENODIA

GONE, gone from us! and shall we
see

Those sibyl-leaves of destiny,
Those calm eyes, nevermore?
Those deep, dark eyes so warm and
bright,

Wherein the fortunes of the man
Lay slumbering in prophetic light,
In characters a child might scan?
So bright, and gone forth utterly!
Oh, stern word—Nevermore!

The stars of those two gentle eyes
Will shine no more on earth;
Quenched are the hopes that had
their birth,

As we watched them slowly rise,
Stars of a mother's fate;
And she would read them o'er and o'er,
Pondering, as she sate,
Over their dear astrology,
Which she had conned and conned
before,

Deeming she needs must read aright
What was writ so passing bright.
And yet, alas! she knew not why,
Her voice would falter in its song,
And tears would slide from out her
eye,

Silent, as they were doing wrong.
Oh, stern word—Nevermore!

The tongue that scarce had learned
to claim

An entrance to a mother's heart
By that dear talisman, a mother's
name,
Sleeps all forgetful of its art!

I loved to see the infant soul
(How mighty in the weakness
Of its untutored meekness!)
Peep timidly from out its nest,
His lips, the while,
Fluttering with half-fledged words,
Or hushing to a smile
That more than words expressed,
When his glad mother on him
stole

And snatched him to her breast!
Oh, thoughts were brooding in those
eyes,

That would have soared like strong-
winged birds

Far, far into the skies,
Gladding the earth with song,
And gushing harmonies,
Had he but tarried with us long!
Oh, stern word—Nevermore!

How peacefully they rest,
Crossfolded there
Upon his little breast,
Those small, white hands that ne'er
were still before,
But ever sported with his mother's
hair,

Or the plain cross that on her breast
she wore!

Her heart no more will beat
To feel the touch of that soft palm,
That ever seemed a new surprise
Sending glad thoughts up to her
eyes

To bless him with their holy calm,—
Sweet thoughts! they made her eyes
as sweet.

How quiet are the hands
That wove those pleasant bands!

But that they do not rise and sink
 With his calm breathing, I should
 think
 That he were dropped asleep.
 Alas ! too deep, too deep
 Is this his slumber !
 Time scarce can number
 The years ere he will wake again.
 Oh, may we see his eyelids open
 then !
 Oh, stern word—Nevermore !

As the airy gossamere,
 Floating in the sunlight clear,
 Where'er it toucheth clingeth tightly,
 Round glossyleaf or stump unsightly,
 So from his spirit wandered out
 Tendrils spreading all about,
 Knitting all things to its thrall
 With a perfect love of all :
 Oh, stern word—Nevermore !

He did but float a little way
 Adown the stream of time,
 With dreamy eyes watching the
 ripples play,
 Or hearkening their fairy chime ;
 His slender sail
 Ne'er felt the gale ;
 He did but float a little way,
 And, putting to the shore
 While yet 'twas early day,
 Went calmly on his way,
 To dwell with us no more !
 No jarring did he feel,
 No grating on his vessel's keel ;
 A strip of silver sand
 Mingled the waters with the land
 Where he was seen no more :
 Oh, stern word—Nevermore !

Full short his journey was ; no
 dust
 Of earth unto his sandals clave ;
 The weary weight that old men
 must,
 He bore not to the grave.
 He seemed a cherub who had lost
 his way
 And wandered hither, so his stay

With us was short, and 'twas most
 meet
 That he should be no delver in
 earth's clod,
 Nor need to pause and cleanse his
 feet
 To stand before his God :
 Oh, blest word—Evermore !

THE SIRENS

THE sea is lonely, the sea is dreary,
 The sea is restless and uneasy ;
 Thou seekest quiet, thou art weary,
 Wandering thou knowest not
 whither ;—
 Our little isle is green and breezy,
 Come and rest thee ! Oh, come hither,
 Come to this peaceful home of ours,
 Where evermore
 The low west wind creeps panting
 up the shore
 To be at rest among the flowers ;
 Full of rest, the green moss lifts,
 As the dark waves of the sea
 Draw in and out of rocky rifts,
 Calling solemnly to thee
 With voices deep and hollow,
 “To the shore
 Follow ! Oh, follow !
 To be at rest for evermore !
 For evermore !”

Look how the gray old Ocean
 From the depth of his heart rejoices,
 Heaving with a gentle motion,
 When he hears our restful voices ;
 List how he sings in an undertone,
 Chiming with our melody ;
 And all sweet sounds of earth and air
 Melt into one low voice alone,
 That murmurs over the weary sea,
 And seemst to sing from everywhere,—
 “ Heremayst thou harbour peacefully,
 Here mayst thou rest from the
 aching oar ;
 Turn thy curved prow ashore,
 And in our green isle rest for evermore !
 For evermore !”
 And Echo half wakes in the wooded
 hill,

And, to her heart so calm and deep,
Murmurs over in her sleep,
Doubtfully pausing and murmuring
still,

"Evermore!"

Thus, on Life's weary sea,
Heareth the marinere
Voices sweet, from far and
near,

Ever singing low and clear
Ever singing longingly.

Is it not better here to be,
Than to be toiling late and soon?
In the dreary night to see
Nothing but the blood-red moon
Go up and down into the sea;
Or, in the loneliness of day,

To see the still seals only
Solemnly lift their faces gray,
Making it yet more lonely?
Is it not better than to hear
Only the sliding of the wave
Beneath the plank, and feel so near
A cold and lonely grave,
A restless grave, wherethou shalt lie
Even in death unquietly?

Look down beneath thy wave-worn
bark,

Lean over the side and see
The leaden eye of the sidelong shark
Upturned patiently,

Ever waiting there for thee!
Look down and see those shapeless
forms,

Which ever keep their dreamless
sleep

Far down within the gloomy deep,
And only stir themselves in storms,
Rising like islands from beneath,
And snorting through the angry
spray,

As the frail vessel perisheth
In the whirls of their unwieldy play!
Look down! Look down!

Upon the seaweed, slimy and dark,
That waves its arms so lank and
brown,

Beckoning for thee!

Look down beneath thy wave-worn
bark

Into the cold depth of the sea!

Look down! Look down!
Thus on Life's lonely sea,
Heareth the marinere
Voices sad, from far and near,
Ever singing full of fear,
Ever singing drearily.

Here all is pleasant as a dream;
The wind scarce shaketh down the
dew,

The green grass floweth like a stream
Into the ocean's blue!

Listen! Oh, listen!

Here is a gush of many streams,
A song of many birds,
And every wish and longing seems
Lulled to a numbered flow of words,—

Listen! Oh, listen!

Here ever hum the golden bees
Underneath full-blossomed trees,
At once with glowing fruit and
flowers crowned;—

The sand is so smooth, the yellow
sand,

That thy keel will not grate as it
touches the land;

All around with a slumberous sound,
The singing waves slide up the strand,
And there, where the smooth, wet
pebbles be,

The waters gurgle longingly,
As if they fain would seek the shore,
To be at rest from the ceaseless roar,
To be at rest for evermore,—

For evermore.

Thus, on Life's gloomy sea,
Heareth the marinere
Voices sweet, from far and near,
Ever singing in his ear,
"Here is rest and peace for
thee!"

IRENE

HERS is a spirit deep and crystal-
clear;

Calmly beneath here earnest face it lies,
Free without boldness, meek with-
out a fear,

Quicker to look than speak its sym-
pathies;

Far down into her large and patient
 eyes
 I gaze, deep-drinking of the infinite,
 As, in the mid-watch of a clear, still
 night,
 I look into the fathomless blue skies.

So circled lives she with Love's
 holy light,
 That from the shade of self she
 walketh free ;
 The garden of her soul still keepeth
 she
 An Eden where the snake did never
 enter ;
 She hath a natural, wise sincerity,
 A simple truthfulness, and these have
 lent her
 A dignity as moveless as the centre ;
 So that no influence of our earth can
 stir
 Her steadfast courage, nor can take
 away
 The holy peacefulness, which night
 and day,
 Unto her quiescent soul doth minister.

Most gentle is she ; her large
 charity
 (An all-unwitting, childlike gift in her)
 Not freer is to give than meek to
 bear ;
 And, though herself not unacquaint
 with care,
 Hath in her heart wide room for all
 that be, —
 Her heart that hath no secrets of its
 own,
 But open is as eglantine full blown.
 Cloudless for ever is her brow serene,
 Speaking calm hope and trust within
 her, whence
 Welleth an noiseless spring of patience,
 That keepeth all her life so fresh, so
 green
 And full of holiness, that every look,
 The greatness of her woman's soul
 revealing,
 Unto me bringeth blessing, and a
 feeling
 As when I read in God's own holy
 book.

A graciousness in giving that doth
 make
 The small'st gift greatest, and a sense
 most meek
 Of worthiness, that doth not fear to
 take
 From others, but which always fears
 to speak
 Its thanks in utterance, for the
 giver's sake ; —
 The deep religion of a thankful heart,
 Which rests instinctively in Heaven's
 clear law
 With a full peace, that never can
 depart
 From its own steadfastness ; — a holy
 awe
 For holy things, — not those which
 men call holy,
 But such as are revealed to the
 eyes
 Of a true woman's soul bent down
 and lowly
 Before the face of daily mysteries ; —
 A love that blossoms soon, but ripens
 slowly
 To the full goldenness of fruitful
 prime,
 Enduring with a firmness that defies
 All shallow tricks of circumstance
 and time,
 By a sure insight knowing where to
 cling,
 And where it clingeth never wither-
 ing ; —
 These are Irené's dowry, which no
 fate
 Can shake from their serene, deep-
 builded state.

In-seeing sympathy is hers, which
 chasteneth
 No less than loveth, scorning to be
 bound
 With fear of blame, and yet which
 ever hasteneth
 To pour the balm of kind looks on
 the wound,
 If they be wounds which such sweet
 teaching makes,
 Giving itself a pang for others'
 sakes ;

No want of faith, that chills with
 sidelong eye,
 Hath she; no jealousy, no Levite
 pride
 That passeth by upon the other side;
 For in her soul there never dwelt a lie.
 Right from the hand of God her
 spirit came
 Unstained, and she hath ne'er for-
 gotten whence
 It came, nor wandered far from
 thence,
 But laboureth to keep her still the
 same,
 Near to her place of birth, that she
 may not
 Soil her white raiment with an
 earthly spot.

Yet sets she not her soul so steadily
 Above that she forgets her ties to
 earth,
 But her whole thought would almost
 seem to be
 How to make glad one lowly human
 hearth;
 For with a gentle courage she doth
 strive
 In thought and word and feeling so
 to live
 As to make earth next heaven; and
 her heart
 Herein doth show its most exceeding
 worth,
 That, bearing in our frailty her just
 part,
 She hath not shrunk from evils of
 this life,
 But hath gone calmly forth into the
 strife,
 And all its sins and sorrows hath
 withstood
 With lofty strength of patient
 womanhood:
 For this I love her great soul more
 than all,
 That, being bound, like us, with
 earthly thrall,
 She walks so bright and heaven-like
 therein,—
 Too wise, too meek too womanly.
 to sin.

Like a lone star through riven
 storm-clouds seen
 By sailors, tempest-tost upon the sea,
 Telling of rest and peaceful heavens
 nigh,
 Unto my soul her star-like soul hath
 been,
 Her sight as full of hope and calm
 to me;—
 For she unto herself hath builded
 high
 A home serene, wherein to lay her
 head,
 Earth's noblest thing, a Woman per-
 fected.

SERENADE

FROM the close-shut windows gleams
 no spark,
 The night is chilly, the night is dark,
 The poplars shiver, the pine-trees
 moan,
 My hair by the autumn breeze is
 blown.
 Under thy window I sing alone,
 Alone, alone, ah woe! alone!

The darkness is pressing coldly
 around,
 The windows shake with a lonely
 sound,
 The stars are hid and the night is
 drear,
 The heart of silence throbs in thine
 ear.
 In thy chamber thou sittest alone,
 Alone, alone, ah woe! alone!

The world is happy, the world is
 wide,
 Kind hearts are beating on every
 side;
 Ah, why should we lie so coldly
 curled
 Alone in the shell of this great
 world?
 Why should we any more be
 alone?
 Alone, alone, ah woe! alone!

Oh, 'tis a bitter and dreary word,
The saddest by man's ear ever heard!
We each are young, we each have a
heart,
Why stand we ever coldly apart?
Must we for ever, then, be alone?
Alone, alone, ah woe! alone!

WITH A PRESSED FLOWER

THIS little blossom from afar
Hath come from other lands to
thine;
For, once, its white and drooping star
Could see its shadow in the Rhine.

Perchance some fair-haired German
maid
Hath plucked one from the self-same
stalk,
And numbered over, half afraid,
Its petals in her evening walk.

"He loves me, loves me not," she
cries;
"He loves me more than earth or
heaven!"
And then glad tears have filled her
eyes
To find the number was uneven.

And thou must count its petals well,
Because it is a gift from me;
And the last one of all shall tell
Something I've often told to thee.

But here at home, where we were
born,
Thou wilt find flowers just as
true,
Down-bending every summer morn,
With freshness of New England
dew.

For Nature, ever kind to love,
Hath granted them the same sweet
tongue,
Whether with German skies above,
Or here our granite rocks among.

THE BEGGAR

A BEGGAR through the world am I,
From place to place I wander by.
Fill up my pilgrim's scrip for me,
For Christ's sweet sake and charity!

A little of thy steadfastness,
Rounded with leafy gracefulness,
Old oak, give me,
That the world's blasts may round me
blow,
And I yield gently to and fro,
While my stout-hearted trunk below
And firm-set roots unshaken be.

Some of thy stern, unyielding might,
Enduring still through day and night
Rude tempest-shock and withering
blight,
That I may keep at bay
The changeful April sky of chance
And the strong tide of circum-
stance,—
Give me, old granite gray.

Some of thy pensiveness serene,
Some of thy never-dying green,
Put in this scrip of mine,
That griefs may fall like snowflakes
light,
And deck me in a robe of white,
Ready to be an angel bright,—
O sweetly mournful pine.

A little of thy merriment,
Of thy sparkling, light content,
Give me, my cheerful brook,
That I may still be full of glee
And gladness, where'er I be,
Though fickle fate hath prisoned me
In some neglected nook.

Ye have been very kind and good
To me, since I've been in the wood;
Ye have gone nigh to fill my heart;
But good-bye, kind friends, everyone,
I've far to go ere set of sun;
Of all good things I would have part;
The day was high ere I could start,
And so my journey's scarce begun.

Heaven help me ! how could I forget
To beg of thee, dear violet !
Some of thy modesty,
That blossoms here as well, unseen,
As if before the world thou'dst been,
Oh, give, to strengthen me.

MY LOVE

I

NOT as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear ;
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening-star,
And yet her heart is ever near.

II

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know ;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to
blow.

III

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair ;
No simplest duty is forgot,
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

IV

She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone or despise :
For naught that sets one heart at
ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

V

She hath no scorn of common things,
And, though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and
clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

VI

Blessing she is : God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

VII

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonise ;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

VIII

She is a woman : one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath
room
For many blights and many tears.

IX

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own sweet
will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

X

And, on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie ;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and
green,
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

THE CHURCH

I LOVE the rites of England's Church,
I love to hear and see
The priest and people reading slow
The solemn Litany ;
I love to hear the glorious swell
Of chanted psalm and prayer,
And the deep organ's bursting heart
Throb through the shivering air.

Chants that a thousand years have
heard

I love to hear again,
For visions of the olden time
Are wakened by the strain;
With gorgeous hues the window
glass

Seems suddenly to glow,
And rich and red the streams of
light

Down through the chancel flow.

And then I murmur, "Surely God
Delighteth here to dwell;
This is the Temple of His Son,
Whom He doth love so well."
But when I hear the Creed which
saith

This Church alone is His,
I feel within my soul that He
Hath purer shrines than this.

For His is not the builded Church,
Nor organ-shaken dome;
In everything that lovely is
He loves and hath His home;
And most in soul that loveth
well

All things which He hath made,
Knowing no creed but simple faith
That may not be gainsaid.

His Church is universal love,
And whoso dwells therein
Shall need no customed sacrifice
To wash away his sin;
And music in its aisles shall swell
Of lives upright and true,
Sweet as dreamed sounds of angel
harps

Down quivering through the blue.

They shall not use a Litany
The souls that worship there,
But every look shall be a hymn,
And every word a prayer;
Their service shall be written bright
In calm and holy eyes,
And every day from fragrant heart
Fit incense shall arise.

SUMMER STORM

UNTREMULOUS in the river clear,
Toward the sky's image, hangs the
imaged bridge;

So still the air that I can hear
The slender clarion of the unseen
midge;

Out of the stillness, with a gather-
ing creep,

Like rising wind in leaves, which
now decreases,
Now lulls, now swells, and all the
while increases,

The huddling trample of a drove
of sheep

Tilts the loose planks, and then as
gradually ceases

In dust on the other side; life's
emblem deep,

A confused noise between two
silences,

Finding at last in dust precarious
peace.

On the wide marsh the purple-blos-
somed grasses

Soak up the sunshine; sleeps the
brimming tide,

Save when the wedge-shaped wake
in silence passes

Of some slow water-rat, whose
sinuous glide

Wavers the long green sedge's shade
from side to side;

But up the west, like a rock-shivered
surge,

Climbs a great cloud edged with
sun-whitened spray;

Huge whirls of foam boil toppling
o'er its verge,

And falling still it seems, and yet
it climbs alway.

Suddenly all the sky is hid

As with the shutting of a lid,

One by one great drops are falling
Doubtful and slow,

Down the pane they are crookedly
crawling,

And the wind breathes low;

Slowly the circles widen on the river,
Widen and mingle, one and all ;
Here and there the slenderer flowers
shiver,
Struck by an icy rain-drop's fall.

Now on the hills I hear the thunder
mutter,
The wind is gathering in the west ;
The upturned leaves first whiten and
flutter,
Then droop to a fitful rest ;
Up from the stream with sluggish flap
Struggles the gull and floats away ;
Nearer and nearer rolls the thunder-
clap,—
We shall not see the sun go down
to-day :
Now leaps the wind on the sleepy
marsh,
And tramples the grass with terri-
fied feet,
The startled river turns leaden and
harsh,
You can hear the quick heart of
the tempest beat.

Look ! look ! that livid flash !
And instantly follows the rattling
thunder,
As if some cloud-crag, split asunder,
Fell, splintering with a ruinous
crash,
On the Earth, which crouches in
silence under ;
And now a solid gray wall of rain
Shuts off the landscape, mile by mile ;
For a breath's space I see the blue
wood again,
And ere the next heart-beat, the
wind-hurled pile,
That seemed but now a league aloof,
Bursts crackling o'er the sun-
parched roof ;
Against the windows the storm comes
dashing,
Through tattered foliage the hail
tears crashing,
The blue lightning flashes,
The rapid hail clashes,
The white waves are tumbling,
And, in one baffled roar,

Like the toothless sea mum-
bling
A rock-bristled shore,
The thunder is rumbling
And crashing and crumbling,—
Will silence return never more ?

Hush ! Still as death,
The tempest holds his breath
As from a sudden will ;
The rain stops short, but from the
eaves
You see it drop, and hear it from
the leaves,
All is so bodily still ;
Again, now, now, again
Plashes the rain in heavy gout,
The crinkled lightning
Seems ever brightening,
And loud and long
Again the thunder shouts
His battle-song,—
One quivering flash,
One wildering crash,
Followed by silence dead and
dull,
As if the cloud, let go,
Leapt bodily below
To whelm the earth in one mad
overthrow,
And then a total lull.

Gone, gone, so soon !
No more my half-dazed fancy
there,
Can shape a giant in the air,
No more I see his streaming hair,
The writhing portent of his form ;—
The pale and quiet moon
Makes her calm forehead bare,
And the last fragments of the storm,
Like shattered rigging from a fight
at sea,
Silent and few, are drifting over me.

LOVE

TRUE Love is but a humble, low-born
thing,
And hath its food served up in
earthenware ;

It is a thing to walk with, hand in
 hand,
 Through the every-dayness of this
 work-day world,
 Baring its tender feet to every rough-
 ness,
 Yet letting not one heart-beat go
 astray
 From Beauty's law of plainness and
 content,—
 A simple, fireside thing, whose quiet
 smile
 Can warm earth's poorest hovel to
 a home ;
 Which, when our autumn cometh,
 as it must,
 And life in the chill wind shivers
 bare and leafless,
 Shall still be blest with Indian-
 summer youth
 In bleak November, and, with thank-
 ful heart,
 Smile on its ample stores of garnered
 fruit,
 As full of sunshine to our aged
 eyes
 As when it nursed the blossoms of
 our spring.
 Such is true Love, which steals into
 the heart
 With feet as silent as the lightsome
 dawn
 That kisses smooth the rough brows
 of the dark,
 And hath its will through blissful
 gentleness ;
 Not like a rocket, which, with sav-
 age glare,
 Whirls suddenly up, then bursts, and
 leaves the night
 Painfully quivering on the dazed
 eyes ;
 A love that gives and takes, that
 seeth faults,
 Not with flaw-seeking eyes like
 needle-points,
 But loving kindly ever looks them
 down
 With the o'ercoming faith of meek
 forgiveness ;
 A love that shall be new and fresh
 each hour,

As is the golden mystery of sunset,
 Or the sweet coming of the evening-
 star,
 Alike, and yet most unlike, every
 day,
 And seeming ever best and fairest
 now ;
 A love that doth not kneel for what
 it seeks,
 But faces Truth and Beauty as their
 peer,
 Showing its worthiness of noble
 thoughts
 By a clear sense of inward noble-
 ness ;
 A love that in its object findeth
 not
 All grace and beauty, and enough to
 sate
 Its thirst of blessing, but, in all of
 good
 Found there, sees but the Heaven-
 implanted types
 Of good and beauty in the soul of
 man,
 And traces, in the simplest heart
 that beats,
 A family-likeness to its chosen one,
 That claims of it the rights of
 brotherhood.
 For love is blind but with the fleshly
 eye,
 That so its inner sight may be more
 clear ;
 And outward shows of beauty only
 so
 Are needful at the first, as is a
 hand
 To guide and to uphold an infant's
 steps :
 Great spirits need them not : their
 earnest look
 Pierces the body's mask of thin
 disguise,
 And beauty ever is to them re-
 vealed,
 Behind the unshapeliest, meanest
 lump of clay,
 With arms outstretched and eager
 face ablaze,
 Yearning to be but understood and
 loved.

TO PERDITA, SINGING

Thy voice is like a fountain,
 Leaping up in clear moonshine ;
 Silver, silver, ever mounting,
 Ever sinking,
 Without thinking,
 To that brimful heart of thine.
 Every sad and happy feeling
 Thou hast had in bygone years
 Through thy lips comes stealing,
 stealing,
 Clear and low ;
 All thy smiles and all thy tears
 In thy voice awaken,
 And sweetness, wove of joy and
 woe,
 From their teaching it bath
 taken :
 Feeling and music move together,
 Like a swan and shadow ever
 Floating on a sky-blue river
 In a day of cloudless weather.

It hath caught a touch of sadness,
 Yet it is not sad ;
 It hath tones of clearest gladness,
 Yet it is not glad ;
 A dim, sweet twilight voice it is
 Where to-day's accustomed blue
 Is over-grayed with memories,
 With starry feelings quivered
 through.

Thy voice is like a fountain
 Leaping up in sunshine bright,
 And I never weary counting
 Its clear droppings, lone and single,
 Or when in one full gush they
 mingle,
 Shooting in melodious light.

Thine is music such as yields
 Feelings of old brooks and fields,
 And, around this pent-up room,
 Sheds a woodland, free perfume ;
 Oh, thus for ever sing to me !
 Oh, thus for ever !
 The green, bright grass of childhood
 bring to me,

Flowing like an emerald river,
 And the bright blue skies above !
 Oh, sing them back, as fresh as
 ever,
 Into the bosom of my love,—
 The sunshine and the merriment,
 The unsought, evergreen content,
 Of that never cold time,
 The joy, that, like a clear breeze,
 went
 Through and through the old
 time !

Peace sits within thine eyes,
 With white hands crossed in joy-
 ful rest,
 While, through thy lips and face,
 arise
 The melodies from out thy breast ;
 She sits and sings,
 With folded wings
 And white arms crost :
 “ Weep not for bygone things,
 They are not lost :
 The beauty which the summer
 time
 O'er thine opening spirit shed,
 The forest oracles sublime
 That filled thy soul with joyous
 dread,
 The scent of every smallest flower
 That made thy heart sweet for an
 hour,
 Yea, every holy influence,
 Flowing to thee, thou knewest not
 whence,
 In thine eyes to-day is seen,
 Fresh as it hath ever been ;
 Promptings of Nature, beckonings
 sweet,
 Whatever led thy childish feet,
 Still will linger unawares
 The guiders of thy silver hairs ;
 Every look and every word
 Which thou givest forth to-day,
 Tell of the singing of the bird
 Whose music stilled thy boyish
 play.”

Thy voice is like a fountain,
 Twinkling up in sharp starlight,

When the moon behind the
 mountain
 Dims the low East with faintest
 white,
 Ever darkling,
 Ever sparkling,
 We know not if 'tis dark or bright ;
 But, when the great moon hath
 rolled round,
 And, sudden-slow, its solemn power
 Grows from behind its black, clear-
 edged bound,
 No spot of dark the fountain
 keepeth,
 But, when as opening eyelids,
 leapeth
 Into a waving silver flower.

THE MOON

My soul was like the sea,
 Before the moon was made,
 Moaning in vague immensity,
 Of its own strength afraid,
 Unrestful and unstaid.
 Through every rift it foamed in vain,
 About its earthly prison,
 Seeking some unknown thing in pain,
 And sinking restless back again,
 For yet no moon had risen :
 Its only voice a vast dumb moan,
 Of utterless anguish speaking,
 It lay unhopelessly alone,
 And lived but in an aimless seeking.

So was my soul ; but when 'twas full
 Of unrest to o'erloading,
 A voice of something beautiful
 Whispered a dim foreboding,
 And yet so soft, so sweet, so low,
 It had not more of joy than woe ;
 And, as the sea doth oft lie still,
 Making its waters meet.
 As if by an unconscious will,
 For the moon's silver feet,
 So lay my soul within mine eyes
 When thou, its guardian moon, didst
 rise.

And now, how'er its waves above .
 May toss and seem uneaseful,
 One strong, eternal law of Love,
 With guidance sure and peaceful,
 As calm and natural as breath,
 Moves its great deeps through life
 and death.

REMEMBERED MUSIC

A FRAGMENT

THICK-RUSHING, like an ocean vast
 Of bisons the far prairie shaking,
 The notes crowd heavily and fast
 As surfs, one plunging while the last
 Draws seaward from its foamy
 breaking.
 Or in low murmurs they began,
 Rising and rising momentarily,
 As o'er a harp Æolian
 A fitful breeze, until they ran
 Up to a sudden ecstasy.

And then, like minute-drops of rain
 Ringing in water silverly,
 They lingering dropped and dropped
 again,
 Till it was almost like a pain
 To listen when the next would be.

SONG

TO M. L.

A LILY thou wast when I saw thee
 first,
 A lily-bud not opened quite,
 That hourly grew more pure and
 white,
 By morning, and noontide, and even-
 ing nursed :
 In all of nature thou hadst thy
 share ;
 Thou wast waited on
 By the wind and sun ;
 The rain and the dew for thee
 took care ;
 It seemed thou never couldst be
 more fair.

A lily thou wast when I saw thee
 first,
 A lily, bud ; but oh, how strange,
 How full of wonder was the
 change,
 When, ripe with all sweetness, thy
 full bloom burst !
 How did the tears to my glad eyes
 start,
 When the woman-flower
 Reached its blossoming
 hour,
 And I saw the warm deeps of thy
 golden heart !

Glad death may pluck thee, but
 never before
 The gold dust of thy bloom divine
 Hath dropped from thy heart
 into mine,
 To quicken its faint germs of heavenly
 lore ;
 For no breeze comes nigh thee but
 carries away
 Some impulses bright
 Of fragrance and light,
 Which fall upon souls that are lone
 and astray,
 To plant fruitful hopes of the
 flower of day.

ALLEGRA

I WOULD more natures were like thine,
 That never casts a glance before,
 Thou Hebe, who thy heart's bright
 wine
 So lavishly to all dost pour,
 That we who drink forget to pine,
 And can but dream of bliss in
 store.

Thou canst not see a shade in life ;
 With sunward instinct thou dost
 rise,
 And, leaving clouds below at strife,
 Gazest undazzled at the skies,
 With all their blazing splendours rife,
 A songful lark with eagle's eyes.

Thou wast some foundling whom the
 Hours
 Nursed, laughing, with the milk
 of Mirth ;
 Some influence more gay than ours
 Hath ruled thy nature from its
 birth,
 As if thy natal stars were flowers
 That shook their seeds round thee
 on earth.

And thou, to lull thine infant rest,
 Wast cradled like an Indian child ;
 All pleasant winds from south and
 west
 With lullabies thine ears beguiled,
 Rocking thee in thine oriole's nest,
 Till Nature looked at thee and
 smiled.

Thine every fancy seems to borrow
 A sunlight from thy childish years,
 Making a golden cloud of sorrow,
 A hope-lit rainbow out of tears,—
 Thy heart is certain of to-morrow,
 Though 'yond to-day it never peers.

I would more natures were like thine,
 So innocently wild and free,
 Whose sad thoughts, even, leap and
 shine,
 Like sunny wavelets in the sea,
 Making us mindless of the brine,
 In gazing on the brilliancy.

THE FOUNTAIN

INTO the sunshine,
 Full of the light,
 Leaping and flashing
 From morn till night ;

Into the moonlight,
 Whiter than snow,
 Waving so flower-like
 When the winds blow ;

Into the starlight
 Rushing in spray,
 Happy at midnight,
 Happy by day ;

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary ;

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest ;

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same ;

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element ;

Glorious fountain,
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee !

ODE

I

IN the old days of awe and keen-
eyed wonder,
The Poet's song with blood-warm
truth was rife ;
He saw the mysteries which circle
under
The outward shell and skin of daily
life.
Nothing to him were fleeting time
and fashion,
His soul was led by the eternal law ;
There was in him no hope of fame,
no passion,
But with calm, godlike eyes he
only saw.
He did not sigh o'er heroes dead and
buried,
Chief-mourner at the Golden Age's
hearse,
Nor deem that souls whom Charon
grim had ferried
Alone were fitting themes of epic
verse :

He could believe the promise of to-
morrow,
And feel the wondrous meaning of
to-day ;
He had a deeper faith in holy sor-
row
Than the world's seeming loss
could take away.
To know the heart of all things was
his duty,
All things did sing to him to make
him wise,
And, with a sorrowful and conquer-
ing beauty,
The soul of all looked grandly from
his eyes.
He gazed on all within him and
without him,
He watched the flowing of Time's
steady tide,
And shapes of glory floated all about
him
And whispered to him, and he
prophesied.
Than all men he more fearless was
and freer,
And all his brethren cried with
one accord,—
“ Behold the holy man ! Behold
the Seer !
Him who hath spoken with the
unseen Lord ! ”
He to his heart with large embrace
had taken
The universal sorrow of man-
kind,
And, from that root, a shelter never
shaken,
The tree of wisdom grew with
sturdy rind.
He could interpret well the won-
drous voices
Which to the calm and silent
spirit come ;
He knew that the One Soul no more
rejoices
In the star's anthem than the
insect's hum.
He in his heart was ever meek and
humble,
And yet with kingly pomp his
numbers ran,

As he foresaw how all things false
should crumble

Before the free, uplifted soul of man:
And, when he was made full to over-
flowing

With all the loveliness of heaven
and earth,

Out rushed his song, like molten iron
glowing,

To show God sitting by the hum-
blest hearth.

With calmest courage he was ever
ready

To teach that action was the truth
of thought,

And, with strong arm and purpose
firm and steady,

An anchor for the drifting world
he wrought.

So did he make the meanest man
partaker

Of all his brother-gods unto him
gave ;

All souls did reverence him and name
him Maker,

And when he died heaped temples
on his grave.

And still his deathless words of light
are swimming

Serene throughout the great deep
infinite

Of human soul, unwaning and un-
dimming,

To cheer and guide the mariner at
night.

II

But now the Poet is an empty rhym-
er
Who lies with idle elbow on the
grass,

And fits his singing, like a cunning
timer,

To all men's prides and fancies as
they pass.

Not his the song which, in its metre
holy,

Chimes with the music of the
eternal stars,

Humbling the tyrant, lifting up the
lowly,

And sending sun through the
soul's prison-bars.

Maker no more,—oh no! unmaker
rather,

For he unmakes who doth not all
put forth

The power given freely by our loving
Father

To show the body's dross, the
spirit's worth.

Awake! great spirit of the ages
olden!

Disperse the mists that hide thy
starry lyre,

And let man's soul be yet again be-
holden

To thee for wings to soar to her
desire.

Oh, prophesy no more to-morrow's
splendour,

Be no more shamefaced to speak
out for Truth,

Lay on her altar all the gushings
tender,

The hope, the fire, the loving faith
of youth!

Oh, prophesy no more the Maker's
coming,

Say not his onward footsteps thou
canst hear

In the dim void, like to the awful
humming

Of the great wings of some new-
lighted sphere!

Oh, prophesy no more, but be the
Poet!

This longing was but granted unto
thee

That, when all beauty thou couldst
feel and know it,

That beauty in its highest thou
shouldst be.

O thou who moanest tost with sea-
like longings,

Who dimly hearest voices call on
thee,

Whose soul is overfilled with mighty
throngings

Of love, and fear, and glorious
agony,

Thou of the toil-strung hands and
iron sinews,

And soul by Mother Earth with
freedom fed,

In whom the hero-spirit yet continues,
 The old free nature is not chained
 or dead,
 Arouse! let thy soul break in music-
 thunder,
 Let loose the ocean that is in thee
 pent,
 Pour forth thy hope, thy fear, thy
 love, thy wonder,
 And tell the age what all its signs
 have meant.
 Where'er thy wildered crowd of
 brethren jostles,
 Where'er there lingers but a shade
 of wrong,
 There still is need of martyrs and
 apostles,
 There still are texts for never-
 dying song :
 From age to age man's still aspiring
 spirit
 Finds wider scope and sees with
 clearer eyes,
 And thou in larger measure dost
 inherit
 What made thy great forerunners
 free and wise.
 Sit thou enthroned where the Poet's
 mountain
 Above the thunder lifts its silent
 peak,
 And roll thy songs down like a
 gathering fountain,
 They all may drink and find the
 rest they seek.
 Sing! there shall silence grow in
 earth and heaven,
 A silence of deep awe and won-
 dering ;
 For, listening gladly, bend the angels,
 even,
 To hear a mortal like an angel
 sing.

III

Among the toil-worn poor my soul is
 seeking
 For one to bring the Maker's name
 to light,

To be the voice of that Almighty
 speaking
 Which every age demands to do it
 right.
 Proprieties our silken bards environ;
 He who would be the tongue of
 this wide land
 Must string his harp with chords of
 sturdy iron
 And strike it with a toil-im-
 browned hand;
 One who hath dwelt with Nature
 well attended,
 Who hath learnt wisdom from her
 mystic books,
 Whose soul with all her countless
 lives hath blended,
 So that all beauty awes us in his
 looks ;
 Who not with body's waste his soul
 hath pampered,
 Who as the clear north-western
 wind is free,
 Who walks with Form's observances
 unhampered,
 And followstheOneWill obediently;
 Whose eyes, like windows on a
 breezy summit,
 Control alovely prospect every way;
 Who doth not sound God's sea with
 earthly plummet,
 And find a bottom still of worthless
 clay ;
 Who heeds not how the lower gusts
 are working,
 Knowing that one sure wind blows
 on above,
 And sees, beneath the foulest faces
 lurking,
 One God-built shrine of reverence
 and love ;
 Who sees all stars that wheel their
 shining marches
 Around the centre fixed of Destiny,
 Where the encircling soul serene
 o'er-arches
 The moving globe of being like a
 sky ;
 Who feels that God and Heaven's
 great deeps are nearer
 Him to whose heart his fellow-
 man is nigh,

Who doth not hold his soul's own
 freedom dearer
 Than that of all his brethren, low
 or high;
 Who to the Right can feel himself
 the truer
 For being gently patient with the
 wrong,
 Who sees a brother in the evil-
 doer,
 And finds in Love the heart's-
 blood of his song;—
 This, this is he for whom the world
 is waiting
 To sing the beatings of its mighty
 heart,
 Too long hath it been patient with
 the grating
 Of scrannel-pipes, and heard it
 misnamed Art.
 To him the smiling soul of man shall
 listen,
 Laying awhile its crown of thorns
 aside,
 And once again in every eye shall
 glisten
 The glory of a nature satisfied.
 His verse shall have a great com-
 manding motion,
 Heaving and swelling with a
 melody
 Learnt of the sky, the river, and the
 ocean,
 And all the pure, majestic things
 that be.
 Awake, then, thou! we pine for thy
 great presence
 To make us feel the soul once
 more sublime,
 We are of far too infinite an
 essence
 To rest contented with the lies of
 Time.
 Speak out! and lo! a hush of
 deepest wonder
 Shall sink o'er all this many-voiced
 scene,
 As when a sudden burst of rattling
 thunder
 Shatters the blueness of a sky
 serene.

THE FATHERLAND

WHERE is the true man's fatherland?
 Is it where he by chance is born?
 Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
 In such scant borders to be spanned?
 Oh yes! his fatherland must be
 As the blue heaven wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,
 Where God is God and man is
 man?

Doth he not claim a broader span
 For the soul's love of home than this?
 Oh yes! his fatherland must be
 As the blue heaven wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear
 Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's
 gyves,

Where'er a human spirit strives
 After a life more true and fair,
 There is the true man's birthplace
 grand,
 His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
 Where'er one man may help,
 another,—

Thank God for such a birthright,
 brother,—
 That spot of earth is thine and mine!
 There is the true man's birthplace
 grand,
 His is a world-wide fatherland!

THE FORLORN

THE night is dark, the stinging sleet,
 Swept by the bitter gusts of air,
 Drives whistling down the lonely
 street,
 And glazes on the pavement bare.

The street-lamps flare and struggle
 dim

Through the gray sleet-clouds as
 they pass,
 Or, governed by a boisterous whim,
 Drop down and rustle on the glass.

One poor, heart-broken, outcast girl
 Faces the east wind's searching
 flaws,
 And, as about her heart they whirl,
 Her tattered cloak more tightly
 draws.

The flat brick walls look cold and
 bleak,
 Her bare feet to the side-walk
 freeze;
 Yet dares she not a shelter seek,
 Though faint with hunger and
 disease.

The sharp storm cuts her forehead
 bare,
 And, piercing through her gar-
 ments thin,
 Beats on her shrunken breast, and
 there
 Makes colder the cold heart within.

She lingers where a ruddy glow
 Streams outward through an open
 shutter,
 Adding more bitterness to woe,
 More loneliness to desertion utter.

One half the cold she had not felt
 Until she saw this gush of light
 Spread warmly forth, and seem to
 melt
 Its slow way through the deaden-
 ing night.

She hears a woman's voice within,
 Singing sweet words her childhood
 knew,
 And years of misery and sin
 Furl off, and leave her heaven blue.

Her freezing heart, like one who sinks
 Outwearied in the drifting snow,
 Drowns to deadly sleep and thinks
 No longer of its hopeless woe:

Old fields, and clear blue summer
 days,
 Old meadows, green with grass,
 and trees

That shimmer through the trembling
 haze
 And whiten in the western breeze;

Old faces, all the friendly past
 Rises within her heart again,
 And sunshine from her childhood cast
 Makes summer of the icy rain.

Enhaloed by a mild, warm glow,
 From all humanity apart,
 She hears old footsteps wandering
 slow
 Through the lone chambers of the
 heart.

Outside the porch before the door,
 Her cheek upon the cold, hard
 stone,
 She lies, no longer foul and poor,
 No longer dreary and alone.

Next morning something heavily
 Against the opening door did weigh,
 And there, from sin and sorrow free,
 A woman on the threshold lay.

A smile upon the wan lips told
 That she had found a calm release,
 And that, from out the want and cold,
 The song had borne her soul in
 peace.

For, whom the heart of man shuts
 out,
 Sometimes the heart of God takes in,
 And fences them all round about
 With silence 'mid the world's loud
 din;

And one of His great charities
 Is Music, and it doth not scorn
 To close the lids upon the eyes
 Of the polluted and forlorn;

Far was she from her childhood's
 home,
 Farther in guilt had wandered
 thence,
 Yet thither it had bid her come
 To die in maiden innocence.

MIDNIGHT

THE moon, shines white and silent
 On the mist, which, like a tide
 Of some enchanted ocean,
 O'er the wide marsh doth glide,
 Spreading its ghost-like billows
 Silently far and wide.

A vague and starry magic
 Makes all things mysteries,
 And lures the earth's dumb spirit
 Up to the longing skies ;
 I seem to hear dim whispers,
 And tremulous replies.

The fireflies o'er the meadow
 In pulses come and go ;
 The elm-trees' heavy shadow
 Weighs on the grass below,
 And faintly from the distance
 The dreaming cock doth crow.

All things look strange and mystic,
 The very bushes swell
 And take wild shapes and motions,
 As if beneath a spell ;
 They seem not the same lilacs
 From childhood known so well.

The snow of deepest silence
 O'er everything doth fall,
 So beautiful and quiet,
 And yet so like a pall ;
 As if all life were ended,
 And rest were come to all.

O wild and wondrous midnight,
 There is a might in thee
 To make the charmed body
 Almost like spirit be,
 And give it some faint glimpses
 Of immortality !

A PRAYER

GOD ! do not let my loved one die,
 But rather wait until the time
 That I am grown in purity
 Enough to enter thy pure clime,
 Then take me, I will gladly go,
 So that my love remain below !

Oh, let her stay ! She is by birth
 What I through death must learn
 to be ;
 We need her more on our poor earth
 Than Thou canst need in heaven
 with Thee :
 She hath her wings already, I
 Must burst this earth-shell ere I fly.

Then, God, take me ! We shall be
 near,
 More near than ever, each to each :
 Her angel ears will find more clear
 My heavenly than my earthly
 speech ;
 And still, as I draw nigh to Thee,
 Her soul and mine shall closer be.

THE HERITAGE

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
 And piles of brick and stone, and
 gold,
 And he inherits soft white hands,
 And tender flesh that fears the cold,
 Nor dares to wear a garment old ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares ;
 The bank may break, the factory
 burn,
 A breath may burst his bubble shares,
 And soft white hands could hardly
 earn
 A living that would serve his turn ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
 His stomach craves for dainty fare ;
 With sated heart, he hears the pants
 Of toiling hinds with brown arms
 bare,
 And wearies in his easy-chair ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
 Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
 A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
 King of two hands, he does his part
 In every useful toil and art;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
 Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
 A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
 Content that from employment springs,
 A heart that in his labour sings;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
 A patience learned of being poor,
 Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
 A fellow-feeling that is sure
 To make the outcast bless his door;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
 That with all others level stands;
 Large charity doth never soil,
 But only whiten, soft white hands;
 This is the best crop from thy lands,
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
 There is worse weariness than thine,
 In merely being rich and great;
 Toil only gives the soul to shine,
 And makes rest fragrant and benign;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
 Are equal in the earth at last;
 Both, children of the same dear God,
 Prove title to your heirship vast
 By record of a well-filled past;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Well worth a life to hold in fee.

THE ROSE : A BALLAD

I

In his tower sat the poet
 Gazing on the roaring sea.
 "Take this rose," he sighed, "and
 throw it
 Where there's none that loveth me.
 On the rock the billow bursteth
 And sinks back into the seas,
 But in vain my spirit thirsteth
 So to burst and be at ease.
 Take, O Sea! the tender blossom
 That hath lain against my breast;
 On thy black and angry bosom
 It will find a surer rest.
 Life is vain and love is hollow,
 Ugly death stands there behind;
 Hate and scorn and hunger follow
 Him that toileth for his kind."
 Forth into the night he hurled it
 And with bitter smile did mark
 How the surly tempest whirled it
 Swift into the hungry dark.
 Foam and spray drive back to leeward,
 And the gale, with dreary moan,
 Drifts the helpless blossom seaward,
 Through the breakers all alone.

II

Stands a maiden, on the morrow,
 Musing by the wave-beat strand,
 Half in hope and half in sorrow,
 Tracing words upon the sand:
 "Shall I ever then behold him
 Who hath been my life so long,—
 Ever to this sick heart fold him,—
 Be the spirit of his song?
 Touch not, Sea, the blessed letters
 I have traced upon thy shore,
 Spare his name whose spirit fetters
 Mine with love for evermore!"
 Swells the tide and overflows it,
 But, with omen pure and meet,
 Brings a little rose, and throws it
 Humbly at the maiden's feet.
 Full of bliss she takes the token,
 And, upon her snowy breast,
 Soothes the ruffled petals broken
 With the ocean's fierce unrest.

"Love is thine, O heart ! and surely
Peace shall also be thine own,
For the heart that trusteth purely
Never long can pine alone."

III

In his tower sits the poet,
Blisses new and strange to him
Fill his heart and overflow it
With a wonder sweet and dim.
Up the beach the ocean slideth
With a whisper of delight,
And the moon in silence glideth
Through the peaceful blue of night.
Rippling o'er the poet's shoulder
Flows a maiden's golden hair,
Maiden lips, with love grown bolder,
Kiss his moon-lit forehead bare.
"Life is joy, and love is power,
Death all fetters doth unbind,
Strength and wisdom only flower
When we toil for all our kind.
Hope is truth,—the future giveth
More than present takes away,
And the soul for ever liveth
Nearer God from day to day."
Not a word the maiden uttered,
Fullest hearts are slow to speak,
But a withered rose-leaf fluttered
Down upon the poet's cheek.

SONG

VIOLET ! sweet violet !
Thine eyes are full of tears ;
Are they wet
Even yet
With the thought of other years ?
Or with gladness are they full,
For the night so beautiful,
And longing for those far-off spheres ?

Loved one of my youth thou wast,
Of my merry youth,
And I see,
Tearfully,
All the fair and sunny past,
All its openness and truth,
Ever fresh and green in thee
As the moss is in the sea.

Thy little heart, that hath with love
Grown coloured like the sky above,
On which thou lookest ever,—

Can it know

All the woe

Of hope for what returneth never,
All the sorrow and the longing
To these hearts of ours belonging ?

Out on it ! no foolish pining

For the sky

Dims thine eye,

Or for the stars so calmly shining ;
Like thee let this soul of mine
Take hue from that wherefor I long,
Self-stayed and high, serene and
strong,
Notsatisfied with hoping—but divine.

Violet ! dear violet !

Thy blue eyes are only wet

With joy and love of Him who sent
thee,

And for the fulfilling sense

Of that glad obedience

Which made thee all that Nature
meant thee !

ROSALINE

THOU look'dst on me all yesternight,
Thine eyes were blue, thy hair was
bright

As when we murmured our troth-
plight

Beneath the thick stars, Rosaline !

Thy hair was braided on thy head,

As on the day we two were wed,

Mine eyes scarce knew if thou wert
dead,

But my shrunk heart knew, Rosaline !

The death-watch ticked behind the
wall,

The blackness rustled like a pall,

The moaning wind did rise and fall

Among the bleak pines, Rosaline !

My heart beat thickly in mine ears :

The lids may shut out fleshly fears,

But still the spirit sees and hears,

Its eyes are lidless, Rosaline !

A wildness rushing suddenly,
 A knowing some ill shape is nigh,
 A wish for death, a fear to die,—
 Is not this vengeance, Rosaline?
 A loneliness that is not lone,
 A love quite withered up and gone,
 A strong soul trampled from its
 throne,—
 What wouldst thou further, Rosaline?

'Tis drear such moonless nights as
 these,
 Strange sounds are out upon the
 breeze,
 And the leaves shiver in the trees,
 And then thou comest, Rosaline!
 I seem to hear the mourners go,
 With long black garments trailing
 slow,
 And plumes a-nodding to and fro,
 As once I heard them, Rosaline!

Thy shroud is all of snowy white,
 And, in the middle of the night,
 Thou standest moveless and upright,
 Gazing upon me, Rosaline!
 There is no sorrow in thine eyes,
 But evermore that meek surprise,—
 O God! thy gentle spirit tries
 To deem me guiltless, Rosaline!

Above thy grave the robin sings,
 And swarms of bright and happy
 things
 Flit all about with sunlit wings,
 But I am cheerless, Rosaline!
 The violets on the hillock toss,
 The gravestone is o'ergrown with
 moss;
 For nature feels not any loss—
 But I am cheerless, Rosaline!

I did not know when thou wast dead;
 A blackbird whistling overhead
 Thrilled through my brain; I would
 have fled,
 But dared not leave thee, Rosaline!
 The sun rolled down, and very soon,
 Like a great fire, the awful moon
 Rose, stained with blood, and then a
 swoon
 Crept chilly o'er me, Rosaline!

The stars came out; and, one by one,
 Each angel from his silver throne
 Looked down and saw what I had
 done:

I dared not hide me, Rosaline!
 I crouched; I feared thy corpse
 would cry
 Against me to God's silent sky,
 I thought I saw the blue lips try
 To utter something, Rosaline!

I waited with a maddened grin
 To hear that voice all icy thin
 Slide forth and tell my deadly sin
 To hell and heaven, Rosaline!
 But no voice came, and then it seemed,
 That, if the very corpse had screamed,
 The sound like sunshine glad had
 streamed
 Through that dark stillness, Rosaline!

And then, amid the silent night,
 I screamed with horrible delight,
 And in my brain an awful light
 Did seem to crackle, Rosaline!
 It is my curse! sweet memories fall
 From me like snow, and only all
 Of that one night, like cold worms,
 crawl
 My doomed heart over, Rosaline!

Why wilt thou haunt me with thine
 eyes,
 Wherein such blessed memories,
 Such pitying forgiveness lies,
 Than hate more bitter, Rosaline!
 Woe's me! I know that love so high
 As thine, true soul, could never die,
 And with mean clay in churchyard
 lie,—
 Would it might be so, Rosaline!

A REQUIEM

Ax, pale and silent maiden,
 Cold as thou liest there,
 Thine was the sunniest nature
 That ever drew the air;

The wildest and most wayward,
And yet so gently kind,
Thou seemedst but to body
A breath of summer wind.

Into the eternal shadow
That girds our life around,
Into the infinite silence
Wherewith Death's shore is
bound,
Thou hast gone forth, beloved !
And I were mean to weep,
That thou hast left Life's shallows,
And dost possess the Deep.

Thou liest low and silent,
Thy heart is cold and still,
Thine eyes are shut for ever,
And Death hath had his will ;
He loved and would have taken,
I loved and would have kept,
We strove,—and he was stronger,
And I have never wept.

Let him possess thy body,
Thy soul is still with me,
More sunny and more gladsome
Than it was wont to be :
Thy body was a fetter
That bound me to the flesh ;
Thank God that it is broken,
And now I live afresh !

Now I can see thee clearly ;
The dusky cloud of clay,
That hid thy starry spirit,
Is rent and blown away :
To earth I give thy body,
Thy spirit to the sky,
I saw its bright wings growing,
And knew that thou must fly.

Now I can love thee truly,
For nothing comes between
The senses and the spirit,
The seen and the unseen ;
Lifts the eternal shadow,
The silence bursts apart,
And the soul's boundless future
Is present in my heart.

A PARABLE

WORN and footsore was the Prophet
When he gained the holy hill ;
"God has left the earth," he mur-
mured,
"Here His presence lingers still.

"God of all the olden prophets,
Wilt Thou speak with men no
more ?
Have I not as truly served Thee
As Thy chosen ones of yore ?

"Hear me, Guider of my fathers,
Lo ! a humble heart is mine ;
By Thy mercy I beseech Thee
Grant Thy servant but a sign !"

Bowing then his head, he listened
For an answer to his prayer ;
No loud burst of thunder followed,
Not a murmur stirred the air :

But the tuft of moss before him
Opened while he waited yet,
And, from out the rock's hard bosom,
Sprang a tender violet.

"God ! I thank Thee," said the
Prophet ;
"Hard of heart and blind was I,
Looking to the holy mountain
For the gift of prophecy.

"Still Thou speakest with Thy chil-
dren
Freely as in old sublime ;
Humbleness, and love, and patience,
Still give empire over time.

"Had I trusted in my nature,
And had faith in lowly things,
Thou Thyself wouldst then have
sought me,
And set free my spirit's wings.

"But I looked for signs and wonders,
That o'er men should give me way ;
Thirsting to be more than mortal,
I was even less than clay.

"Ere I entered on my journey,
As I girt my loins to start,
Ran to me my little daughter,
The beloved of my heart ;

"In her hand she held a flower,
Like to this as like may be,
Which, beside my very threshold,
She had plucked and brought
to me."

SONG

O MOONLIGHT deep and tender,
A year and more agone,
Your mist of golden splendour
Round my betrothal shone !

O elm-leaves dark and dewy,
The very same ye seem,
The low wind trembles through ye,
Ye murmur in my dream !

O river, dim with distance,
Flow thus for ever by,
A part of my existence
Within your heart doth lie !

O stars, ye saw our meeting,
Two beings and one soul,
Two hearts so madly beating
To mingle and be whole !

O happy night, deliver
Her kisses back to me,
Or keep them all, and give her
A blissful dream of me !

SONNETS

I

TO A. C. L.

THROUGH suffering and sorrow thou
hast passed
To show us what a woman true may
be :
They have not taken sympathy from
thee,

Nor made thee any other than thou
wast,
Save as some tree, which, in a sudden
blast,
Sheddeth those blossoms, that are
weakly grown,
Upon the air, but keepeth every
one
Whose strength gives warrant of
good fruit at last :
So thou hast shed some blooms of
gaiety,
But never one of steadfast cheerful-
ness ;
Nor hath thy knowledge of adver-
sity
Robbed thee of any faith in happi-
ness,
But rather cleared thine inner eyes
to see
How many simple ways there are to
bless.

II

WHAT were I, Love, if I were stripped
of thee,
If thine eyes shut me out whereby I
live,
Thou, who unto my calmer soul dost
give
Knowledge, and Truth, and holy
Mystery,
Wherein Truth mainly lies for those
who see
Beyond the earthly and the fugi-
tive,
Who in the grandeur of the soul be-
lieve,
And only in the Infinite are free ?
Without thee I were naked, bleak,
and bare
As yon dead cedar on the sea-cliff's
brow ;
And Nature's teachings, which come
to me now,
Common and beautiful as light and
air,
Would be as fruitless as a stream
which still
Slips through the wheel of some old
ruined mill.

III

I WOULD not have this perfect love
 of ours
 Grow from a single root, a single
 stem,
 Bearing no goodly fruit, but only
 flowers
 That idly hide life's iron diadem :
 It should grow alway like that
 Eastern tree
 Whose limbs take root and spread
 forth constantly ;
 That love for one, from which there
 doth not spring
 Wide love for all, is but a worthless
 thing.
 Not in another world, as poets
 prate,
 Dwell we apart above the tide of
 things,
 High floating o'er earth's clouds on
 faery wings ;
 But our pure love doth ever elevate
 Into a holy bond of brotherhood
 All earthly things, making them pure
 and good.

IV

"FOR this true nobleness I seek in
 vain,
 In woman and in man I find it not ;
 I almost weary of my earthly lot,
 My life-springs are dried up with
 burning pain."
 Thou find'st it not ? I pray thee look
 again,
 Look *inward* through the depths of
 thine own soul.
 How is it with thee ? Art thou sound
 and whole ?
 Doth narrow search show thee no
 earthly stain ?
 BE NOBLE ! and the nobleness that
 lies
 In other men, sleeping, but never
 dead,
 Will rise in majesty to meet thine
 own ;
 Then wilt thou see it gleam in many
 eyes,

Then will pure light around thy path
 be shed,
 And thou wilt nevermore be sad and
 lone.

V

I SAW a gate ; a harsh voice spake
 and said,
 "This is the Gate of Life ;" above
 was writ,
 "Leave hope behind, all ye that enter
 here."
 Then shrank my soul within itself
 for dread,
 But, softer than the summer rain is
 shed,
 Words dropt upon my soul, and they
 did say,
 "Fear nothing ; Faith shall save
 thee. Watch and pray."
 So without fear I lifted up my head,
 And lo ! that writing was not—one
 fair word
 Was carven in its stead, and it was
 Love.
 Then rained once more those sweet
 tones from above,
 With healing on their wings ; I
 humbly heard,
 "I am the Life ; ask and it shall be
 given :
 I am the Way ; by Me ye enter
 heaven."

VI

TO THE SPIRIT OF KEATS

GREAT soul, thou sittest with me in
 my room,
 Uplifting me with thy vast, quiet eyes,
 On whose full orbs, with kindly
 lustre, lies
 The twilight warmth of ruddy ember-
 gloom :
 Thy clear, strong tones will oft bring
 sudden bloom
 Of hope secure, to him who lonely cries,
 Wrestling with the young poet's
 agonies,
 Neglect and scorn, which seem a
 certain doom :

Yes ! the few words which, like great
thunder-drops,
Thy large heart down to earth shook
doubtfully,
Thrilled by the inward lightning of
its might,
Serene and pure, like gushing joy of
light,
Shall track the eternal chords of
Destiny,
After the moon-led pulse of ocean
stops.

VII

GREAT Truths are portions of the
soul of man ;
Great souls are portions of Eternity ;
Each drop of blood that e'er through
true heart ran
With lofty message, ran for thee
and me ;
For God's law, since the starry song
began,
Hath been, and still for evermore
must be,
That every deed which shall outlast
Time's span
Must spur the soul to be erect and free ;
Slave is no word of deathless lineage
sprung ;
Too many noble souls have thought
and died,
Too many mighty poets lived and
sung,
And our good Saxon, from lips
purified
With martyr-fire, throughout the
world hath rung
Too long to have God's holy cause
denied.

VIII

I ASK not for those thoughts that
sudden leap
From being's sea, like the isle-seem-
ing Kraken,
With whose great rise the ocean all
is shaken
And a heart-tremble quivers through
the deep ;

Give me that growth which some
perchance deem sleep,
Wherewith the steadfast coral-stems
uprise,
Which, by the toil of gathering
energies,
Their upward way into clear sun-
shine keep,
Until, by Heaven's sweetest in-
fluences,
Slowly and slowly spreads a speck
of green
Into a pleasant island in the seas,
Where, 'mid tall palms, the cane-
roofed home is seen
And wearied men shall sit at sun-
set's hour,
Hearing the leaves and loving God's
dear power.

IX

TO M. W. ON HER BIRTHDAY

MAIDEN, when such a soul as thine
is born,
The morning-stars their ancient
music make,
And, joyful, once again their song
awake,
Long silent now with melancholy
scorn ;
And thou, not mindless of so blest
a morn,
By no least deed its harmony shalt
break,
But shalt to that high chime thy
footsteps take,
Through life's most darksome passes
unforlorn ;
Therefore from thy pure faith thou
shalt not fall,
Therefore shalt thou be ever fair
and free,
And in thine every motion musical
As summer air, majestic as the
sea,
A mystery to those who creep and
crawl
Through Time, and part it from
Eternity.

X

My Love, I have no fear that thou
 shouldst die;
 Albeit I ask no fairer life than this,
 Whose numbering-clock is still thy
 gentle kiss,
 While Time and Peace with hands
 enlocked fly;
 Yet care I not where in Eternity
 We live and love, well knowing that
 there is
 No backward step for those who feel
 the bliss
 Of Faith as their most lofty yearn-
 ings high:
 Love hath so purified my being's core,
 Meseems I scarcely should be
 startled, even,
 To find, some morn, that thou hadst
 gone before;
 Since, with thy love, this knowledge
 too was given,
 Which each calm day doth strengthen
 more and more,
 That they who love are but one step
 from Heaven.

XI

I CANNOT think that thou shouldst
 pass away,
 Whose life to mine is an eternal
 law,
 A piece of nature that can have no
 flaw,
 A new and certain sunrise every
 day;
 But, if thou art to be another ray
 About the Sun of Life, and art to
 live
 Free from all of thee was fugitive,
 The debt of Love I will more fully
 pay,
 Not downcast with the thought of
 thee so high,
 But rather raised to be a nobler
 man,
 And more divine in my humanity,
 As knowing that the waiting eyes
 which scan

My life are lighted by a purer
 being,
 And ask high, calm-browed deeds,
 with it agreeing.

XII

THERE never yet was flower fair in
 vain,
 Let classic poets rhyme it as they will;
 The seasons toil that it may blow
 again,
 And summer's heart doth feel its
 every ill;
 Nor is a true soul ever born for naught;
 Wherever any such hath lived and
 died,
 There hath been something for true
 freedom wrought,
 Some bulwark levelled on the evil side:
 Toil on, then, Greatness! thou art in
 the right,
 However narrow souls may call thee
 wrong;
 Be as thou wouldst be in thine own
 clear sight,
 And so thou wilt be in the world's
 ere long;
 For worldlings cannot, struggle as
 they may,
 From man's great soul one great
 thought hide away.

XIII

SUB PONDERE CRESCIT

THE hope of Truth grows stronger,
 day by day;
 I hear the soul of Man around me
 waking,
 Like a great sea, its frozen fetters
 breaking,
 And flinging up to heaven its sunlit
 spray,
 Tossing huge continents in scornful
 play,
 And crushing them, with din of
 grinding thunder,
 That makes old emptinesses stare in
 wonder;
 The memory of a glory passed away

Lingers in every heart, as in the shell
 Resounds the bygone freedom of the
 sea,
 And every hour new signs of promise
 tell,
 That the great soul shall once again
 be free.
 For high, and yet more high, the
 murmurs swell
 Of inward strife for truth and liberty.

XIV

BELOVED, in the noisy city here,
 The thought of thee can make all
 turmoil cease;
 Around my spirit folds thy spirit
 clear
 Its still, soft arms, and circles it with
 peace;
 There is no room for any doubt or fear
 In souls so overfilled with love's
 increase,
 There is no memory of the bygone
 year
 But growth in heart's and spirit's
 perfect ease:
 How hath our love, half nebulous at
 first,
 Rounded itself into a full-orbed sun!
 How have our lives and wills (as
 haply erst
 They were, ere this forgetfulness
 begun)
 Through all their earthly distances
 outburst,
 And melted, like two rays of light
 in one!

XV

ON READING WORDSWORTH'S SON-
 NETS IN DEFENCE OF CAPITAL
 PUNISHMENT.

As the broad ocean endlessly up-
 heaveth,
 With the majestic beating of his
 heart,
 The mighty tides, whereof its right-
 ful part
 Each sea-wide bay and little weed
 receiveth,

So, through his soul who earnestly
 believeth,
 Life from the universal Heart doth
 flow,
 Whereby some conquest of the
 eternal Woe,
 By instinct of God's nature, he
 achieveth:
 A fuller pulse of this all-powerful
 beauty
 Into the poet's gulf-like heart doth
 tide,
 And he more keenly feels the glorious
 duty
 Of serving Truth, despised and
 crucified,—
 Happy, unknowing sect or creed, to
 rest,
 And feel God flow for ever through
 his breast.

XVI

THE SAME CONTINUED

ONCE hardly in a cycle blossometh
 A flower-like soul ripe with the seeds
 of song,
 A spirit foreordained to cope with
 wrong,
 Whose divine thoughts are natural
 as breath,
 Who the old Darkness thickly scat-
 tereth
 With starry words, that shoot pre-
 vailing light
 Into the deeps, and wither, with the
 blight
 Of serene Truth, the coward heart
 of Death:
 Woe, if such spirit thwart its errand
 high,
 And mock with lies the longing soul
 of man!
 Yet one age longer must true Culture
 lie,
 Soothing her bitter fetters as she
 can,
 Until new messages of love out-
 start
 At the next beating of the infinite
 Heart.

XVII

THE SAME CONTINUED

THE love of all things springs from
 love of one ;
 Wider the soul's horizon hourly grows,
 And over it with fuller glory flows
 The sky-like spirit of God ; a hope
 begun
 In doubt and darkness 'neath a
 fairer sun
 Cometh to fruition, if it be of Truth ;
 And to the law of meekness, faith,
 and ruth,
 By inward sympathy, shall all be won :
 This thou shouldst know, who, from
 the painted feature
 Of shifting Fashion, couldst thy
 brethren turn
 Unto the love of ever-youthful
 Nature,
 And of a beauty fadeless and eterne ;
 And always 'tis the saddest sight to
 see
 An old man faithless in Humanity.

XVIII

THE SAME CONTINUED

A POET cannot strive for despotism ;
 His harp falls shattered ; for it still
 must be
 The instinct of great spirits to be
 free,
 And the sworn foes of cunning bar-
 barism :
 He who has deepest searched the
 wide abyss
 Of that life-giving Soul which men
 call fate,
 Knows that to put more faith in lies
 and hate
 Than truth and love is the true
 atheism :
 Upward the soul for ever turns her
 eyes :
 The next hour always shames the
 hour before ;

One beauty, at its highest, prophesies
 That by whose side it shall seem
 mean and poor ;
 No Godlike thing knows ought of less
 and less,
 But widens to the boundless Per-
 fectness.

XIX

THE SAME CONTINUED

THEREFORE think not the Past is
 wise alone,
 For Yesterday knows nothing of the
 Best,
 And thou shalt love it only as the nest
 Whence glory-winged things to
 Heaven have flown :
 To the great Soul only are all things
 known ;
 Present and future are to her as
 past,
 While she in glorious madness doth
 forecast
 That perfect bud, which seems a
 flower full-blown
 To each new Prophet, and yet always
 opes
 Fuller and fuller with each day and
 hour,
 Heartening the soul with odour of
 fresh hopes,
 And longings high, and gushings of
 wide power,
 Yet never is or shall be fully blown
 Save in the forethought of the Eter-
 nal One.

XX

THE SAME CONCLUDED

FAR 'yond this narrow parapet of
 Time,
 With eyes uplift, the poet's soul
 should look
 Into the Endless Promise, nor should
 brook
 One prying doubt to shake his faith
 sublime ;

To him the earth is ever in her
prime
And dewiness of morning ; he can see
Good lying hid, from all eternity,
Within the teeming womb of sin and
crime ;
His soul should not be cramped by
any bar,
His nobleness should be so Godlike
high,
That his least deed is perfect as a star,
His common look majestic as the sky.
And all o'erflooded with a light from
far,
Undimmed by clouds of weak mor-
tality.

XXI

TO M. O. S.

MARY, since first I knew thee, to
this hour,
My love hath deepened, with my
wiser sense
Of what in Woman is to reverence ;
Thy clear heart, fresh as e'er was
forest-flower,
Still opens more to me its beauteous
dower ;—
But let praise hush,—Love asks no
evidence
To prove itself well-placed ; we know
not whence
It gleams the straws that thatch its
humble bower :
We can but say we found it in the
heart,
Spring of all sweetest thoughts, arch
foe of blame,
Sower of flowers in the dusty mart,
Pure vestal of the poet's holy flame,—
This is enough, and we have done
our part
If we but keep it spotless as it came.

XXII

OUR love is not a fading, earthly
flower :
Its winged seed dropped down from
Paradise,

And, nursed by day and night, by
sun and shower,
Doth momentarily to fresher beauty
rise :
To us the leafless autumn is not
bare,
Nor winter's rattling boughs lack
lusty green.
Our summer hearts make summer's
fulness where
No leaf, or bud, or blossom may be
seen :
For nature's life in love's deep life
doth lie,
Love, — whose forgetfulness is
beauty's death,
Whose mystic key these cells of thou
and I
Into the infinite freedom openeth,
And makes the body's dark and
narrow grate
The wide-flung leaves of Heaven's
own palace-gate.

XXIII

IN ABSENCE

THESE rugged, wintry days I scarce
could bear,
Did I not know that, in the early
spring,
When wild March winds upon their
errands sing,
Thou wouldst return, bursting on
this still air
Like those same winds, when, startled
from their lair,
They hunt up violets, and free swift
brooks
From icy cares, even as thy clear
looks
Bid my heart bloom, and sing, and
break all care :
When drops with welcome rain the
April day,
My flowers shall find their April in
thine eyes,
Save there the rain in dreamy clouds
doth stay,
As loath to fall out of those happy
skies ;

Yet sure, my love, thou art most like
to May,
That comes with steady sun when
April dies.

XXIV

WENDELL PHILLIPS

HE stood upon the world's broad
threshold; wide
The din of battle and of slaughter
rose;
He saw God stand upon the weaker
side,
That sank in seeming loss before its
foes:
Many there were who made great
haste and sold
Unto the cunning enemy their
swords,
He scorned their gifts of fame, and
power, and gold,
And, underneath their soft and
flowery words,
Heard the cold serpent hiss; there-
fore he went
And humbly joined him to the weaker
part,
Fanatic named, and fool, yet well
content
So he could be the nearer to God's
heart,
And feel its solemn pulses sending
blood
Through all the widespread veins of
endless good.

XXV

THE STREET

THEY pass me by like shadows,
crowds on crowds,
Dim ghosts of men, that hover to
and fro,
Hugging their bodies round them
like thin shrouds
Wherein their souls were buried long
ago:

They trampled on their youth, and
faith, and love,
They cast their hopes of human-
kind away,
With Heaven's clear messages they
madly strove,
And conquered,—and their spirits
turned to clay:
Lo! how they wander round the
world, their grave,
Whose ever-gaping maw by such is
fed,
Gibbering at living men, and idly
rave,
“We only truly live, but ye are
dead.”
Alas! poor fools, the anointed eye
may trace
A dead soul's epitaph in every
face!

XXVI

I GRIEVE not that ripe Knowledge
takes away
The charm that Nature to my child-
hood wore,
For, with that insight, cometh, day
by day,
A greater bliss than wonder was be-
fore;
The real doth not clip the poet's
wings,—
To win the secret of a weed's plain
heart
Reveals some clue to spiritual
things,
And stumbling guess becomes firm-
footed art:
Flowers are not flowers unto the
poet's eyes,
Their beauty thrills him by an in-
ward sense;
He knows that outward seemings
are but lies,
Or, at the most, but earthly shadows,
whence
The soul that looks within for truth
may guess
The presence of some wondrous
heavenliness.

XXVII

TO J. R. GIDDINGS

GIDDINGS, far rougher names than
 thine have grown
 Smoother than honey on the lips of
 men ;
 And thou shalt aye be honourably
 known,
 As one who bravely used his tongue
 and pen
 As best befits a freeman,—even for
 those
 To whom our Law's unblushing front
 denies
 A right to plead against the lifelong
 woes
 Which are the Negro's glimpse of
 Freedom's skies :
 Fear nothing, and hope all things, as
 the Right
 *Alone may do securely ; every
 hour
 The thrones of Ignorance and ancient
 Night
 Lose somewhat of their long-usurped
 power,
 And Freedom's lightest word can
 make them shiver
 With a base dread that clings to
 them for ever.

XXVIII

I THOUGHT our love at full, but I
 did err ;
 Joy's wreath drooped o'er mine eyes ;
 I could not see
 That sorrow in our happy world
 must be
 Love's deepest spokesman and in-
 terpreter :
 But, as a mother feels her child
 first stir
 Under her heart, so felt I instantly
 Deep in my soul another bond to
 thee
 Thrill with that life we saw depart
 from her.

O mother of our angel child ! twice
 dear !
 Death knits as well as parts, and
 still, I wis,
 Her tender radiance shall infold us
 here,
 Even as the light, borne up by inward
 bliss,
 Threads the void glooms of space
 without a fear,
 To print on farthest stars her pitying
 kiss.

L'ENVOI

WHETHER my heart hath wiser
 grown or not,
 In these three years, since I to thee
 inscribed,
 Mine own betrothed, the firstlings of
 my muse,—
 Poor windfalls of unripe experi-
 ence,
 Young buds plucked hastily by
 childish hands
 Not patient to await more full-blown
 flowers,—
 At least it hath seen more of life and
 men,
 And pondered more, and grown a
 shade more sad ;
 Yet with no loss of hope or settled
 trust
 In the benignness of that Provi-
 dence
 Which shapes from out our elements
 awry
 The grace and order that we wonder
 at,
 The mystic harmony of right and
 wrong,
 Both working out His wisdom and
 our good :
 A trust, Beloved, chiefly learned of
 thee,
 Who hast that gift of patient tender-
 ness,
 The instinctive wisdom of a woman's
 heart.

They tell us that our land was made
 for song,
 With its huge rivers and sky-piercing
 peaks,
 Its sea-like lakes and mighty cata-
 racts,
 Its forests vast and hoar, and prairies
 wide,
 And mounds that tell of wondrous
 tribes extinct.
 But Poesy springs not from rocks
 and woods;
 Her womb and cradle are the human
 heart,
 And she can find a nobler theme for
 song
 In the most loathsome man that
 blasts the sight
 Than in the broad expanse of sea and
 shore
 Between the frozen deserts of the
 poles.
 All nations have their message from
 on high,
 Each the messiah of some central
 thought,
 For the fulfilment and delight of
 Man:
 One has to teach that labour is
 divine;
 Another Freedom; and another
 Mind;
 And all that God is open-eyed and
 just,
 The happy centre and calm heart of all.

 Are, then, our woods, our mountains,
 and our streams,
 Needful to teach our poets how to
 sing?
 O maiden rare! far other thoughts
 were ours,
 When we have sat by ocean's foaming
 marge,
 And watched the waves leap roaring
 on the rocks,
 Than young Leander and his Hero
 had,
 Gazing from Sestos to the other
 shore.
 The moon looks down and ocean
 worships her,

Stars rise and set, and seasons come
 and go
 Even as they did in Homer's elder
 time,
 But we behold them not with Grecian
 eyes:
 Then they were types of beauty and
 of strength,
 But now of Freedom, unconfined
 and pure,
 Subject alone to Order's higher law.
 What cares the Russian serf or
 Southern slave
 Though we should speak as man
 spake never yet
 Of gleaming Hudson's broad magni-
 ficence,
 Or green Niagara's never-ending
 roar?
 Our country hath a gospel of her own
 To preach and practise before all the
 world,—
 The freedom and divinity of man,
 The glorious claims of human
 brotherhood,—
 Which to pay nobly, as a freeman
 should,
 Gains the sole wealth that will not
 fly away,
 And the soul's fealty to none but
 God.
 These are realities, which make the
 shows
 Of outward Nature, be they ne'er so
 grand,
 Seem small, and worthless, and con-
 temptible.
 These are the mountain-summits for
 our bards,
 Which stretch far upward into heaven
 itself,
 And give such widespread and exult-
 ing view
 Of hope, and faith, and onward
 destiny,
 That shrunk Parnassus to a molehill
 dwindles.
 Our new Atlantis, like a morning-
 star,
 Silvers the mirk face of slow-yielding
 Night,
 The herald of a fuller truth than yet

Hath gleamed upon the upraised face
 of Man
 Since the earth glittered in her stain-
 less prime,—
 Of a more glorious sunrise than of
 old
 Drew wondrous melodies from
 Memnon huge,
 Yea, draws them still, though now
 he sits waist-deep
 In the ingulfing flood of whirling
 sand,
 And looks across the wastes of end-
 less gray,
 Sole wreck, where once his hundred-
 gated Thebes
 Pained with her mighty hum the
 calm, blue heaven:
 Shall the dull stone pay grateful
 orisons,
 And we till noonday bar the splendour
 out,
 Lest it reproach and chide our
 sluggard hearts,
 Warm-nestled in the down of Preju-
 dice,
 And be content, though clad with
 angel-wings,
 Close-clipped, to hop about from
 perch to perch,
 In paltry cages of dead men's dead
 thoughts?
 Oh, rather, like the skylark, soar and
 sing,
 And let our gushing songs befit the
 dawn
 And sunrise, and the yet unshaken
 dew
 Brimming the chalice of each full-
 blown hope,
 Whose blithe front turns to greet
 the growing day!
 Never had poets such high call
 before,
 Never can poets hope for higher
 one,
 And, if they be but faithful to their
 trust,
 Earth will remember them with love
 and joy,
 And oh, far better, God will not
 forget.

For he who settles Freedom's prin-
 ciples
 Writes the death-warrant of all
 tyranny;
 Who speaks the truth stabs False-
 hood to the heart,
 And his mere word makes despots
 tremble more
 Than ever Brutus with his dagger
 could.
 Wait for no hints from waterfalls or
 woods,
 Nor dream that tales of Red men,
 brute and fierce,
 Repay the finding of this Western
 World,
 Or needed half the globe to give them
 birth.
 Spirit supreme of Freedom! not for
 this
 Did great Columbus tame his eagle
 soul
 To jostle with the daws that perch
 in courts;
 Not for this, friendless, on an un-
 known sea,
 Coping with mad waves and more
 mutinous spirits,
 Battled he with the dreadful ache at
 heart
 Which tempts, with devilish subtle-
 ties of doubt,
 The hermit of that loneliest soli-
 tude,
 The silent desert of a great New
 Thought;
 Though loud Niagara were to-day
 struck dumb,
 Yet would this cataract of boiling
 life
 Rush plunging on and on to endless
 deeps,
 And utter thunder till the world shall
 cease,—
 A thunder worthy of the poet's
 song,
 And which alone can fill it with true
 life.
 The high evangel to our country
 granted
 Could make apostles, yea, with
 tongues of fire,

Of hearts half-darkened back again
to clay!

'Tis the soul only that is national,
And he who pays true loyalty to that
Alone can claim the wreath of
patriotism.

Beloved! if I wander far and oft
From that which I believe, and feel,
and know,
Thou wilt forgive, not with a sorrow-
ing heart,
But with a strengthened hope of
better things;
Knowing that I, though often blind
and false

To those I love, and oh, more false
than all

Unto myself, have been most true to
thee,

And that whoso in one thing hath
been true

Can be as true in all. Therefore thy
hope

May yet not prove unfruitful, and
thy love

Meet, day by day, with less un-
worthy thanks,

Whether, as now, we journey hand
in hand,

Or, parted in the body, yet are one
In spirit and the love of holy things.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

A LEGEND OF BRITTANY

PART FIRST

I

FAIR as a summer dream was
Margaret—
Such dream as in a poet's soul
might start,
Musing of old loves while the moon
doth set :
Her hair was not more sunny than
her heart,
Though like a natural golden coronet
It circled her dear head with care-
less art,
Mocking the sunshine, that would
fain have lent
To its frank grace a richer ornament.

II

His loved one's eyes could poet ever
speak,
So kind, so dewy, and so deep were
hers,—
But, while he strives, the choicest
phrase too weak,
Their glad reflection in his spirit
blurs ;
As one may see a dream dissolve and
break
Out of his grasp when he to tell
it stirs.
Like that sad Dryad doomed no more
to bless
The mortal who revealed her loveli-
ness.

III

She dwelt for ever in a region
bright,
Peopled with living fancies of her
own,

Where naught could come but visions
of delight,
Far, far aloof from earth's eternal
moan :

A summercloud thrilled through with
rosy light,
Floating beneath the blue sky all
alone,
Her spirit wandered by itself, and won
A golden edge from some unsetting
sun.

IV

The heart grows richer that its lot is
poor—
God blesses want with larger sym-
pathies—
Love enters gladliest at the humble
door,
And makes the cot a palace with
his eyes ;
So Margaret's heart a softer beauty
wore,
And grew in gentleness and pati-
ence wise,
For she was but a simple herdsman's
child,
A lily chance-sown in the rugged wild.

There was no beauty of the wood or
field
But she its fragrant bosom-secret
Nor any but to her would freely yield
Some grace that in her soul took
root and grew :
Nature to her glowed ever new re-
vealed,
All rosy-fresh with innocent morn-
ing dew,
And looked into her heart with dim,
sweet eyes
That left it full of sylvan memories.

VI

Oh, what a face was hers to brighten
 light,
 And give back sunshine with an
 added glow,
 To wile each moment with a fresh
 delight,
 And part of memory's best con-
 tentment grow!
 Oh, how her voice, as with an
 inmate's right,
 Into the strangest heart would
 welcome go,
 And make it sweet, and ready to
 become
 Of white and gracious thoughts the
 chosen home!

II

None looked upon her but he straight-
 way thought
 Of all the greenest depths of
 country cheer,
 And into each one's heart was freshly
 brought
 What was to him the sweetest
 time of year,
 So was her every look and motion
 fraught
 With out-of-door delights and
 forest here;
 Not the first violet on a woodland lea
 Seemed a more visible gift of Spring
 than she.

VIII

Is love learned only out of poets'
 books?
 Is there not somewhat in the
 dropping flood,
 And in the nunneries of silent nooks,
 And in the murmured longing of
 the wood,
 That could make Margaret dream of
 love-lorn looks,
 And stir a thrilling mystery in her
 blood
 More trembly secret than Aurora's
 tear
 Shed in the bosom of an eglare?

IX

Full many a sweet forewarning hath
 the mind,
 Full many a whispering of vague
 desire,
 Ere comes the nature destined to
 unbind
 Its virgin zone, and all its deeps
 inspire,—
 Low stirrings in the leaves, before
 the wind
 Wake all the green strings of the
 forest lyre,
 Faint heatings in the calyx, ere the
 rose
 Its warm voluptuous breast doth all
 uncloset.

X

Long in its dim recesses pines the
 spirit,
 Wildered and dark, despairingly
 alone;
 Though many a shape of beauty
 wander near it,
 And many a wild and half-remem-
 bered tone
 Tremble from the divine abyss to
 cheer it,
 Yet still it knows that there is only
 one
 Before whom it can kneel and tribute
 bring,
 At once a happy vassal and a king.

XI

To feel a want, yet scarce know what
 it is,
 To seek one nature that is always
 new,
 Whose glance is warmer than an-
 other's kiss,
 Whom we can bare our inmost
 beauty to,
 Nor feel deserted afterwards,—for
 this
 But with our destined co-mate we
 can do,—
 Such longing instinct fills the mighty
 scope
 Of the young soul with one myste-
 rious hope.

XII

So Margaret's heart grew brimming
 with the lore
 Of love's enticing secrets; and
 although
 She had found none to cast it down
 before,
 Yet oft to Fancy's chapel she
 would go
 To pay her vows, and count the
 rosary o'er
 Of her love's promised graces :—
 haply so
 Miranda's hope had pictured Ferdi-
 nand
 Long ere the gaunt wave tossed him
 on the strand.

XIII

A new-made star that swims the
 lonely gloom,
 Unwedded yet and longing for the
 sun,
 Whose beams, the bride-gifts of the
 lavish gloom,
 Blithely to crown the virgin planet
 run,
 Her being was, watching to see the
 bloom
 Of love's fresh sunrise roofing one
 by one
 Its clouds with gold, a triumph-arch
 to be
 For him who came to hold her heart
 in fee.

XIV

Not far from Margaret's cottage
 dwelt a knight
 Of the proud Templars, a sworn
 celibate,
 Whose heart in secret fed upon the
 light
 And dew of her ripe beauty,
 through the grate
 Of his close vow catching what
 gleams he might
 Of the free heaven, and cursing
 all too late

The cruel faith whose black walls
 hemmed him in
 And turned life's crowning bliss to
 deadly sin.

XV

For he had met her in the wood by
 chance,
 And, having drunk her beauty's
 wildering spell,
 His heart shook like the pennon of a
 lance
 That quivers in a breeze's sudden
 swell,
 And thenceforth, in a close-infolded
 trance,
 From mistily golden deep to deep
 he fell;
 Till earth did waver and fade far
 away
 Beneath the hope in whose warm
 arms he lay.

XVI

A dark, proud man he was, whose
 half-blown youth
 Had shed its blossoms even in
 opening,
 Leaving a few that with more win-
 ning ruth
 Trembling around gravemanhood's
 stem might cling,
 More sad than cheery, making, in
 good sooth,
 Like the fringed gentian, a late
 autumn spring :
 A twilight nature, braided light and
 gloom
 A youth half-smiling by an open tomb.

XVII

Fair as an angel, who yet inly wore
 A wrinkled heart foreboding his
 near fall,
 Who saw him always wished to know
 him more,
 As if he were some fate's defiant
 thrall.

And nursed a dreaded secret at his
core;
Little he loved, but power the
most of all,
And that he seemed to scorn, as one
who knew
By what foul paths men choose to
crawl thereto.

XVIII

He had been noble, but some great
deceit
Had turned his better instinct to
a vice:
He strove to think the world was all
a cheat,
That power and fame were cheap
at any price,
That the sure way of being shortly
great
Was even to play life's game with
loaded dice,
Since he had tried the honest play
and found
That vice and virtue differed but in
sound.

XIX

Yet Margaret's sight redeemed him
for a space
From his own thralldom; man
could never be
A hypocrite when first such maiden
grace
Smiled in upon his heart; the
agony
Of wearing all day long a lying
face
Fell lightly from him, and, a
moment free,
Erect with wakened faith his spirit
stood
And scorned the weakness of his
demon-mood.

XX

Like a sweet wind-harp to him was
her thought,
Which would not let the common
air come near,

Till from its dim enchantment it
had caught
Amusical tenderness that brimmed
his ear
With sweetness more ethereal than
aught
Save silver-dropping snatches that
whilere
Rained down from some sad angel's
faithful harp
To cool her fallen lover's anguish
sharp.

XXI

Deep in the forest was a little dell
High overarched with the leafy
sweep
Of a broad oak, through whose
gnarled roots there fell
A slender rill that sung itself to
sleep,
Where its continuous toil had
scooped a well
To please the fairy folk; breath-
lessly deep
The stillness was, save when the
dreaming brook
From its small urn a drizzly murmur
shook.

XXII

The wooded hills sloped upward all
around
With gradual rise, and made an
even rim,
So that it seemed a mighty casque
unbound
From some huge Titan's brow to
lighten him,
Ages ago, and left upon the ground,
Where the slow soil had mossed
it to the brim,
Till after countless centuries it grew
into this dell, the haunt of noontide
dew.

XXIII

Dim vistas, sprinkled o'er with sun-
flecked green,
Wound through the thick-set
trunks on every side,

And, toward the west, in fancy might
be seen

A Gothic window in its blazing
pride,

When the low sun, two arching elms
between,

Lit up the leaves beyond, which,
autumn-dyed

With lavish hues, would into splen-
dour start,

Shaming the laboured panes of
richest art.

XXIV

Here, leaning once against the old
oak's trunk,

Mordred—for such was the young
Templar's name—

Saw Margaret come; unseen, the
falcon shrunk

From the meek dove; sharp thrills
of tingling flame

Made him forget that he was vowed
a monk,

And all the outworks of his pride
o'ercame:

Flooded he seemed with bright
delicious pain,

As if a star had burst within his
brain.

XXV

Such power hath beauty and frank
innocence:

A flower bloomed forth, that sun-
shine glad to bless,

Even from his love's long leafless
stem; the sense

Of exile from Hope's happy realm
grew less,

And thoughts of childish peace, he
knew not whence,

Thronged round his heart with
many an old caress,

Melting the frost there into pearly dew
That mirrored back his nature's
morning-blue.

XXVI

She turned and saw him, but she felt
no dread,

Her purity, like adamant mail,

Did so encircle her; and yet her head
She drooped, and made her golden
hair her veil,

Through which a glow of rosiest
lustre spread,

Then faded, and anon she stood all
pale,

As snow o'er which a blush of
northern-light

Suddenly reddens, and as soon grows
white.

XXVII

She thought of Tristrem and of
Lancelot,

Of all her dreams, and of kind
faires' night,

And how that dell was deemed a
haunted spot,

Until there grew a mist before her
sight,

And where the present was she half
forgot,

Borne backward through the realms
of old delight,—

Then, starting up awake, she would
have gone,

Yet almost wished it might not be
alone.

XXVIII

How they went home together
through the wood,

And how all life seemed focussed
into one

Thought-dazzling spot that set ablaze
the blood,

What need to tell? Fit language
there is none

For the heart's deepest things. Who
ever wooed

As in his boyish hope he would
have done?

For, when the soul is fullest, the
hushed tongue

Voicelessly trembles like a lute un-
strung.

XXIX

But all things carry the heart's
messages

And know it not, nor doth the heart
well know,

But Nature hath her will ; even as
 the bee,
 Blithe go-betweenes, fly singing to
 and fro
 With the fruit-quickenings pollen ;—
 hard if these
 Found not some all unthought-of
 way to show
 Their secret each to each ; and so
 they did,
 And one heart's flower-dust into the
 other slid.

XXX

Young hearts are free ; the selfish
 world it is
 That turns them miserly and cold
 as stone,
 And makes them clutch their fingers
 on the bliss
 Which but in giving truly is their
 own ;—
 She had no dreams of barter, asked
 not his,
 But gave hers freely as she would
 have thrown
 A rose to him, or as that rose gives
 forth
 Its generous fragrance, thoughtless
 of its worth.

XXXI

Her summer nature felt a need to
 bless,
 And a like longing to be blest
 again ;
 So, from her sky-like spirit, gentle-
 ness
 Dropt ever like a sunlit fall of
 rain
 And his beneath drank in the bright
 caress
 As thirstily as would a parchèd
 plain,
 That long hath watched the showers
 of sloping gray
 For ever, ever, falling far away.

XXXII

How should she dream of ill ? the
 heart filled quite
 With sunshine, like the shepherd's
 clock at noon,
 Closes its leaves around its warm
 delight ;
 Whate'er in life is harsh or out of
 tune
 Is all shut out, no boding shade of
 blight
 Can pierce the opiate ether of its
 swoon :
 Love is but blind as thoughtful
 justice is,
 But naught can be so wanton-blind
 as bliss.

XXXIII

All beauty and all life he was to her ;
 She questioned not his love, she
 only knew
 That she loved him, and not a pulse
 could stir
 In her whole frame but quivered
 through and through
 With this glad thought, and was a
 minister
 To do him fealty and service true,
 Like golden ripples hasting to the
 land
 To wreck their freight of sunshine
 on the strand.

XXXIV

O dewy dawn of love ! O hopes that
 are
 Hung high, like the cliff-swallow's
 perilous nest,
 Most like to fall when fullest, and
 that jar
 With every heavier billow ! O
 unrest
 Than balmy deeps of quiet sweeter
 far !
 How did ye triumph now in
 Margaret's breast,
 Making it readier to shrink and start
 Than quivering gold of the pond-
 lily's heart !

XXXV

Here let us pause: oh, would the
soul might ever

Achieve its immortality in youth,
When nothing yet hath damped its
high endeavour

After the starry energy of truth!
Here let us pause, and for a moment
sever

This gleam of sunshine from the
sad unruth

That sometime comes to all, for it is
good

To lengthen to the last a sunny mood.

PART SECOND

I

As one who, from the sunshine and
the green,

Enters the solid darkness of a cave,
Nor knows what precipice or pit
unseen

May yawn before him with its
sudden grave,

And, with hushed breath, doth often
forward lean,

Dreaming he hears the plashing of
a wave

Dimly below, or feels a damper air
From out some dreary chasm, he
knows not where;—

II

So, from the sunshine and the green
of love,

We enter on our story's darker
part;

And, though the horror of it well
may move

An impulse of repugnance in the
heart,

Yet let us think, that, as there's
naught above

The all-embracing atmosphere of
Art,

So also there is naught that falls
below

Her generous reach, though grimed
with guilt and woe.

III

Her fittest triumph is to show that
good

Lurks in the heart of evil evermore,
That love, though scorned, and out-
cast, and withstood,

Can without end forgive, and yet
have store;

God's love and man's are of the
self-same blood,

And He can see that always at the
door

Of foulest hearts the angel-nature yet
Knocks to return and cancel all its
debt.

IV

It ever is weak falsehood's destiny
That her thick mask turns crystal
to let through

The unsuspicious eyes of honesty;
But Margaret's heart was too
sincere and true

Aught but plain truth and faithful-
ness to see,

And Mordred's for a time a little
grew

To be like hers, won by the mild
reproof

Of those kind eyes that kept all
doubt aloof.

V

Full oft they met, as dawn and
twilight meet

In northern climes; she full of
growing day

As he of darkness, which before her
feet

Shrank gradual, and faded quite
away,

Soon to return; for power had made
love sweet

To him, and, when his will had
gained full sway,

The taste began to pall; for never
power

Can sate the hungry soul beyond an
hour.

VI

He fell as doth the tempter ever fall,
 Even in the gaining of his loath-
 some end ;
 God doth not work as man works, but
 makes all
 The crooked paths of ill to good-
 ness tend ;
 Let Him judge Margaret ! If to be
 the thrall
 Of love, and faith too generous to
 defend
 Its very life from him she loved, be sin,
 What hope of grace may the seducer
 win ?

VII

Grim-hearted world, that look'st with
 Levite eyes
 On those poor fallen by too much
 faith in man,
 She that upon thy freezing threshold
 lies,
 Starved to more sinning by thy
 savage ban,
 Seeking that refuge because foulest
 vice
 More godlike than thy virtue is,
 whose span
 Shuts out the wretched only,—is
 more free
 To enter heaven than thou shalt ever
 be !

VIII

Thou wilt not let her wash thy dainty
 feet
 With such salt things as tears, or
 with rude hair
 Dry them, soft Pharisee, that sitt'st
 at meat
 With him who made her such, and
 speak'st him fair,
 Leaving God's wandering lamb the
 while to bleat
 Unheeded, shivering in the pitiless
 air :
 Thou hast made prisoned virtue show
 more wan
 And haggard than a vice to look upon.

IX

Now many months flew by, and
 weary grew
 To Margaret the sight of happy
 things ;
 Blight fell on all her flowers, instead
 of dew ;
 Shut round her heart were now the
 joyous wings
 Wherewith it wont to soar ; yet not
 untrue,
 Though tempted much, her
 woman's nature clings
 To its first pure belief, and with sad
 eyes
 Looks backward o'er the gate of
 Paradise.

X

And so, though altered Mordred came
 less oft,
 And winter frowned where spring
 had laughed before
 In his strange eyes, yet half her
 sadness doffed,
 And in her silent patience loved
 him more :
 Sorrow had made her soft heart yet
 more soft,
 And a new life within her own she
 bore
 Which made her tenderer, as she felt
 it move
 Beneath her breast, a refuge for her
 love.

XI

This babe, she thought, would surely
 bring him back,
 And be a bond for ever them
 between ;
 Before its eyes the sullen tempest-
 rack
 Would fade, and leave the face of
 heaven serene ;
 And love's return doth more than fill
 the lack,
 Which in his absence withered the
 heart's green :
 And yet a dim foreboding still would
 flit
 Between her and her hope to darken it.

XII

She could not figure forth a happy
fate,
Even for this life from heaven so
newly come;
The earth must needs be doubly
desolate
To him scarce parted from a fairer
home:
Such boding heavier on her bosom
sate
One night, as, standing in the
twilight gloam,
She strained her eyes beyond that
dizzy verge
At whose foot faintly breaks the
future's surge.

XIII

Poor little spirit! naught but shame
and woe
Nurse the sick heart whose life-
blood nurses thine:
Yet not those only; love hath
triumphed so,
As for thy sake makes sorrow more
divine:
And yet, though thou be pure, the
world is foe
To purity, if born in such a shrine;
And, having trampled it for struggling
thence,
Smiles to itself, and calls it Provi-
dence.

XIV

As thus she mused, a shadow
seemed to rise
From out her thought, and turn
to dreariness
All blissful hopes and sunnyn memories,
And the quick blood would curdle
up and press
About her heart, which seemed to
shut its eyes
And hush itself, as who with
shuddering guess
Harks through the gloom and dreads
e'en now to feel
Through his hot breast the icy slide
of steel.

XV

But, at that heart-beat, while in
dread she was,
In the low wind the honeysuckles
gleam,
A dewy thrill flits through the heavy
grass,
And, looking forth, she saw, as in
a dream,
Within the wood the moonlight's
shadowy mass:
Night's starry heart yearning to
hers doth seem,
And the deep sky, full-hearted with
the moon,
Folds round her all the happiness of
June.

XVI

What fear could face a heaven and
earth like this?
What silveriest cloud could hang
'neath such a sky?
A tide of wondrous and unwonted bliss
Rolls back through all her pulses
suddenly,
As if some seraph, who had learned
to kiss
From the fair daughters of the
world gone by,
Had wedded so his fallen light with
hers,
Such sweet, strange joy through soul
and body stirs.

XVII

Now seek we Mordred: he who did
not fear
The crime, yet fears the latent
consequence:
If it should reach a brother Templar's
ear,
It haply might be made a good
pretence
To cheat him of the hope he held
most dear;
For he had spared no thought's or
deed's expense,
That by-and-by might help his wish
to clip
Its darling bride,—the high grand-
mastership.

XVIII

The apathy were a crime resolved is
 done,
 Is scarce less dreadful than remorse
 for crime ;
 By no allurements can the soul be won
 From brooding o'er the wear creep
 of time :
 Mordred stole forth into the happy
 sun,
 Striving to hum a scrap of Breton
 rhyme,
 But the sky struck him speechless,
 and he tried
 In vain to summon up his callous
 pride.

XIX

In the courtyard a fountain leaped
 away,
 A Triton blowing jewels through
 his shell
 Into the sunshine ; Mordred turned
 away,
 Weary because the stone face did
 not tell
 Of weariness, nor could he bear to-
 day,
 Heart-sick, to hear the patient sink
 and swell
 Of winds among the leaves, or golden
 bees
 Drowsily humming in the orange-
 trees.

XX

All happy sights and sounds now
 came to him
 Like a reproach : he wandered far
 and wide,
 Following the lead of his unquiet
 whim,
 But still there went a something
 at his side
 That made the cool breeze hot, the
 sunshine dim ;
 It would not flee, it could not be
 defied ;
 He could not see it, but he felt it there,
 By the damp chill that crept among
 his hair.

XXI

Day wore at last ; the evening-star
 arose,
 And throbbing in the sky grew red
 and set ;
 Then with a guilty, wavering step he
 goes
 To the hid nook where they so oft
 had met
 In happier season, for his heart well
 knows
 That he is sure to find poor Margaret
 Watching and waiting there with
 love-lorn breast
 Around her young dream's rudely
 scattered nest.

XXII

Why follow here that grim old
 chronicle
 Which counts the dagger-strokes
 and drops of blood ?
 Enough that Margaret by his mad
 steel fell,
 Unmoved by murder from her
 trusting mood,
 Smiling on him as Heaven smiles on
 Hell,
 With a sad love, remembering
 when he stood
 Not fallen yet, the unsealer of her
 heart,
 Of all her holy dreams the holiest
 part.

XXIII

His crime complete, scarce knowing
 what he did,
 (So goes the tale), beneath the
 altar there
 In the high church the stiffening
 corpse he hid,
 And then, to 'scape that suffocat-
 ing air,
 Like a scared ghou out of the porch
 he slid ;
 But his strained eyes saw blood-
 spots everywhere,
 And ghastly faces thrust themselves
 between
 His soul and hopes of peace with
 blasting mien.

XXIV

His heart went out within him like
 a spark
 Dropt in the sea ; wherever he
 made bold
 To turn his eyes, he saw, all stiff and
 stark,
 Pale Margaret lying dead ; the
 lavish gold
 Of her loose hair seemed in the cloudy
 dark
 To spread a glory, and a thousand-
 fold,
 More strangely pale and beautiful
 she grew :
 Her silence stabbed his conscience
 through and through.

XXV

Or visions of past days,—a mother's
 eyes
 That smiled down on the fair boy
 at her knee,
 Whose happy upturned face to hers
 replies,—
 He saw sometimes : or Margaret
 mournfully
 Gazed on him full of doubt, as one
 who tries
 To crush belief that does love
 injury ;
 Then she would wring her hands,
 but soon again
 Love's patience glimmered out
 through cloudy pain.

XXVI

Meanwhile he dared not go and
 steal away
 The silent, dead-cold witness of
 his sin ;
 He had not feared the life, but that
 dull clay ;
 Those open eyes that showed the
 death within,
 Would surely stare him mad ; yet
 all the day
 A dreadful impulse, whence his
 will could win

No refuge, made him linger in the
 aisle,
 Freezing with his wan look each
 greeting smile.

XXVII

Now, on the second day there was
 to be
 A festival in church : from far and
 near
 Came flocking in the sunburnt
 peasantry,
 And knights and dames with
 stately antique cheer.
 Blazing with pomp, as if all faërie
 Had emptied her quaint halls, or,
 as it were,
 The illuminated marge of some old
 book,
 While we were gazing, life and
 motion took.

XXVIII

When all were entered, and the
 roving eyes
 Of all were stayed, some upon
 faces bright,
 Some on the priests, some on the
 traceries
 That decked the slumber of a
 marble knight,
 And all the rustlings over that
 arise
 From recognising tokens of delight,
 When friendly glances meet,—then
 silent ease
 Spread o'er the multitude by slow
 degrees.

XXIX

Then swelled the organ : up through
 choir and nave
 The music trembled with an in-
 ward thrill
 Of bliss at its own grandeur : wave
 on wave
 Its flood of mellow thunder rose,
 until •

The hushed air shivered with the
throb it gave,
Then, pausing for a moment, it
stood still,
And sank and rose again, to burst
in spray
That wandered into silence far away.

XXX

Like to a mighty heart the music
seemed,
That yearns with melodies it can-
not speak,
Until, in grand despair of what it
dreamed,
In the agony of effort it doth break,
Yet triumphs breaking; on it rushed
and streamed
And wanted in its might, as
when a lake,
Long pent among the mountains,
bursts its walls
And in one crowding gush leaps
forth and falls.

XXXI

Deeper and deeper shudders shook
the air,
As the huge bass kept gathering
heavily,
Like thunder when it rouses in its lair,
And with its hoarse growl shakes
the low-hung sky,
It grew up like a darkness everywhere,
Filling the vast cathedral;—sud-
denly,
From the dense mass a boy's clear
treble broke
Like lightning, and the full-toned
choir awoke.

XXXII

Through gorgeous windows shone
the sun aslant,
Brimming the church with gold
and purple mist,
Meet atmosphere to bosom that rich
chant,
Where fifty voices in one strand
did twist

Their varicoloured tones, and left
no want
To the delighted soul, which sank
abyssed
In the warm music cloud, while, far
below,
The organ heaved its surges to and fro.

XXXIII

As if a lark should suddenly drop dead
While the blue air yet trembled
with its song,
So snapped at once that music's
golden thread,
Struck by a nameless fear that
leapt along
From heart to heart, and like a
shadow spread
With instantaneous shiver through
the throng,
So that some glanced behind, as half
aware
A hideous shape of dread were
standing there.

XXXIV

As when a crowd of pale men gather
round,
Watching an eddy in the leaden
deep,
From which they deem the body of
one drowned
Will be cast forth, from face to
face doth creep
An eager dread that holds all tongues
fast bound
Until the horror, with a ghastly leap,
Starts up, its dead blue arms stretched
aimlessly,
Heaved with the swinging of the
careless sea,—

XXXV

So in the faces of all these there grew,
As by one impulse, a dark, freez-
ing awe,
Which, with a fearful fascination,
drew
All eyes toward the altar; damp
and raw

The air grew suddenly, and no man
knew

Whether perchance his silent
neighbour saw

The dreadful thing which all were
sure would rise

To scare the strained lids wider from
their eyes.

XXXVI

The incense trembled as it upward
sent

Its slow, uncertain thread of wan-
dering blue,

As 'twere the only living element

In all the church, so deep the still-
ness grew ;

It seemed one might have heard it,
as it went.

Give out an audible rustle, curling
through

The midnight silence of that awe-
struck air,

More hushed than death, though so
much life was there.

XXXVII

Nothing they saw, but a low voice
was heard

Threading the ominous silence of
that fear,

Gentle and terrorless as if a bird,

Wakened by some volcano's glare,
should cheer

The murk air with his song ; yet
every word

In the cathedral's farthest arch
seemed near,

As if it spoke to every one apart,

Like the clear voice of conscience
in each heart.

XXXVIII

"O Rest, to weary hearts thou art
most dear !

O Silence, after life's bewildering
din,

Thou art most welcome, whether in
the sear

Days of our age thou' comest, or
we win

Thy poppy-wreath in youth ! then
wherefore here

Linger I yet, once free to enter in
At that wished gate which gentle

Death doth ope,

Into the boundless realm of strength
and hope ?

XXXIX

"Think not in death my love could
ever cease ;

If thou wast false, more need there
is for me

Still to be true ; that slumber were
not peace,

If 'twere unvisited with dreams of
thee :

And thou hadst never heard such
words as these,

Save that in heaven I must for
ever be

Most comfortless and wretched, see-
ing this

Our unbaptized babe shut out from
bliss.

XL

"This little spirit with imploring eyes
Wanders alone the dreary wild of
space ;

The shadow of his pain for ever lies
Upon my soul in this new dwell-
ing-place ;

His loneliness makes me in Paradise
More lonely, and, unless I see his
face,

Even here for grief could I lie down
and die,

Save for my curse of immortality.

XLI

"World after world he sees around
him swim,

Crowded with happy souls, that
take no heed

Of the sad eyes that from the night's
faint rim
Gaze sick with longing on them as
they speed
Through golden gates, that only shut
on him ;
And shapes sometimes from hell's
abysses freed
Flap darkly by him, with enormous
sweep
Of wings that roughen wide the
pitchy deep.

XLII

"I am a mother,—spirits do not shake
This much of earth from them,—
and I must pine
Till I can feel his little hands, and take
His weary head upon this heart of
mine ;
And, might it be, full gladly for his
sake
Would I this solitude of bliss resign
And be shut out of heaven to dwell
with him
For ever in that silence drear and dim.

XLIII

"I strove to hush my soul, and would
not speak
At first, for thy dear sake ; a
woman's love
Is mighty, but a mother's heart is
weak,
And by its weakness overcomes ;
I strove
To smother bitter thoughts with
patience meek,
But still in the abyss my soul
would rove,
Seeking my child, and drove me here
to claim
The rite that gives him peace in
Christ's dear name.

XLIV

"I sit and weep while blessed spirits
sing ;
I can but long and pine the while
they praise, •

And, leaning o'er the wall of heaven,
I fling
My voice to where I deem my
infant strays,
Like a robbed bird that cries in vain
to bring
Her nestlings back beneath her
wings' embrace ;
But still he answers not, and I but
know
That heaven and earth are both alike
in woe."

XLV

Then the pale priests, with ceremony
due,
Baptized the child within its dread-
ful tomb
Beneath that mother's heart, whose
instinct true
Star-like had battled down the
triple gloom
Of sorrow, love, and death : young
maidens, too,
Strewed the pale corpse with many
a milk-white bloom,
And parted the bright hair, and on
the breast
Crossed the unconscious hands in
sign of rest.

XLVI

Some said that when the priest had
sprinkled o'er
The consecrated drops, they seemed
to hear
A sigh, as of some heart from travail
sore
Released, and then two voices
singing clear,
Miseratur Deus, more and more
Fading far upward, and their
ghastly fear
Fell from them with that sound, as
bodies fall
From souls upspringing to celestial
hall.

PROMETHEUS

ONE after one the stars have risen
 and set,
 Sparkling upon the hoar-frost on my
 chain:
 The Bear, that prowled all night
 about the fold
 Of the North Star, hath shrunk into
 his den,
 Scared by the blithesome footsteps
 of the Dawn,
 Whose blushing smile floods all the
 Orient;
 And now bright Lucifer grows less
 and less,
 Into the heaven's blue quiet deep-
 withdrawn.
 Sunless and starless all, the desert
 sky
 Arches above me, empty as this heart
 For ages hath been empty of all joy,
 Except to brood upon its silent hope.
 As o'er its hope of day the sky doth
 now.
 All night have I heard voices; deeper
 yet
 The deep low breathing of the silence
 grew,
 While all about, muffled in awe,
 there stood
 Shadows, or forms, or both, clear-felt
 at heart,
 But, when I turned to front them,
 far along
 Only a shudder through the mid-
 night ran,
 And the dense stillness walled me
 closer round.
 But still I heard them wander up
 and down
 That solitude, and flappings of dusk
 wings
 Did mingle with them, whether of
 those hags
 Let slip upon me once from Hades
 deep,
 Or of yet direr torments, if such be,
 I could but guess; and then toward
 me came
 A shape as of a woman: very pale

It was, and calm; its cold eyes did
 not move,
 And mine moved not, but only stared
 on them.
 Their fixed awe went through my
 brain like ice;
 A skeleton hand seemed clutching at
 my heart,
 And a sharp chill, as if a dank night
 fog
 Suddenly closed me in, was all I felt:
 And then, methought, I heard a
 freezing sigh,
 A long, deep, shivering sigh, as from
 blue lips
 Stiffening in death, close to mine ear.
 I thought
 Some doom was close upon me, and
 I looked
 And saw the red moon through the
 heavy mist
 Just setting, and it seemed as it
 were falling,
 Or reeling to its fall, so dim and dead
 And palsy-struck it looked. Then
 all sounds merged
 Into the rising surges of the pines,
 Which, leagues below me, clothing
 the gaunt loins
 Of ancient Caucasus with hairy
 strength,
 Sent up a murmur in the morning
 wind,
 Sad as the wail that from the popu-
 lous earth
 All day and night to high Olympus
 soars,
 Fit incense to thy wicked throne, O
 Jove!

Thy hated name is tossed once more
 in scorn
 From off my lips, for I will tell thy
 doom.
 And are these tears? Nay, do not
 triumph, Jove!
 They are wrung from me but by the
 agonies
 Of prophecy, like those sparse drops
 which fall
 From clouds in travail of the light-
 ning, when

The great wave of the storm, high-
 curled and black,
 Rolls steadily onward to its thun-
 derous break.
 Why art thou made a god of, thou
 poor type
 Of anger, and revenge, and cunning
 force?
 True Power was never born of brutish
 Strength,
 Nor sweet Truth suckled at the
 shaggy dugs
 Of that old she-wolf. Are thy
 thunderbolts,
 That quell the darkness for a space,
 so strong
 As the prevailing patience of meek
 Light,
 Who, with the invincible tenderness
 of peace,
 Wins it to be a portion of herself?
 Why art thou made a god of, thou,
 who hast
 The never-sleeping terror at thy
 heart,
 That birthright of all tyrants, worse
 to bear
 Than this thy ravening bird on which
 I smile?
 Thou swear'st to free me if I will
 unfold
 What kind of doom it is whose omen
 flits
 Across thy heart, as o'er a troop of
 doves
 The fearful shadow of the kite.
 What need
 To know that truth whose know-
 ledge cannot save?
 Evil its errand hath, as well as Good;
 When thine is finished, thou art
 known no more:
 There is a higher purity than thou,
 And higher purity is greater strength;
 Thy nature is thy doom, at which
 thy heart
 Trembles behind the thick wall of
 thy might.
 Let man but hope, and thou art
 straightway chilled
 With thought of that drear silence
 and deep night •

Which, like a dream, shall swallow
 thee and thine:
 Let man but will, and thou art god
 no more,
 More capable of ruin than the gold
 And ivory that image thee on
 earth.
 He who hurled down the monstrous
 Titan-brood
 Blinded with lightnings, with rough
 thunders stunned,
 Is weaker than a simple human
 thought.
 My slender voice can shake thee, as
 the breeze,
 That seems but apt to stir a maiden's
 hair,
 Sways huge Oceanus from pole to
 pole;
 For I am still Prometheus, and fore-
 know
 In my wise heart the end and doom
 of all.

Yes, I am still Prometheus, wiser
 grown
 By years of solitude,—that holds
 apart
 The past and future, giving the soul
 room
 To search into itself,—and long com-
 mune
 With this eternal silence;—more a
 god,
 In my long-suffering and strength to
 meet
 With equal front the direst shafts of
 fate,
 Than thou in thy faint-hearted des-
 potism,
 Girt with thy baby-toys of force and
 wrath.
 Yes, I am that Prometheus who
 brought down
 The light to man, which thou, in
 selfish fear,
 Hadst to thyself usurped,—his by
 sole right,
 For Man hath right to all save
 Tyranny,—
 And which shall free him yet from
 thy frail throne.

Tyrants are but the spawn of Ignorance,
 Begotten by the slaves they trample on,
 Who, could they win a glimmer of the light,
 And see that Tyranny is always weakness,
 Or Fear with its own bosom ill at ease,
 Would laugh away in scorn the sand-wove chain
 Which their own blindness feigned for adamant.
 Wrong ever builds on quicksands, but the Right
 To the firm centre lays its moveless base.
 The tyrant trembles if the air but stir
 The innocent ringlets of a child's free hair,
 And crouches when the thought of some great spirit,
 With world-wide murmur, like a rising gale,
 Over men's hearts, as over standing corn,
 Rushes, and bends them to its own strong will.
 So shall some thought of mine yet circle earth,
 And puff away thy crumbling altars, Jove!

And wouldst thou know of my supreme revenge,
 Poor tyrant, even now dethroned in heart,
 Realmless in soul, as tyrants ever are?
 Listen! and tell me if this bitter peak,
 This never-glutted vulture, and these chains
 Shrink not before it; for it shall befit
 A sorrow-taught, unconquered Titan-heart.
 Men, when their death is on them, seem to stand
 On a precipitous crag that overhangs
 The abyss of doom, and in that depth to see,
 As in a glass, the features dim and vast

Of things to come, the shadows, as it seems,
 Of what have been. 'Death ever fronts the wise;
 Not fearfully, but with clear promises
 Of larger life, on whose broad vans upborne,
 Their outlook widens, and they see beyond
 The horizon of the Present and the Past,
 Even to the very source and end of things.
 Such am I now: immortal woe hath made
 My heart a seer, and my soul a judge
 Between the substance and the shadow of Truth.
 The sure supremeness of the Beautiful,
 By all the martyrdoms made doubly sure
 Of such as I am, this is my revenge,
 Which of my wrongs builds a triumphal arch,
 Through which I see a sceptre and a throne.
 The pipings of glad shepherds on the hills,
 Tending the flocks no more to bleed for thee;
 The songs of maidens pressing with white feet
 The vintage on thine altars poured no more;
 The murmurous bliss of lovers underneath
 Dim grape-vine bowers, whose rosy bunches press
 Not half so closely their warm cheeks, unpaled
 By thoughts of thy brute lust; the hive-like hum
 Of peaceful commonwealths, where sunburnt Toil
 Reaps for itself the rich earth made its own
 By its own labour, lightened with glad hymns
 To an Omnipotence which thy mad boasts

Would cope with as a spark with the
 vast sea,—
 Even the spirit of free love and
 peace,
 Duty's sure recompense through life
 and death,—
 These are such harvests as all mas-
 ter-spirits
 Reap, haply not on earth, but reap
 no less
 Because the sheaves are bound by
 hands not theirs;
 These are the bloodless daggers
 wherewithal
 They stab fallen tyrants, this their
 high revenge:
 For their best part of life on earth
 is when,
 Long after death, prisoned and pent
 no more,
 Their thoughts, their wild dreams
 even, have become
 Part of the necessary air men breathe:
 When, like the moon, herself behind
 a cloud,
 They shed down light before us on
 life's sea,
 That cheers us to steer onward still
 in hope.
 Earth with her twining memories
 ivies o'er
 Their holy sepulchres; the chainless
 sea,
 In tempest or wide calm, repeats their
 thoughts;
 The lightning and the thunder, all
 free things,
 Have legends of them for the ears
 of men.
 All other glories are as falling stars,
 But universal Nature watches theirs:
 Such strength is won by love of
 humankind.

Not that I feel that hunger after
 fame
 Which souls of a half-greatness are
 beset with;
 But that the memory of noble
 deeds
 Cries shame upon the idle and the
 vile,

And keeps the heart of Man for ever
 up
 To the heroic level of old time.
 To be forgot at first is little pain
 To a heart conscious of such high
 intent
 As must be deathless on the lips of
 men;
 But, having been a name, to sink and
 be
 A something which the world can do
 without,
 Which, having been or not, would
 never change
 The lightest pulse of fate,—this is
 indeed
 A cup of bitterness the worst to taste,
 And this thy heart shall empty to
 the dregs.
 Endless despair shall bethy Caucasus,
 And memory thy vulture; thou wilt
 find
 Oblivion far lonelier than this peak.
 Behold thy destiny! Thou think'st
 it much
 That I should brave thee, miserable
 god!
 But I have braved a mightier than
 thou,
 Even the tempting of this soaring
 heart,
 Which might have made me, scarcely
 less than thou,
 A god among my brethren weak and
 blind,
 Scarce less than thou, a pitiable thing
 To be down-trodden into darkness
 soon.
 But now I am above thee, for thou
 art
 The bungling workmanship of fear,
 the block
 That awes the swart Barbarian; but I
 Am what myself have made,—a
 nature wise
 With finding in it-elf the types of all,
 With watching from the dim verge
 of the time
 What things to be are visible in the
 gleams
 Thrown forward on them from the
 luminous past,

Wise with the history of its own frail heart,
 With reverence and with sorrow, and with love,
 Broad as the world, for freedom and for man.

Thou and all strength shall crumble, except Love,
 By whom, and for whose glory, ye shall cease :
 And, when thou art but a dim moaning heard
 From out the pitiless gloom of Chaos, I
 Shall be a power and a memory,
 A name to fright all tyrants with, a light
 Unsetting as the pole-star, a great voice
 Heard in the breathless pauses of the fight
 By Truth and Freedom ever waged with Wrong,
 Clear as a silver trumpet, to awake
 Huge echoes that from age to age live on
 In kindred spirits, giving them a sense
 Of boundless power from boundless suffering wrong :
 And many a glazing eye shall smile to see
 The memory of my triumph (for to meet
 Wrong with endurance, and to overcome
 The present with a heart that looks beyond,
 Are triumph), like a prophet eagle, perch
 Upon the sacred banner of the Right.
 Evil springs up, and flowers, and bears no seed,
 And feeds the green earth with its swift decay,
 Leaving it richer for the growth of truth ;
 But Good, once put in action or in thought,
 Like a strong oak, doth from its boughs shed down
 The ripe germs of a forest. Thou, weak god,

Shalt fade and be forgotten ! but this soul,
 Fresh-living still in the serene abyss,
 In every heaving shall partake, that grows
 From heart to heart among the sons of men,—
 As the ominous hum before the earthquake runs
 Far through the Ægean from roused isle to isle,—
 Foreboding wreck to palaces and shrines,
 And mighty rents in many a cavernous error
 That darkens the free light to man :—
 This heart,
 Unscarred by thy grim vulture, as the truth
 Grows but more lovely 'neath the beaks and claws
 Of Harpies blind that fain would soil it, shall
 In all the throbbing exultations share
 That wait on freedom's triumphs, and in all
 The glorious agonies of martyr-spirits,—
 Sharp lightning-throes to split the jagged clouds
 That veil the future, showing them the end,—
 Pain's thorny crown for constancy and truth,
 Girding the temples like a wreath of stars.
 This is a thought that, like the fabled laurel,
 Makes my faith thunder-proof, and thy dread bolts
 Fall on me like the silent flakes of snow
 On the hoar brows of aged Caucasus :
 But, oh, thought far more blissful, they can rend
 This cloud of flesh, and make my soul a star !

Unleash thy crouching thunders now, O Jove !
 Free this high heart, which, a poor captive long,

Doth knock to be let forth, this heart
 which still,
 In its invincible manhood, overtops
 Thy puny godship, as this mountain
 doth
 The pines that moss its roots. Oh,
 even now,
 While from my peak of suffering I
 look down,
 Beholding with a far-spread gush of
 hope
 The sunrise of that Beauty, in whose
 face,
 Shone all around with love, no man
 shall look
 But straightway like a god he is uplift
 Unto the throne long empty for his
 sake,
 And clearly oft foreshadowed in brave
 dreams
 By his free inward nature, which nor
 thou,
 Nor any anarchy after thee, can bind
 From working its great doom,—now,
 now set free
 This essence, not to die, but to
 become
 Part of that awful Presence which
 doth haunt
 The palaces of tyrants, to scare off,
 With its grim eyes and fearful
 whisperings
 And hideous sense of utter loneliness,
 All hope of safety, all desire of peace.
 All but the loathed forefeeling of
 blank death,—
 Part of that spirit which doth ever
 brood
 Inpatient calm on the unpilfered nest
 Of man's deep heart, till mighty
 thoughts grow fledged
 To sail with darkening shadow o'er
 the world,
 Filling with dread such souls as dare
 not trust
 In the unfailing energy of Good,
 Until they swoop, and their pale
 quarry make
 Of some o'erbloated wrong,—that
 spirit which
 Scatters great hopes in the seed-field
 of man,

Like acorns among grain, to grow
 and be
 A roof for freedom in all coming time!

But no, this cannot be; for ages yet,
 In solitude unbroken, shall I hear
 The angry Caspian to the Euxine
 shout,
 And Euxine answer with a muffled
 roar,
 One either side storming the giant walls
 Of Caucasus with leagues of climb-
 ing foam
 (Less, from my height, than flakes
 of downy snow),
 That draw back baffled but to hurl
 again,
 Snatched up in wrath and horrible
 turmoil,
 Mountain on mountain, as the Titans
 erst,
 My brethren, scaling the high seat
 of Jove,
 Heaved Pelion upon Ossa's shoulders
 broad
 In vain emprise. The moon will
 come and go
 With her monotonous vicissitude;
 Once beautiful, when I was free to
 walk
 Among my fellows, and to interchange
 The influence benign of loving eyes,
 But now by aged use grown wearis-
 some;—
 False thought! most false! for how
 could I endure
 These crawling centuries of lonely
 woe
 Unshamed by weak complaining, but
 for thee,
 Loneliest, save me, of all created
 things,
 Mild-eyed Astarte, my best comforter,
 With thy pale smile of sad benignity?

Year after year will pass away and
 seem
 To me, in mine eternal agony,
 But as the shadows of dumb summer
 clouds,
 which I have watched so often
 darkening o'er

The vast Sarmatian plain, league-
 wide at first,
 But, with still swiftness, lessening
 on and on
 Till cloud and shadow meet and
 mingle where
 The gray horizon fades into the sky,
 Far, far to northward. Yes, for
 ages yet
 Must I lie here upon my altar huge,
 A sacrifice for man. Sorrow will be,
 As it hath been, his portion ; endless
 doom,
 While the immortal with the mortal
 linked
 Dreams of its wings and pines for
 what it dreams,
 With upward yearn unceasing.
 Better so :
 For Wisdom is stern Sorrow's pa-
 tient child,
 And empire over self, and all the deep
 Strong charities that make men seem
 like gods ;
 And Love, that makes them be gods,
 from her breasts
 Sucks in the milk that makes man-
 kind one blood.
 Good never comes unmixed, or so it
 seems,
 Having two faces, as some images
 Are carved of foolish gods ; one
 face is ill,
 But one heart lies beneath, and that
 is good,
 As are all hearts when we explore
 their depths.
 Therefore, great heart, bear up ! thou
 art but type
 Of what all lofty spirits endure that
 fain
 Would win men back to strength and
 peace through love :
 Each hath his lonely peak, and on
 each heart
 Envy, or scorn or hatred tears lifelong
 With vulture beak ; yet the high soul
 is left ;
 And faith, which is but hope grown
 wise, and love
 And patience, which at last shall
 overcome.

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS

THERE came a youth upon the earth,
 Some thousand years ago,
 Whose slender hands were nothing
 worth,
 Whether to plough, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise-shell
 He stretched some chords, and drew
 Music that made men's bosoms swell
 Fearless, or blimmed their eyes with
 dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
 Pure taste by right divine,
 Decreed his singing not too bad
 To hear between the cups of wine :

And so, well pleased with being
 soothed
 Into a sweet half-sleep,
 Three times his kingly beard he
 smoothened,
 And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
 And yet he used them so,
 That what in other mouths was rough
 In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
 In whom no good they saw ;
 And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
 They made his careless words their
 law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
 For idly, hour by hour,
 He sat and watched the dead leaves
 fall,
 Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
 Did teach him all their use,
 For, in mere weeds, and stones, and
 springs,
 He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
 But, when a glance they caught
 Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
 They laughed, and called him good-
 for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
 And e'en his memory dim,
 Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
 More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
 Each spot where he had trod,
 Till after-poets only knew
 Their first-born brother as a god.

THE TOKEN

It is a mere wild rosebud,
 Quite fallow now and dry,
 Yet there's something wondrous in
 it,—

Some gleams of days gone by,
 Dear sights and sounds that are to me
 The very moons of memory,
 And stir my heart's blood far below
 Its short-lived waves of joy and woe.

Lips must fade and roses wither,
 All sweet times be o'er;
 They only smile, and, murmuring
 "Thither!"

Stay with us no more:
 And yet oft times a look or smile,
 Forgotten in a kiss's while,
 Years after from the dark will start,
 And flash across the trembling heart.

Thou hast given me many roses,
 But never one, like this,
 O'erfloods both sense and spirit
 With such a deep, wild bliss;
 We must have instincts that glean up
 Sparse drops of this life in the cup,
 Whose taste shall give us all that we
 Can prove of immortality.

Earth's stablest things are shadows,
 And, in the life to come,
 Hardly some chance-saved trifle
 May tell of this old home:

As now sometimes we seem to find,
 In a dark crevice of the mind,
 Somewhere, which, long pondered o'er,
 Hints faintly at a life before.

AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR

He spoke of Burns: men rude and
 rough
 Pressed round to hear the praise
 of one
 Whose heart was made of manly,
 simple stuff,
 As homespun as their own.

And, when he read, they forward
 leaned,
 Drinking, with thirsty hearts and
 ears,
 His brook-like songs whom glory
 never weaned
 From humble smiles and tears.

Slowly there grew a tender awe,
 Sun-like, o'er faces brown and hard,
 As if in him who read they felt and
 saw
 Some presence of the bard.

It was a sight for sin and wrong
 And slavish tyranny to see,
 A sight to make our faith more pure
 and strong
 In high humanity.

I thought, these men will carry
 hence
 Promptings their former life above,
 And something of a finer reverence
 For beauty, truth, and love.

God scatters love on every side
 Freely among His children all,
 And always hearts are lying open wide,
 Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but soweth seeds
 Of a more true and open life,
 Which burst, unlooked for, into high-
 souled deeds,
 With wayside beauty rife.

We find within these souls of ours
Some wild germs of a higher
birth,
Which in the poet's tropic heart bear
flowers
Whose fragrance fills the earth.

Within the hearts of all men lie
These promises of wider bliss,
Which blossom into hopes that can-
not die,
In sunny hours like this.

All that hath been majestical
In life or death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
The angel heart of man.

And thus, among the untaught
poor,
Great deeds and feelings find a
home,
That cast in shadow all the golden
lore
Of classic Greece and Rome.

O mighty brother-soul of man,
Where'er thou art, in low or high,
Thy skyey arches with exulting span
O'er-roof infinity!

All thoughts that mould the age
begin
Deep down within the primitive
soul,
And from the many slowly upward
win
To one who grasps the whole:

In his wide brain the feeling deep
That struggled on the many's
tongue
Swells to a tide of thought, whose
surges leap
O'er the weak thrones of wrong.

All thought begins in feeling,—
wide
In the great mass its base is hid,
And, narrowing up to thought, stands
glorified,
A moveless pyramid.

Nor is he far astray who deems
That every hope which rises and
grows broad
In the world's heart, by ordered im-
pulse streams
From the great heart of God.

God wills, man hopes: in common
souls
Hope is but vague and undefined,
Till from the poet's tongue the mes-
sage rolls
A blessing to his kind.

Never did Poesy appear
So full of heaven to me as when
I saw how it could pierce through
pride and fear
To the lives of coarsest men.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two
or three
High souls, like those far stars that
come in sight
Once in a century;—

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and
then
Shall waken their free nature in the
weak
And friendless sons of men;

To write some earnest verse or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and man-
hood shine
In the untutored heart.

He who doth this, in verse or prose,
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crowned at last
with those
Who live and speak for aye.

RHÆCUS

GOD sends His teachers unto every
age,
To every clime and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth

And shape of mind, nor gives the
 realm of Truth
 Into the selfish rule of one sole race:
 Therefore each form of worship that
 hath sway'd
 The life of man, and given it to
 grasp
 The master-key of knowledge, rever-
 ence,
 Infolds some germs of goodness and
 of right;
 Else never had the eager soul, which
 loathes
 The slothful down of pampered
 ignorance,
 Found in it even a moment's fitful
 rest.

There is an instinct in the human
 heart
 Which makes that all the fables it
 hath coined,
 To justify the reign of its belief
 And strengthen it by beauty's right
 divine,
 Veil in their inner cells a mystic
 gift,
 Which, like the hazel twig, in faith-
 ful hands,
 Points surely to the hidden springs
 of truth.
 For, as in Nature naught is made in
 vain,
 But all things have within their hull
 of use
 A wisdom and a meaning which may
 speak
 Of spiritual secrets to the ear
 Of spirit; so, in whatsoe'er the heart
 Hath fashioned for a solace to itself,
 To make its inspirations suit its
 creed,
 And from the niggard hands of false-
 hood wring
 Its needful food of truth, there ever is
 A sympathy with Nature, which re-
 veals,
 Not less than her own works, pure
 gleams of light
 And earnest parables of inward lore.
 Hear now this fairy legend of old
 Græce,

As full of gracious youth and beauty
 still
 As the immortal freshness of that
 grace
 Carved for all ages on some Attic
 frieze.

A youth named Rhæcus, wandering
 in the wood,
 Saw an old oak just trembling to its
 fall,
 And, feeling pity of so fair a tree,
 He propped its gray trunk with ad-
 miring care,
 And with a thoughtless footstep
 loitered on.
 But, as he turned, he heard a voice
 behind
 That murmured "Rhæcus!" 'Twas
 as if the leaves,
 Stirred by a passing breath, had mur-
 mured it,
 And, while he paused bewildered,
 yet again
 It murmured "Rhæcus!" softer than
 a breeze.
 He started, and beheld with dizzy
 eyes
 What seemed the substance of a
 happy dream
 Stand there before him, spreading a
 warm glow
 Within the green glooms of the sha-
 dowy oak.
 It seemed a woman's shape, yet far
 too fair
 To be a woman, and with eyes too
 meek
 For any that were wont to mate with
 gods.
 All naked like a goddess stood she
 there,
 And like a goddess all too beautiful
 To feel the guilt-born earthliness of
 shame.
 "Rhæcus, I am the Dryad of this tree,"
 Thus she began, dropping her low-
 toned words
 Serene, and full, and clear, as drops
 of dew,
 "And with it I am doomed to live
 and die;

The rain and sunshine are my
 caterers,
 Nor have I other bliss than simple
 life ;
 Now ask me what thou wilt, that I
 can give,
 And with a thankful joy it shall be
 thine."

Then Rhœcus, with a flutter at the
 heart,
 Yet, by the prompting of such
 beauty bold,
 Answered: "What is there that
 can satisfy
 The endless craving of the soul but
 love ?
 Give me thy love, or but the hope of
 that
 Which must be evermore my spirit's
 goul."

After a little pause she said again,
 But with a glimpse of sadness in her
 tone,
 "I give it, Rhœcus, though a peri-
 lous gift ;
 An hour before the sunset meet me
 here."

And straightway there was nothing
 he could see
 But the green glooms beneath the
 shadowy oak,
 And not a sound came to his strain-
 ing ears
 But the low trickling rustle of the
 leaves,
 And far away upon an emerald slope
 The falter of an idle shepherd's
 pipe.

Now, in those days of simpleness
 and faith,
 Men did not think that happy things
 were dreams
 Because they overstepped the narrow
 bourn
 Of likelihood, but reverently deemed
 Nothing too wondrous or too beautiful
 To be the guerdon of a daring heart.
 So Rhœcus made no doubt that he
 was blest,
 And all along unto the city's gate

Earth seemed to spring beneath him
 as he walked,
 The clear, broad sky looked bluer
 than its wont,
 And he could scarce believe he had
 not wings,
 Such sunshine seemed to glitter
 through his veins
 Instead of blood, so light he felt and
 strange.

Young Rhœcus had a faithful
 heart enough,
 But one that in the present dwelt too
 much,
 And, taking with blithe welcome
 whatsoe'er
 Chance gave of joy, was wholly bound
 in that,
 Like the contented peasant of a vale,
 Deemed it the world, and never
 looked beyond.
 So, haply meeting in the afternoon
 Some comrades who were playing at
 the dice,
 He joined them, and forgot all else
 beside.

The dice were rattling at the mer-
 riest,
 And Rhœcus, who had met but sorry
 luck,
 Just laughed in triumph at a happy
 throw,
 When through the room there
 hummed a yellow bee
 That buzzed about his ear with down-
 dropped legs
 As if to light. And Rhœcus laughed
 and said,
 Feeling how red and flushed he was
 with loss,
 "By Venus! does he take me for a
 rose ?"
 And brushed him off with rough, im-
 patient hand.
 But still the bee came back, and
 thrice again
 Rhœcus did beat him off with grow-
 ing wrath.
 Then through the window flew the
 wounded bee,

And Rhœcus, tracking him with
angry eyes,
Saw a sharp mountain-peak of
Thessaly
Against the red disk of the setting
sun,—
And instantly the blood sank from
his heart,
As if its very walls had caved away.
Without a word he turned, and, rush-
ing forth,
Ran madly through the city and the
gate,
And o'er the plain, which now the
wood's long shade,
By the low sun thrown forward
broad and dim,
Darkened well-nigh unto the city's
wall.

Quite spent and out of breath he
reached the tree,
And, listening fearfully, he heard
once more
The low voice murmur "Rhœcus!"
close at hand :
Whereat he looked around him, but
could see
Naught but the deepening glooms
beneath the oak.
Then sighed the voice "O Rhœcus !
nevermore
Shalt thou behold me or by day or
night,
Me, who would fain have blessed
thee with a love
More ripe and bounteous than ever
yet
Filled up with nectar any mortal
heart :
But thou didst scorn my humble
messenger.
And sent'st him back to me with
bruised wings.
We spirits only show to gentle eyes,
We ever a k an undivided love,
And he who scorns the least of
Nature's works
Is thenceforth exiled and shut out
from all.
Farewell ! for thou canst never see
me more."

Then Rhœcus beat his breast and
groaned aloud,
And cried, "Be pitiful ! forgive me
yet
This once, and I shall never need it
more !"
"Alas !" the voice returned, "'tis
thou art blind,
Not I unmerciful ; I can forgive,
But have no skill to heal thy spirit's
eyes ;
Only the soul bath power o'er
itself."
With that again there murmured
"Nevermore !"
And Rhœcus after heard no other
sound,
Except the rattling of the oak's
crisp leaves,
Like the long surf upon a distant
shore,
Raking the sea-worn pebbles up and
down.
The night had gathered round him :
o'er the plain
The city sparkled with its thousand
lights,
And sounds of revel fell upon his
ear
Harshly and like a curse ; above, the
sky,
With all its bright sublimity of
stars,
Deepened, and on his forehead smote
the breeze :
Beauty was all around him and delight,
But from that eve he was alone on
earth.

THE FALCON

I know a falcon swift and peerless
As e'er was cradled in the pine ;
No bird had ever eye so fearless,
Or wing so strong as this of mine.

The winds not better love to pilot
A cloud with molten gold o'errun,
Than him, a little burning islet,
A star above the coming sun.

For with a lark's heart he doth
tower,
By a glorious upward instinct
drawn ;
No bee nestles deeper in the flower
Than he in the bursting rose of
dawn.

No harmless dove, no bird that
singeth,
Shudders to see him overhead ;
The rush of his fierce swooping
bringeth
To innocent hearts no thrill of
dread.

Let fraud and wrong and baseness
shiver,
For still between them and the
sky
The falcon Truth hangs poised for
ever
And marks them with his vengeful
eye.

TRIAL

I

WHETHER the idle prisoner through
his grate
Watches the waving of the grass-
tuft small,
Which, having colonised its rift i'
th' wall,
Takes its free risk of good or evil
fate,
And from the sky's just helmet draws
its lot
Daily of shower or sunshine, cold or
hot ;—
Whether the closer captive of a creed,
Cooped up from birth to grind out
endless chaff,
Sees through his treadmill-bars the
noonday laugh,
And feels in vain his crumpled pinions
breed ;—
Whether the Georgian slave look up
and mark,
With bellying sails puffed full, the
tall cloud-bark

Sink northward slowly,—thou alone
seem'st good,
Fair only thou, O Freedom, whose
desire
Can light in muddiest souls quick
seeds of fire,
And strain life's chords to the old
heroic mood.

II

Yet are there other gifts more fair
than thine,
Nor can I count him happiest who
has never
Been forced with his own hand his
chains to sever,
And for himself find out the way
divine ;
He never knew the aspirer's glorious
pains,
He never earned the struggle's price-
less gains.
Oh, block by block, with sore and
sharp endeavour,
Lifelong we build these human
natures up
Into a temple fit for Freedom's shrine,
And Trial ever consecrates the cup
Wherefrom we pour her sacrificial
wine.

A GLANCE BEHIND THE CURTAIN

WE see but half the causes of our
deeds,
Seeking them wholly in the outer life,
And heedless of the encircling spirit-
world,
Which, though unseen, is felt, and
sows in us
All germs of pure and world-wide
purposes.
From one stage of our being to the
next
We pass unconscious o'er a slender
bridge,
The momentary work of unseen
hands,

Which crumbles down behind us ;
 looking back,
 We see the other shore, the gulf between,
 And, marvelling how we won to
 where we stand,
 Content ourselves to call the builder
 Chance.
 We trace the wisdom to the apple's
 fall,
 Not to the birth-throes of a mighty
 Truth
 Which, for long ages in blank Chaos
 dumb,
 Yet yearned to be incarnate, and had
 found
 At last a spirit meet to be the womb
 From which it might be born to bless
 mankind,—
 Not to the soul of Newton, ripe with
 all
 The hoarded thoughtfulness of
 earnest years,
 And waiting but one ray of sunlight
 more
 To blossom fully.

But whence came that ray ?
 We call our sorrows Destiny, but
 ought
 Rather to name our high successes so.
 Only the instincts of great souls are
 Fate,
 And have predestined sway : all
 other things,
 Except by leave of us, could never be.
 For Destiny is but the breath of
 God
 Still moving in us, the last fragment
 left
 Of our unfallen nature, waking oft
 Within our thought, to beckon us
 beyond
 The narrow circle of the seen and
 known,
 And always tending to a noble end,
 As all things must that overrule the
 soul,
 And for a space unseat the helms-
 man, Will.
 The fate of England and of freedom
 once

Seemed wavering in the heart of one
 plain man :
 One step of his, and the great dial-
 hand,
 That marks the destined progress of
 the world
 In the eternal round from wisdom on
 To higher wisdom, had been made to
 pause
 A hundred years. That step he did
 not take.—
 He knew not why, nor we, but only
 God,—
 And lived to make his simple oaken
 chair
 More terrible and soberly august,
 More full of majesty than any throne,
 Before or after, of a British king.

Upon the pier stood two stern-
 visaged men,
 Looking to where a little craft lay
 moored,
 Swayed by the lazy current of the
 Thames,
 Which weltered by in muddy list-
 lessness.
 Grave men they were, and battlings
 of fierce thought
 Had trampled out all softness from
 their brows,
 And ploughed rough furrows there
 before their time,
 For other crop than such as home-
 bred Peace
 Sows broadcast in the willing soil of
 Youth.
 Care, not of self, but for the common
 weal,
 Had robbed their eyes of youth, and
 left instead
 A look of patient power and iron will,
 And something fiercer, too, that
 gave broad hint
 Of the plain weapons girded at their
 sides.
 The younger had an aspect of com-
 mand,—
 Not such as trickles down, a slender
 stream,
 In the shrunk channel of a great
 descent,

But such as lies entowered in heart
 and head,
 And an arm prompt to do the 'hests
 of both.
 His was a brow where gold were out
 of place,
 And yet it seemed right worthy of a
 crown
 (Though he despised such), were it
 only made
 Of iron, or some serviceable stuff
 That would have matched his sinewy
 brown face.
 The elder, although such he hardly
 seemed
 (Care makes so little of some five
 short years),
 Had a clear, honest face, whose
 rough-hewn strength
 Was mildened by the scholar's wiser
 heart
 To sober courage, such as best be-
 fits
 The unsullied temper of a well-taught
 mind,
 Yet so remained that one could
 plainly guess
 The hushed volcano smouldering
 underneath.
 He spoke : the other, hearing, kept
 his gaze
 Still fixed, as on some problem in
 the sky.

"O CROMWELL, we are fallen on
 evil times !
 There was a day when England had
 wide room
 For honest men as well as foolish
 kings :
 But now the uneasy stomach of the
 time
 Turns squeamish at them both.
 Therefore let us
 Seek out that savage clime, where
 men as yet
 Are free : there sleeps the vessel on
 the tide,
 Her languid canvas drooping for the
 wind ;
 Give us but that, and what need we
 to fear

This Order of the Council ? The free
 waves
 Will not say No to please a wayward
 king,
 Nor will the winds turn traitors at
 his beck :
 All things are fitly cared for, and the
 Lord
 Will watch as kindly o'er the exodus
 Of us His servants now, as in old
 time.
 We have no cloud or fire, and haply
 we
 May not pass dry-shod through the
 ocean-stream ;
 But, saved or lost, all things are in
 His hand."
 So spake he, and meantime the other
 stood
 With wide gray eyes still reading the
 blank air,
 As if upon the sky's blue wall he saw
 Some mystic sentence, written by a
 hand,
 Such as of old made pale the
 Assyrian king,
 Girt with his satraps in the blazing
 feast.

"HAMPDEN ! a moment since, my
 purpose was
 To fly with thee,—for I will call it
 flight,
 Nor flatter it with any smoother
 name,—
 But something in me bids me not to
 go ;
 And I am one, thou knowest, who,
 unmoved
 By what the weak deem omens, yet
 give heed
 And reverence due to whatsoever my
 soul
 Whispers of warning to the inner ear.
 Moreover, as I know that God brings
 round
 His purposes in ways undreamed by
 us,
 And makes the wicked but His
 instruments
 To hasten their own swift and sudden
 fall,

I see the beauty of His providence
 In the King's order : blind, he will
 not let
 His doom part from him, but must
 bid it stay
 As 'twere a cricket, whose enlivening
 chirp
 He loved to hear beneath his very
 hearth.
 Why should we fly ? Nay, why not
 rather stay
 And rear again our Zion's crumbled
 walls,
 Not, as of old the walls of Thebes
 were built,
 By minstrel twanging, but, if need
 should be,
 With the more potent music of our
 swords ?
 Think'st thou that score of men
 beyond the sea
 Claim more God's care than all of
 England here ?
 No : when He moves His arm, it is
 to aid
 Whole peoples, heedless if a few be
 crushed,
 As some are ever, when the destiny
 Of man takes one stride onward
 nearer home.
 Believe me, 'tis the mass of men He
 loves ;
 And, where there is most sorrow and
 most want,
 Where the high heart of man is
 trodden down
 The most, 'tis not because He hides
 His face
 From them in wrath, as purblind
 teachers prate :
 Not so : there most is He, for there
 is He
 Most needed. Men who seek for Fate
 abroad
 Are not so near His heart as they
 who dare
 Frankly to face her where she faces
 them,
 On their own threshold, where their
 souls are strong
 To grapple with and throw her ; as
 I once,

Being yet a boy, did cast this puny
 king,
 Who now has grown so dotard as to
 deem
 That he can wrestle with an angry
 realm,
 And throw the brawned Antæus of
 men's rights.
 No, Hampden ! they have half-way
 conquered Fate
 Who go half-way to meet her,—as
 will I.
 Freedom hath yet a work for me to
 do ;
 So speaks that inward voice which
 never yet
 Spake falsely, when it urged the
 spirit on
 To noble emprise for country and
 mankind.
 And, for success, I ask no more than
 this,—
 To bear unflinching witness to the
 truth.
 All true whole men succeed ; for
 what is worth
 Success's name, unless it be the
 thought,
 The inward surety, to have carried out
 A noble purpose to a noble end,
 Although it be the gallows or the
 block ?
 'Tis only Falsehood that doth ever
 need
 These outward shows of gain to
 bolster her.
 Be it we prove the weaker with our
 swords ;
 Truth only needs to be for once spoke
 out,
 And there's such music in her, such
 strange rhythm,
 As makes men's memories her joyous
 slaves,
 And clings around the soul, as the
 sky clings
 Round the mute earth, for ever
 beautiful,
 And, if o'erclouded, only to burst
 forth
 More all-embracingly divine and
 clear :

Get but the truth once uttered, and
 'tis like
 A star new-born, that drops into its
 place,
 And which, once circling in its placid
 round,
 Not all the tumult of the earth can
 shake.

“What should we do in that small
 colony
 Of pinched fanatics, who would
 rather choose
 Freedom to clip an inch more from
 their hair
 Than the great chance of setting
 England free?
 Not there, amid the stormy wilder-
 ness,
 Should we learn wisdom; or, if
 learned, what room
 To put it into act,—else worse than
 naught?
 We learn our souls more, tossing for
 an hour
 Upon this huge and ever-vexed
 sea
 Of human thought, where kingdoms
 go to wreck
 Like fragile bubbles yonder in the
 stream,
 Than in a cycle of New England
 sloth,
 Broke only by a petty Indian war,
 Or quarrel for a letter more or less
 In some hard word, which, spelt in
 either way,
 Not their most learned clerks can
 understand.
 New times demand new measures
 and new men;
 The world advances, and in time
 outgrows
 The laws that in our fathers' day
 were best;
 And, doubtless, after us, some purer
 scheme
 Will be shaped out by wiser men
 than we,
 Made wiser by the steady growth of
 truth.
 We cannot hale Utopia on by force;

But better, almost, be at work in
 sin,
 Than in a brute inaction browse and
 sleep.
 No man is born into the world whose
 work
 Is not born with him; there is always
 work,
 And tools to work withal, for those
 who will;
 And blessed are the horny hands of
 toil!
 The busy world shoves angrily aside
 The man who stands with arms
 akimbo set,
 Until occasion tells him what to
 do;
 And he who waits to have his task
 marked out
 Shall die and leave his errand un-
 fulfilled.
 Our time is one that calls for earnest
 deeds:
 Reason and Government, like two
 broad seas,
 Yearn for each other with out-
 stretched arms
 Across this narrow isthmus of the
 throne,
 And roll their white surf higher
 every day.
 One age moves onward, and the next
 builds up
 Cities and gorgeous palaces, where
 stood
 The rude log-huts of those who tamed
 the wild,
 Rearing from out the forests they
 had felled
 The goodly framework of a fairer
 state;
 The builder's trowel and the settler's
 axe
 Are seldom wielded by the self-same
 hand;
 Ours is the harder task, yet not the
 less
 Shall we receive the blessing for our
 toil
 From the choice spirits of the after-
 time.
 My soul is not a palace of the past,

Where outworn creeds, like Rome's
 gray senate, quake,
 Hearing afar the Vandal's trumpet
 hoarse,
 That shakes old systems with a
 thunder-fit.
 The time is ripe, and rotten-ripe, for
 change ;
 Then let it come : I have no dread
 of what
 Is called for by the instinct of man-
 kind ;
 Nor think I that God's world will
 fall apart
 Because we tear a parchment more
 or less.
 Truth is eternal, but her effluence,
 With endless change, is fitted to the
 hour ;
 Her mirror is turned forward to reflect
 The promise of the future, not the
 past.
 He who would win the name of truly
 great
 Must understand his own age and the
 next,
 And make the present ready to fulfil
 Its prophecy, and with the future
 merge
 Gently and peacefully, as wave with
 wave.
 The future works out great men's
 destinies ;
 The present is enough for common
 souls,
 Who, never looking forward, are in-
 deed
 Mere clay, wherein the footprints of
 their age
 Are petrified for ever : better those
 Who lead the blind old giant by the
 hand
 From out the pathless desert where
 he gropes,
 And set him onward in his dark-
 some way.
 I do not fear to follow out the truth,
 Albeit along the precipice's edge.
 Let us speak plain : there is more
 force in names
 Than most men dream of ; and a lie
 may keep

Its throne a whole age longer, if it
 skulk
 Behind the shield of some fair-seem-
 ing name.
 Let us call tyrants *tyrants*, and main-
 tain
 That only freedom comes by grace of
 God,
 And all that comes not by His grace
 must fall ;
 For men in earnest have no time to
 waste
 In patching fig-leaves for the naked
 truth.

“ I will have one more grapple
 with the man
 Charles Stuart : whom the boy o'er-
 came,
 The man stands not in awe of. I,
 perchance,
 Am one raised up by the Almighty arm
 To witness some great truth to all
 the world.
 Souls destined to o'erleap the vulgar
 lot,
 And mould the world unto the
 scheme of God,
 Have a fore-consciousness of their
 high doom,
 As men are known to shiver at the
 heart
 When the cold shadow of some com-
 ing ill
 Creeps slowly o'er their spirits un-
 awares.
 Hath Good less power of prophecy
 than Ill ?
 How else could men whom God
 hath called to sway
 Earth's rudder, and to steer the
 bark of Truth,
 Beating against the tempest tow'rd
 her port,
 Bear all the mean and buzzing
 grievances,
 The petty martyrdoms, wherewith
 Sin strives
 To weary out the tethered hope of
 Faith ?
 The sneers, the unrecognising look
 of friends,

Who worship the dead corpse of old
 king Custom,
 Where it doth lie in state within the
 Church,
 Striving to cover up the mighty
 ocean
 With a man's palm, and making even
 the truth
 Lie for them, holding up the glass
 reversed,
 To make the hope of man seem farther
 off ?
 My God ! when I read o'er the bitter
 lives
 Of men whose eager hearts were
 quite too great
 To beat beneath the cramped mode
 of the day,
 And see them mocked at by the
 world they love,
 Hagglng with prejudice for penny-
 worths
 Of that reform which their hard toil
 will make
 The common birthright of the age
 to come,—
 When I see this, spite of my faith
 in God,
 I marvel how their hearts bear up
 so long ;
 Nor could they but for this same
 prophecy,
 This inward feeling of the glorious
 end.

“Deem me not fond ; but in my
 warmer youth,
 Ere my heart's bloom was soiled and
 brushed away,
 I had great dreams of mighty things
 to come ;
 Of conquest, whether by the sword
 or pen
 I knew not ; but some conquest I
 would have,
 Or else swift death : now wiser grown
 in years,
 I find youth's dreams are but the
 flutterings
 Of those strong wings whereon the
 soul shall soar
 In after time to win a starry throne ;

And so I cherish them, for they were
 lots
 Which I, a boy, cast in the helm of
 Fate.
 Now will I draw them, since a man's
 right hand,
 A right hand guided by an earnest
 soul,
 With a true instinct, takes the golden
 prize
 From out a thousand blanks. What
 men call luck
 Is the prerogative of valiant souls,
 The fealty life pays its rightful
 kings.
 The helm is shaking now, and I will
 stay
 To pluck my lot forth ; it were sin
 to flee !”

So they two turned together ; one
 to die,
 Fighting for freedom on the bloody
 field ;
 The other, far more happy, to be-
 come
 A name earth wears for ever next
 her heart ;
 One of the few that have a right to
 rank
 With the true Makers : for his spirit
 wrought
 Order from Chaos ; proved that right
 divine
 Dwelt only in the excellence of
 truth ;
 And far within old Darkness' hostile
 lines
 Advanced and pitched the shining
 tents of Light.
 Nor shall the grateful Muse forget
 to tell
 That—not the least among his many
 claims
 To deathless honour — he was
 MILTON'S friend,
 A man not second among those who
 lived
 To show us that the poet's lyre de-
 mands
 An arm of tougher sinew than the
 sword.

A CHIRPEWA LEGEND¹

ἀλγεῖνὰ μὲν μοι καὶ λέγειν ἐστὶν τάδε,
 ἄλγος δὲ σιγᾶν.

ÆSCHYLUS, *Prom. Vinc.* 197, 198.

THE old Chief, feeling now well-nigh his end,
 Called his two eldest children to his side,
 And gave them, in few words, his parting charge!
 "My son and daughter, me ye see no more;
 The happy hunting-grounds await me, green
 With change of spring and summer through the year:
 But, for remembrance, after I am gone,
 Be kind to little Sheemah for my sake:
 Weakling he is and young, and knows not yet
 To set the trap or draw the seasoned bow;
 Therefore of both your loves he hath more need,
 And he, who needeth love, to love hath right;
 It is not like our furs and stores of corn,
 Whereto we claim sole title by our toil,
 But the Great Spirit plants it in our hearts,
 And waters it, and gives it sun, to be
 The common stock and heritage of all:
 Therefore be kind to Sheemah, that yourselves
 May not be left deserted in your need."

Alone beside a lake their wigwam stood,
 Far from the other dwellings of their tribe;
 And, after many moons, the loneliness

Wearied the elder brother, and he said,
 "Why should I dwell here far from men, shut out
 From the free, natural joys that fit my age?
 Lo, I am tall and strong, well skilled to hunt,
 Patient of toil and hunger, and not yet
 Have seen the danger which I dared not look
 Full in the face; what hinders me to be
 A mighty Brave and Chief among my kin?"
 So, taking up his arrows and his bow,
 As if to hunt, he journeyed swiftly on,
 Until he gained the wigwams of his tribe,
 Where, choosing out a bride, he soon forgot,
 In all the fret and bustle of new life,
 The little Sheemah and his father's charge.

Now when the sister found her brother gone,
 And that, for many days, he came not back,
 She wept for Sheemah more than for herself;
 For Love bides longest in a woman's heart,
 And flutters many times before he flies,
 And then doth perch so nearly, that a word
 May lure him back as swift and glad as light;
 And Duty lingers even when Love is gone,
 Oft looking out in hope of his return;
 And, after Duty hath been driven forth,
 Then Selfishness creeps in the last of all,
 Warming her lean hands at the lonely hearth,
 And crouching o'er the embers, to shut out

¹ For the leading incidents in this tale I am indebted to the very valuable *Algonic Researches* of Henry R. Schoolcraft, Esq.

Whatever paltry warmth and light
 are left,
 With avaricious greed, from all beside.
 So for long months the sister hunted
 wide,
 And cared for little Sheemah tenderly ;
 But daily more and more the loneliness
 Grew wearisome, and to herself she
 sighed,
 "Am I not fair ? at least the glassy
 pool,
 That hath no cause to flatter, tells
 me so ;
 But, oh ! how flat and meaningless
 the tale,
 Unless it tremble on a lover's tongue !
 Beauty hath no true glass, except
 it be
 In the sweet privacy of loving eyes." Thus
 deemed she idly, and forgot
 the lore
 Which she had learned of nature and
 the woods,
 That beauty's chief reward is to
 itself,
 And that the eyes of Love reflect
 alone
 The inward fairness, which is blurred
 and lost
 Unless kept clear and white by
 Duty's care.
 So she went forth and sought the
 haunts of men,
 And, being wedded, in her household
 cares
 Soon, like the elder brother, quite
 forgot
 The little Sheemah and her father's
 charge.

But Sheemah, left alone within
 the lodge,
 Waited and waited with a shrinking
 heart,
 Thinking each rustle was his sister's
 step,
 Till hope grew less and less, and
 then went out,
 And every sound was changed from
 hope to fear.

Few sounds there were :—the dropping
 of a nut,
 The squirrel's chirrup, and the jay's
 harsh scream,
 Autumn's sad remnants of blithe
 Summer's cheer,
 Heard at long intervals, seemed but
 to make
 The dreadful void of silence silter.
 Soon what small store his sister left
 was gone,
 And through the Autumn he made
 shift to live
 On roots and berries, gathered in
 much fear
 Of wolves, whose ghastly howl he
 heard oft times,
 Hollow and hungry, at the dead of
 night.
 But Winter came at last, and when
 the snow,
 Thick-heaped for gleaming leagues
 o'er hill and plain,
 Spread its unbroken silence over all,
 Made bold by hunger, he was fain
 to glean
 (More sick at heart than Ruth, and
 all alone)
 After the harvest of the merciless
 wolf,
 Grim Boaz, who, sharp-ribbed and
 gaunt, yet feared
 A thing more wild and starving than
 himself ;
 Till, by degrees, the wolf and he
 grew friends,
 And shared together all the Winter
 through.

Late in the Spring, when all the
 ice was gone,
 The elder brother, fishing in the lake
 Upon whose edge his father's wig-
 wam stood,
 Heard a low moaning noise upon the
 shore :
 Half like a child it seemed, half like
 a wolf,
 And straightway there was some-
 thing in his heart
 That said, "It is thy brother Shee-
 mah's voice."

So, paddling swiftly to the bank, he
saw,
Within a little thicket close at hand,
A child that seemed fast changing to
a wolf,
From the neck downward, gray with
shaggy hair,
That still crept on and upward as
he looked.
The face was turned away, but well
he knew
That it was Sheemah's, even his
brother's face.
Then with his trembling hands he
hid his eyes,
And bowed his head, so that he might
not see
The first look of his brother's eyes,
and cried,
"O Sheemah! O my brother, speak
to me!
Dost thou not know me, that I am
thy brother?
Come to me, little Sheemah, thou
shalt dwell
With me henceforth, and know no
care or want!"
Sheemah was silent for a space, as if
'Twere hard to summon up a human
voice,
And, when he spake, the sound was
as a wolf's:
"I know thee not, nor art thou what
thou say'st;
I have none other brethren than the
wolves,
And, till thy heart be changed from
what it is,
Thou art not worthy to be called their
kin."
Then groaned the other, with a chok-
ing tongue,
"Alas! my heart is changed right
bitterly;
'Tis shrunk and parched within me
even now!"
And, looking upward fearfully, he
saw
Only a wolf that shrank away and
ran,
Ugly and fierce, to hide among the
woods.

STANZAS ON FREEDOM

MEN! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Women! who shall one day bear
Sons to breathe New England air,
If ye hear, without a blush,
Deeds to make the roused blood rush
Like red lava through your veins,
For your sisters now in chains,—
Answer! are ye fit to be
Mothers of the brave and free?

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true Freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must
think;

They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

COLUMBUS

THE cordage creaks and rattles in
the wind,
With whims of sudden hush; the
reeling sea
Now thumps like solid rock beneath
the stern,
Now leaps with clumsy wrath, strikes
short, and, falling,

Crumbled to whispery foam, slips
rustling down
The broad backs of the waves, which
jostle and crowd
To fling themselves upon that un-
known shore,
Their used familiar since the dawn
of time,
Whither this foredoomed life is
guided on,
To sway on triumph's hushed, aspir-
ing poise
One glittering moment, then to break
fulfilled.

How lonely is the sea's perpetual
swing,
The melancholy wash of endless
waves,
The sigh of some grim monster unde-
scribed,
Fear-painted on the canvas of the
dark,
Shifting on his uneasy pillow of
brine!
Yet night brings more companions
than the day
To this drear waste; new constella-
tions burn,
And fairer stars, with whose calm
height my soul
Finds nearer sympathy than with
my herd
Of earthen souls, whose vision's
scanty ring
Makes me its prisoner to beat my
wings
Against the cold bars of their unbelief,
Knowing in vain my own free heaven
beyond.
O God! this world, so crammed with
eager life,
That comes and goes and wanders
back to silence
Like the idle wind, which yet man's
shaping mind
Can make his drudge to swell the
longing sails
Of highest endeavour,—this mad,
unthrift world,
Which every hour throws life enough
away

To make her deserts kind and hospit-
able,
Let her great destinies be waved aside
By smooth, lip-reverent, formal
infidels,
Who weigh the God they not believe
with gold,
And find no spot in Judas, save that
he,
Driving a duller bargain than he
ought,
Saddled his guild with too cheap
precedent.
O Faith! if thou art strong, thine
opposite
Is mighty also, and the dull fool's
sneer
Hath oft times shot chill palsy
through the arm
Just lifted to achieve its crowning
deed,
And made the firm-based heart, that
would have quailed
The rack or fagot, shudder like a leaf
Wrinkled with frost and loose upon
its stem.
The wicked and the weak, by some
dark law,
Have a strange power to shut and
rivet down
Their own horizon round us, to unwing
Our heaven-aspiring visions, and to
blur
With surly clouds the Future's gleam-
ing peaks,
Far seen across the brine of thank-
less years.
If the chosen soul could never be
alone
In deep mid-silence, open-doored to
God,
No greatness ever had been dreamed
or done;
Among dull hearts a prophet never
grew;
The nurse of full-grown souls is
solitude.
The old world is effete; there man
with man
Jostles, and, in the brawl for means
to live,

Life is trod underfoot,—Life, the
 one block
 Of marble that's vouchsafed where-
 from to carve
 Our great thoughts, white and god-
 like, to shine down
 The future,—Life, the irredeemable
 block,
 Which one o'er-hasty chisel-dint oft
 mars,
 Scanting our room to cut the features
 out
 Of our full hope, so forcing us to
 crown
 With a mean head the perfect limbs,
 or leave
 The god's face glowing o'er a satyr's
 trunk,
 Failure's brief epitaph.

 Yes, Europe's world
 Reels on to judgment; there the
 common need,
 Losing God's sacred use, to be a
 bond
 'Twixt Me and Thee, sets each one
 scowlingly
 O'er his own selfish hoard at bay;
 no state,
 Knit strongly with eternal fibres up
 Of all men's separate and united
 weals,
 Self-poised and sole as stars, yet one
 as light,
 Holds up a shape of large Humanity
 To which by natural instinct every
 man
 Pays loyalty exulting, by which all
 Mould their own lives, and feel their
 pulses filled
 With the red, fiery blood of the
 general life,
 Making them mighty in peace, as
 now in war
 They are, even in the flush of victory,
 weak,
 Conquering that manhood which
 should them subdue.
 And what gift bring I to this untried
 world?
 Shall the same tragedy be played
 anew,

And the same lurid curtain drop at
 last
 On one dread desolation, one fierce
 crash
 Of that recoil which on its makers
 God
 Lets Ignorance and Sin and Hunger
 make,
 Early or late? Or shall that common
 wealth
 Whose potent unity and concentric
 force
 Can draw these scattered joints and
 parts of men
 Into a whole ideal man once more,
 Which sucks not from its limbs the
 life away,
 But sends it flood-tide and creates
 itself
 Over again in every citizen,
 Be there built up? For me, I have
 no choice;
 I might turn back to other des-
 tinies,
 For one sincere key opes all Fortune's
 doors;
 But whoso answers not God's earliest
 call
 Forfeits or dulls that facultysupreme
 Of lying open to his genius
 Which makes the wise heart certain
 of its ends.

Here am I; for what end God knows,
 not I;
 Westward still points the inexorable
 soul:
 Here am I, with no friend but the
 sad sea,
 The beating heart of this great
 enterprise,
 Which, without me, would stiffen in
 swift death;
 This have I mused on, since mine
 eye could first
 Among the stars distinguish and
 with joy
 Rest on that God-fed Pharos of the
 north,
 On some blue promontory of heaven
 lighted
 That juts far out into the upper sea;

To this one hope my heart hath clung
 for years,
 As would a foundling to the talisman
 Hung round his neck by hands he
 knew not whose ;
 A poor, vile thing and dross to all
 beside,
 Yet he therein can feel a virtue left
 By the sad pressure of a mother's
 hand,
 And unto him it still is tremulous
 With palpitating haste and wet with
 tears,
 The key to him of hope and human-
 ness,
 The coarse shell of life's pearl, Ex-
 pectancy.
 This hope hath been to me for love
 and fame,
 Hath made me wholly lonely on the
 earth,
 Building me up as in a thick-ribbed
 tower,
 Wherewith enwalled my watching
 spirit burned,
 Conquering its little island from the
 Dark,
 Sole as a scholar's lamp, and heard
 men's steps,
 In the far hurry of the outward world,
 Pass dimly forth and back, sounds
 heard in dream.
 As Ganymede by the eagle was
 snatched up
 From the gross sod to be Jove's cup-
 bearer,
 So was I lifted by my great design :
 And who hath trod Olympus, from
 his eye
 Fades not that broader outlook of
 the gods ;
 His life's low valleys overbrow earth's
 clouds,
 And that Olympian spectre of the past
 Looms towering up in sovereign
 memory,
 Beckoning his soul from meaner
 heights of doom.
 Had but the shadow of the Thun-
 derer's bird,
 Flashing athwart my spirit, made
 of me

A swift-betraying vision's Ganymede,
 Yet to have greatly dreamed pre-
 cludes low ends ;
 Great days have ever such a morning-
 red,
 On such a base great futures are
 built up,
 And aspiration, though not put in act,
 Comes back to ask its plighted troth
 again,
 Still watches round its grave the
 unlaid ghost
 Of a dead virtue, and makes other
 hopes,
 Save that implacable one, seem thin
 and bleak
 As shadows of bare trees upon the
 snow,
 Bound freezing there by the un pity-
 ing moon.
 While other youths perplexed their
 mandolins,
 Praying that Thetis would her fingers
 twine
 In the loose glories of her lover's hair,
 And wile another kiss to keep back
 day,
 I, stretched beneath the many-cen-
 tured shade
 Of some writhed oak, the wood's
 Laocoön,
 Did of my hope a dryad mistress
 make,
 Whom I would woo to meet me
 privily,
 Or underneath the stars, or when the
 moon
 Flecked all the forest floor with
 scattered pearls.
 O days whose memory tames to fawn-
 ing down
 The surly fell of Ocean's bristled
 neck !
 I know not when this hope enthralled
 me first,
 But from my boyhood up I loved to
 hear
 The tall pine-forests of the Apennine
 Murmur their hoary legends of the
 sea,

Which hearing, I in vision clear be-
held •

The sudden dark of tropic night shut
down

O'er the huge whisper of great watery
wastes,

The while a pair of herons trailing
Flapped inland, where some league-
wide river hurled

The yellow spoil of un conjectured
realms

Far through a gulf's green silence,
never scarred

By any but the North-wind's hurrying
keels.

And not the pines alone; all sights
and sounds

To my world-seeking heart paid
fealty,

And catered for it as the Cretan bees
Brought honey to the baby Jupiter,

Who in his soft hand crushed a violet,
Godlike foremusing the rough thun-
der's gripe;

Then did I entertain the poet's song,
My great Idea's guest, and, passing
o'er

That iron bridge the Tuscan built to
hell,

I heard Ulysses tell of mountain-
chains

Whose adamantine links, his
manacles,

The western main shook growling,
and still gnawed.

I brooded on the wise Athenian's
tale

Of happy Atlantis, and heard Björne's
keel

Crunch the gray pebbles of the Vin-
land shore:

For I believed the poets; it is they
Who utter wisdom from the central
deep,

And, listening to the inner flow of
things,

Speak to the age out of eternity.

Ah me! old hermit sought for solitude
In caves and desert places of the earth,
Where their own heart-beat was the
only stir

Of living thing that comforted the
year;

But the bald pillar-top of Simeon,
In midnight's blankest waste, were
populous,

Matched with the isolation drear and
deep

Of him who pines among the swarm
of men,

At once a new thought's king and
prisoner,

Feeling the truer life within his life,
The fountain of his spirit's prophecy,

Sinking away and wasting, drop by
drop,

In the ungrateful sands of sceptic ears.
He in the palace-aisles of untrod
woods

Doth walk a king; for him the pent-
up cell

Widens beyond the circles of the stars,
And all the sceptred spirits of the past

Come thronging in to greet him as
their peer;

But in the market-place's glare and
through

He sits apart, an exile, and his brow
Aches with the mocking memory of its
crown.

Yet to the spirit select there is no
choice;

He cannot say, This will I do, or that,
For the cheap means putting Heaven's
ends in pawn,

And bartering his bleak rocks, the
freehold stern

Of destiny's first-born, for smother
fields

That yield no crop of self-denying
will;

A hand is stretched to him from out
the dark,

Which grasping without question, he
is led

Where there is work that he must do
for God.

The trial still is the strength's com-
plement,

And the uncertain, dizzy path that
scales

The sheer heights of supremest
purposes

Is steeper to the angel than the child.
 Chances have laws as fixed as planets
 have,
 And disappointment's dry and bitter
 root,
 Envy's harsh berries, and the choking
 pool
 Of the world's scorn, are the right
 mother-milk
 To the tough hearts that pioneer their
 kind,
 And break a pathway to those un-
 known realms
 That in the earth's broad shadow lie
 enthralled ;
 Endurance is the crowning quality,
 And patience all the passion of great
 hearts ;
 These are their stay, and when the
 leadен world
 Sets its hard face against their fateful
 thought,
 And brute strength, like the scornful
 conqueror,
 Clangs his huge mace down in the
 other scale,
 The inspired soul but flings his
 patience in,
 And slowly that outweighs the pon-
 derous globe,—
 One faith against a whole earth's
 unbelief,
 One soul against the flesh of all
 mankind.

Thus ever seems it when my soul can
 hear
 The voice that errs not ; then my
 triumph gleams,
 O'er the blank ocean beckoning, and
 all night
 My heart flies on before me as I sail ;
 Far on I see my lifelong enterprise,
 That rose like Ganges' mid the freezing
 snows
 Of a world's solitude, sweep broaden-
 ing down,
 And, gathering to itself a thousand
 streams,
 Grow sacred ere it mingle with the
 sea ;
 I see the ungated wall of Chaos old,

With blocks Cyclopean hewn of solid
 night,
 Fade like a wreath of unreturning
 mist
 Before the irreversible feet of
 light ;—
 And lo, with what clear omen in the
 east
 On day's gray threshold stands the
 eager dawn,
 Like young Leander rosy from the sea
 Glowing at Hero's lattice !

One day more
 These muttering shoal brains leave the
 helm to me :
 God, let me not in their dull ooze be
 stranded ;
 Let not this one frail bark, to hollow
 which
 I have dug out the pith and sinewy
 heart
 Of my aspiring life's fair trunk, be so
 Cast up to warp and blacken in the
 sun,
 Just as the opposing wind 'gins whistle
 off
 His cheek-swollen pack, and from the
 leaning mast
 Fortune's full sail strains forward !

One poor day !—
 Remember whose, and not how short
 it is !
 It is God's day, it is Columbus's.
 A lavish day ! One day, with life and
 heart,
 Is more than time enough to find a
 world.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FIRE AT HAMBURG

THE tower of old Saint Nicholas soared
 upward to the skies,
 Like some huge piece of Nature's
 make, the growth of centuries ;
 You could not deem its crowding spires
 a work of human art,
 They seemed to struggle lightward
 from a sturdy living heart.

Not Nature's self more freely speaks
 in crystal or in oak,
 Than through the pious builder's hand
 in that gray pile she spoke;
 And as from acorn springs the oak,
 so, freely and alone,
 Sprang from his heart this hymn to
 God, sung in obedient stone.

It seemed a wondrous freak of chance,
 so perfect, yet so rough,
 A whim of Nature crystallised slowly
 in granite tough;
 The thick spires yearned towards the
 sky in quaint harmonious lines,
 And in broad sunlight basked and
 slept, like a grove of blasted
 pines.

Never did rock or stream or tree lay
 claim with better right
 To all the adorning sympathies of
 shadow and of light;
 And, in that forest petrified, as fore-
 ster there dwells
 Stout Herman, the old sacristan, sole
 lord of all its bells.

Surge leaping after surge, the fire
 roared onward red as blood,
 Till half of Hamburg lay engulfed
 beneath the eddying flood;
 For miles away the fiery spray poured
 down its deadly rain,
 And back and forth the billows
 sucked, and paused, and burst
 again.

From square to square with tiger leaps
 panted the lustful fire,
 The air to leeward shuddered with
 the gasps of its desire;
 And church and palace, which even
 now stood whelmed but to
 the knee,
 Lift their black roofs like breakers
 lone amid the whirling sea.

Up in his tower old Herman sat and
 watched with quiet look;
 His soul had trusted God too long to
 be at last forsook;

He could not fear, for surely God a
 pathway would unfold
 Through this red sea for faithful
 hearts, as once He did of old.

But scarcely can he cross himself, or
 on his good saint call,
 Before the sacrilegious flood o'er-
 leaped the churchyard wall;
 And, ere a *pater* half was said, 'mid
 smoke and crackling glare,
 His island tower scarce juts its head
 above the wide despair.

Upon the peril's desperate peak his
 heart stood up sublime;
 His first thought was for God above,
 his next was for his chime;
 "Sing now and make your voices heard
 in hymns of praise," cried he,
 "As did the Israelites of old, safe
 walking through the sea!"

"Through this red sea our God hath
 made the pathways safe to shore;
 Our promised land stands full in sight;
 shout now as ne'er before!"
 And as the tower came crashing down,
 the bells, in clear accord,
 Pealed forth the grand old German
 hymn,—*"All good souls, praise
 the Lord!"*

THE SOWER

I SAW a Sower walking slow
 Across the earth from east to west;
 His hair was white as mountain snow,
 His head drooped forward on his
 breast.

With shrivelled hands he flung his
 seed,
 Nor ever turned to look behind;
 Of sight or sound he took no heed;
 It seemed he was both deaf and blind.

His dim face showed no soul beneath,
 Yet in my heart I felt a stir,
 As if I looked upon the sheath,
 That once had held Excalibur.

I heard, as still the seed he cast,
How, crooning to himself, he sung,
"I sow again the holy Past,
The happy days when I was young.

"Then all was wheat without a tare,
Then all was righteous, fair, and true;
And I am he whose thoughtful care
Shall plant the Old World in the New.

"The fruitful germs I scatter free,
With busy hand, while all men sleep,
In Europe now, from sea to sea,
The nations bless me as they reap."

Then I looked back along his path,
And heard the clash of steel on steel,
Where man faced man in deadly
 wrath,
While clanged the tocsin's hurrying
 peal.

Thesky with burning towns flared red,
Nearer the noise of fighting rolled,
And brothers' blood, by brothers shed,
Crept curdling over pavements cold.

Then marked I how each germ of truth
Which through the dotard's fingers
 ran
Was mated with a dragon's tooth
Whence there sprang up an armed
 man.

I shouted, but he could not hear;
Made signs, but these he could not see;
And still, without a doubt or fear,
Broadcast he scattered anarchy.

Long to my straining ears the blast
Brought faintly back the words he
 sung:

"I sow again the holy Past,
The happy days when I was young."

HUNGER AND COLD

SISTERS two, all praise to you,
With your faces pinched and blue;
To the poor man you've been true
 From of old:

You can speak the keenest word,
You are sure of being heard,
From the point you've never stirred,
 Hunger and Cold!

Let sleek statesmen temporise;
Palsied are their shifts and lies
When they meet your bloodshot
 eyes,

Grim and bold;
Policy you set at naught,
In their traps you'll not be caught
You're too honest to be bought,
 Hunger and Cold!

Bolt and bar the palace door;
While the mass of men are poor,
Naked truth grows more and more
 Uncontrolled;
You had never yet, I guess,
Any praise for bashfulness,
You can visit sans court-dress,
 Hunger and Cold!

While the music fell and rose,
And the dance reeled to its close,
Where her round of costly woes
 Fashion strolled,
I beheld with shuddering fear
Wolves' eyes through the windows
 peer;
Little dream they you are near,
 Hunger and Cold!

When the toiler's heart you clutch,
Conscience is not valued much,
He recks not a bloody smutch
 On his gold:
Everything to you defers,
You are potent reasoners,
At your whisper Treason stirs,
 Hunger and Cold!

Rude comparisons you draw,
Words refuse to sate your maw,
Your gaunt limbs the cobweb law
 Cannot hold:
You're not clogged with foolish
 pride,
But can seize a right denied:
Somehow God is on your side,
 Hunger and Cold!

You respect no hoary wrong
More for having triumphed long ;
Its past victims, haggard throng,

From the mould

You unbury : swords and spears
Weaker are than poor men's tears,
Weaker than your silent years,
Hunger and Cold !

Let them guard both hall and bower ;
Through the window you will glower,
Patient till your reckoning hour
Shall be tolled ;

Cheeks are pale, but hands are red,
Guiltless blood may chance be shed,
But ye must and will be fed,
Hunger and Cold !

God has plans man must not spoil ;
Some were made to starve and toil,
Some to share the wine and oil,
We are told :

Devil's theories are these,
Stifling hope and love and peace,
Framed your hideous lusts to please,
Hunger and Cold !

Scatter ashes on thy head,
Tears of burning sorrow shed,
Earth ! and be by Pity led
To Love's fold ;

Ere they block the very door
With lean corpses of the poor,
And will hush for naught but gore,
Hunger and Cold !

THE LANDLORD

WHAT boot your houses and your
lands ?

In spite of close-drawn deed and
fence,

Like water, 'twixt your cheated hands,
They slip into the graveyard's sands,
And mock your ownership's pre-
tence.

How shall you speak to urge your
right,
Choked with that soil for which
you lust ?

The bit of clay, for whose delight
You grasp, is mortgaged too ; Death
might

Foreclose this very day in dust.

Fence as you please, this plain poor
man,

Whose only fields are in his wit,
Who shapes the world, as best he
can,

According to God's higher plan,
Owns you, and fences as is fit.

Though yours the rents, his incomes
wax

By right of eminent domain ;
From factory tall to woodman's axe,
All things on earth must pay their tax,
To feed his hungry heart and brain.

He takes you from your easy-chair,
And what he plans that you must
do ;

You sleep in down, eat dainty fare.—
He mounts his crazy garret-stair
And starves, the landlord over you.

Feeding the clods your idlesse drains,
You make more green six feet of
soil ;

His fruitful word, like suns and rains,
Partakes the seasons' bounteous
pains,
And toils to lighten human toil.

Your lands, with force or cunning got,
Shrink to the measure of the grave ;
But Death himself abridges not
The tenures of almighty thought,
The titles of the wise and brave.

TO A PINE-TREE

FAR up on Katahdin thou towerest,
Purple-blue with the distance and
vast ;

Like a cloud o'er the lowlands thou
lowerest,

That hangs poised on a lull in the
blast,

To its fall leaning awful.

In the storm, like a prophet o'er-
maddened,
Thou singest and tossest thy
branches;
Thy heart with the terror is glad-
dened,
Thou forebodest the dread ava-
lanches,
When whole mountains swoop
valeward.

In the calm thou o'erstretchest the
valleys
With thine arms, as if blessings
imploing,
Like an old king led forth from his
palace,
When his people to battle are
pouring
From the city beneath him.

To the lumberer asleep 'neath thy
glooming
Thou dost sing of wild billows in
motion,
Till he longs to be swung 'mid their
booming
In the tents of the Arabs of ocean,
Whose finned isles are their
cattle.

For the gale snatches thee for his lyre,
With mad hand crashing melody
frantic,
While he pours forth his mighty desire
To leap down on the eager Atlantic,
Whose arms stretch to his play-
mate.

The wild storm makes his lair in thy
branches,
Preying thence on the continent
under;
Like a lion, crouched close on his
haunches,
There awaiteth his leap the fierce
thunder,
Growling low with impatience.

Spite of winter, thou keep'st thy
green glory,
Lusty father of Titans past number!

The snowflakes alone make thee
hoary,
Nestling close to thy branches in
slumber,
And thee mantling with silence.

Thou alone know'st the splendour of
winter,
'Mid thy snow-silvered, hushed
precipices,
Hearing crags of green ice groan
and splinter,
And then plunge down the muffled
abysses
In the quiet of midnight.

Thou alone know'st the glory of
summer,
Gazing down on thy broad seas of
forest,
On thy subjects that send a proud
murmur
Up to thee, to their sachem, who
towerest
From thy bleak throne to heaven.

SI DESCENDERO IN INFERNUM, ADES

O WANDERING dim on the extremest
edge
Of God's bright providence, whose
spirits sigh
Drearly in you, like the winter
sedge
That shivers o'er the dead pool
stiff and dry,
A thin, sad voice, when the bold
wind roars by
From the clear North of Duty,—
Still by cracked arch and broken
shaft I trace
That here was once a shrine and
holy place
Of the supernal Beauty,
A child's play-altar reared of
stones and moss,
With wilted flowers for offering
laid across,
Mute recognition of the all-ruling
Grace.

How far are ye from the innocent,
 from those
 Whose hearts are as a little lane
 serene,
 Smooth-heaped from wall to wall
 with unbroke snows,
 Or in the summer blithe with
 lamb-cropped green,
 Save the one track, where naught
 more rude is seen
 Than the plump wain at even
 Bringing home four months' sun-
 shine bound in sheaves!—
 How far are ye from those! yet who
 believes
 That ye can shut out heaven?
 Your souls partake its influence,
 not in vain
 Nor all unconscious, as that silent
 lane
 Its drift of noiseless apple-blooms
 receives.

Looking within myself, I note how
 thin
 A plank of station, chance, or
 prosperous fate,
 Doth fence me from the clutching
 waves of sin;
 In my own heart I find the worst
 man's mate,
 And see not dimly the smooth-
 hinged gate
 That opes to those abysses
 Where ye grope darkly,—ye who
 never knew
 On your young hearts love's conse-
 crating dew,
 Or felt a mother's kisses,
 Or home's restraining tendrils
 round you curled;
 Ah, side by side with heart's-ease
 in this world
 The fatal nightshade grows and
 bitter rue!
 One band ye cannot break,—the
 force that clips
 And grasps your circles to the
 central light; •

Yours is the prodigal comet's long
 ellipse,
 Self-exiled to the farthest verge
 of night;
 Yet strives with you no less that
 inward might
 No sin hath e'er imbruted;
 The god in you the creed-dimmed
 eye eludes;
 The Law brooks not to have its soli-
 tudes
 By bigot feet polluted;
 Yet they who watch your God-
 compelled return
 May see your happy perihelion burn
 Where the calm sun his unfledged
 planets broods.

TO THE PAST

WONDROUS and awful are thy silent
 halls,
 O kingdom of the past!
 There lie the bygone ages in their
 palls,
 Guarded by shadows vast;
 There all is hushed and breathless,
 Save when some image of old error
 falls
 Earth worshipped once as death-
 less.

There sits drear Egypt, 'mid belea-
 guering sands,
 Half woman and half beast,
 The burnt-out torch within her
 mouldering hands
 That once lit all the East;
 A dotard bleared and hoary,
 There Asser crouches o'er the black-
 ened brands
 Of Asia's long-quenched glory.

Still as a city buried 'neath the sea
 Thy courts and temples stand;
 Idle as forms on wind-waved tapestry
 Of saints and heroes grand,
 Thy phantasms grope and shiver,
 Or watch the loose shores crumbling
 silently
 Into Time's gnawing river.

Titanic shapes with faces blank and
dun,
Of their old godhead lorn,
Gaze on the embers of the sunken sun,
Which they misdeem for morn;
And yet the eternal sorrow
In their unmonarched eyes says day
is done
Without the hope of morrow.

O realm of silence and of swart eclipse,
The shapes that haunt thy gloom
Make signs to us and move their
withered lips
Across the gulf of doom ;
Yet all their sound and motion
Bring no more freight to us than
wraiths of ships
On the mirage's ocean.

And if sometimes a moaning wan-
dereth
From out thy desolate halls,
If some grim shadow of thy living
death
Across our sunshine falls
And scares the world to error,
The eternal life sends forth melo-
dious breath
To chase the misty terror.

Thy mighty clamours, wars, and
world-noised deeds
Are silent now in dust,
Gone like a tremble of the huddling
reeds
Beneath some sudden gust;
Thy forms and creeds have van-
ished,
Tossed out to wither like unsightly
weeds
From the world's garden banished.

Whatever of true life there was in thee
Leaps in our age's veins ;
Wield still thy bent and wrinkled
empy,
And shake thine idle chains ;—
To thee thy dross is clinging,
For us thy martyrs die, thy prophets
see,
Thy poets still are singing.

Here, 'mid the bleak waves of our
strife and care,
Float the green Fortunate Isles,
Where all thy hero-spirits dwell, and
share
Our martyrdoms and toils ;
The present moves attended
With all of brave and excellent and fair
That made the old time splendid.

TO THE FUTURE

O LAND of Promise! from what
Pisgah's height
Can I behold thy stretch of peace-
ful bowers,
Thy golden harvests flowing out of
sight,
Thy nestled homes and sun-illu-
minated towers ?
Gazing upon the sunset's high-
heaped gold,
Its crags of opal and of chrysolite,
Its deeps on deeps of glory, that
unfold
Still brightening abysses
And blazing precipices,
Whence but a scanty leap it seems
to heaven,
Sometimes a glimpse is given
Of thy more gorgeous realm, thy
more unstinted blisses.

O Land of Quiet! to thy shore the surf
Of the perturbed Present rolls and
sleeps ;
Our storms breathe soft as June upon
thy turf
And lure out blossoms ; to thy
bosom leaps,
As to a mother's, the o'erwearied
heart,
Hearing far off and dim the toiling
mart,
The hurrying feet, the curses with-
out number,
And, circled with the glow Ely-
sian
Of thine exulting vision,
Out of its very cares woos charms
for peace and slumber.

To thee the earth lifts up her fettered hands .

And cries for vengeance ; with a pitying smile
Thou blestest her, and she forgets her bands,
And her old woe-worn face a little while

Grows young and noble ; unto thee the Oppressor
Looks, and is dumb with awe ;
The eternal law,

Which makes the crime its own blindfold redresser,
Shadows his heart with perilous foreboding,

And he can see the grim-eyed Doom

From out the trembling gloom
Its silent-footed steeds towards his palace goading.

What promises hast thou or Poets' eyes,

Aweary of the turmoil and the wrong !

To all their hopes what overjoyed replies !

What undreamed ecstasies for blissful song !

Thy happy plains no war-trump's brawling clangour

Disturbs, and fools the poor to hate the poor ;

The humble glares not on the high with anger ;

Love leaves no grudge at less, no greed for more ;

In vain strives Self the godlike sense to smother ;

From the soul's deeps

It throbs and leaps ;

The noble 'neath foul rags beholds his long-lost brother.

To thee the Martyr looketh, and his fires

Unlock their fangs and leave his spirit free ;

To thee the Poet 'mid his toil aspires,
And grief and hunger climb about his knee,

Welcome as children ; thou upholdest
The lone Inventor by his demon haunted ;

The Prophet cries to thee when hearts are coldest,

And gazing o'er the midnight's bleak abyss,

Sees the drowsed soul awaken at thy kiss,

And stretch its happy arms and leap up disenchanted.

Thou bringest vengeance, but so loving-kindly

The guilty thinks it pity ; taught by thee,

Fierce tyrants drop the scourges wherewith blindly

Their own souls they were scarring ; conquerors see

With horror in their hands the accursed spear

That tore the meek One's side on Calvary,

And from their trophies shrink with ghastly fear ;

Thou, too, art the Forgiver,
The beauty of man's soul to man revealing ;

The arrows from thy quiver

Pierce Error's guilty heart, but only pierce for healing.

Oh, whither, whither, glory-winged dreams,

From out Life's sweat and turmoil would ye bear me ?

Shut, gates of Fancy, on your golden gleams,—

This agony of hopeless contrast spare me !

Fade, cheating glow, and leave me to my night !

He is a coward, who would borrow
A charm against the present

sorrow

From the vague Future's promise of delight :

As life's alarms nearer roll,

The ancestral buckler calls,

Self-clanging from the walls

In the high temple of the soul ;

Where are most sorrows, there the
 poet's sphere is,
 To feed the soul with patience,
 To heal its desolations
 With words of unshorn truth, with
 love that never wearies.

HEBE

I SAW the twinkle of white feet,
 I saw the flash of robes descending;
 Before her ran an influence fleet,
 That bowed my heart like barley
 bending.

As in bare fields the searching bees
 Pilot to blooms beyond our finding,
 It led me on, by sweet degrees
 Joy's simple honey-cells unbinding.

Those Graces were that seemed
 grim Fates;
 With nearer love the sky leaned o'er
 me;
 The long-sought Secret's golden
 gates
 On musical hinges swung before me.

I saw the brimmed bowl in her grasp
 Thrilling with godhood; like a lover
 Isprang the proffered life to clasp;—
 The beaker fell; the luck was over.

The Earth has drunk the vintage up;
 What boots it patch the goblet's splin-
 ters?

Can Summer fill the icy cup,
 Whose treacherous crystal is but
 Winter's?

O spendthrift haste! await the
 Gods;
 Their nectar crowns the lips of
 Patience;

Haste scatters on unthankful sods
 The immortal gift in vain libations.

Coy Hebe flies from those that woo,
 And shuns the hands would seize
 upon her;

Follow thy life, and she will sue
 To pour for thee the cup of honour.

THE SEARCH

I WENT to seek for Christ,
 And Nature seemed so fair,
 That first the woods and fields my
 youth enticed,
 And I was sure to find Him there:
 The temple I forsook,
 And to the solitude
 Allegiance paid; but Winter came
 and shook
 The crown and purple from my
 wood;
 His snows, like desert sands, with
 scornful drift,
 Besieged the columned aisle and
 palace-gate;
 My Thebes, cut deep with many a
 solemn rift,
 But epitaphed her own sepulchred
 state:
 Then I remembered whom I went to
 seek,
 And blessed blunt Winter for his
 counsel bleak.

Back to the world I turned,
 For Christ, I said, is King;
 So the cramped alley and the hut I
 spurned,
 As far beneath His sojourning:
 'Mid power and wealth I
 sought,
 But found no trace of Him,
 And all the costly offerings I had
 brought
 With sudden rust and mould
 grew dim:
 I found His tomb, indeed, where, by
 their laws,
 All must on stated days themselves
 imprison,
 Mocking with bread a dead creed's
 grinning jaws,
 Witless how long the life had
 thence arisen;
 sacrifice to this they set
 apart,
 Prizing it more than Christ's own
 living heart,

So from my feet the dust
Of the proud World I
shook;
Then came dear Love and shared
with me his crust,
And half my sorrow's burden
took.
After the World's soft bed,
Its rich and dainty fare,
Like down seemed Love's coarse
pillow to my head,
His cheap food seemed as manna
rare;
Fresh-trodden prints of bare and
bleeding feet,
Turned to the heedless city whence
I came,
Hard by I saw, and springs of
worship sweet
Gushed from my cleft heart
smitten by the same;
Love looked me in the face and
spake no words,
But straight I knew those footprints
were the Lord's.

I followed where they led,
And in a hovel rude,
With naught to fence the weather
from His head,
The King I sought for meekly
stood;
A naked, hungry child
Clung round His gracious
knee,
And a poor hunted slave looked up
and smiled
To bless the smile that set him
free;
New miracles I saw His presence
do,—
No more I knew the hovel bare
and poor,
The gathered chips into a wood-pile
grew,
The broken morsel swelled to
goodly store;
I knelt and wept: my Christ no more
I seek,
His throne is with the outcast and
the weak. •

THE PRESENT CRISIS

WHEN a deed is done for Freedom,
through the broad earth's
aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic,
trembling on from east to
west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers,
feels the soul within him
climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as
the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed
on the thorny stem of Time.

Through the walls of hut and palace
shoots the instantaneous throe,
When the travail of the Ages wrings
earth's systems to and fro;
At the birth of each new Era, with
a recognising start,
Nation wildly looks at nation, stand-
ing with mute lips apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-
child leaps beneath the Fu-
ture's heart.

So the Evil's triumph sendeth, with
a terror and a chill,
Under continent to continent, the
sense of coming ill,
And the slave, where'er he cowers,
feels his sympathies with God
In hot tear-drops ebbing earthward,
to be drunk up by the sod,
Till a corpse crawls round unburied,
delving in the nobler clod.

For mankind are one in spirit, and
an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the
swift flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious,
yet Humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibres
feels the gush of joy or
shame;—
In the gain or loss of one race all the
rest have equal claim.

- Once to every man and nation comes
the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with False-
hood, for the good or evil
side ;
Some great cause, God's new Mes-
siah, offering each the bloom
or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand,
and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by for ever
'twixt that darkness and that
light.
- Hast thou chosen, O my people,
on whose party thou shalt
stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals
shakes the dust against our
land ?
Though the cause of Evil prosper,
yet 'tis Truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now,
I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to
enshield her from all wrong.
- Backward look across the ages and
the beacon-moments see,
That, like peaks of some sunk conti-
nent, jut through Oblivion's
sea ;
Not an ear in court or market for the
low foreboding cry
Of those Crises, God's stern win-
nowers, from whose feet
earth's chaff must fly ;
Never shows the choice momentous
till the judgment hath passed
by.
- Careless seems the great Avenger ;
history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness
'twixt old systems and the
Word ;
Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong
for ever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
keeping watch above His own.
- We see dimly in the Present what is
small and what is great—
Slow of faith, how weak an arm may
turn the iron helm of fate ;
But the soul is still oracular ; amid
the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from
the Delphic cave within,—
“ They enslave their children's chil-
dren who make compromise
with sin.”
- Slavery, the earth-born Cyclops, fel-
lest of the giant brood,
Sons of brutish Force and Darkness,
who have drenched the earth
with blood,
Famished in his self-made desert,
blinded by our purer day,
Gropes in yet unblasted regions for
his miserable prey ;—
Shall we guide his gory fingers where
our helpless children play ?
- Then to side with Truth is noble when
we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
and 'tis prosperous to be just ;
Then it is the brave man chooses,
while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his
Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the
faith they had denied.
- Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,—
they were souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonised for
hurled the contumelious stone,
Stood serene, and down the future
saw the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered
by their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood
and to God's supreme design.
- By the light of burning heretics
Christ's bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the
cross that turns not back,
And these mounts of anguish number
how each generation learned

One new word of that grand *Credo*
which in prophet-hearts hath
burned

Since the first man stood God-con-
quered with his face to heaven
upturned.

For Humanity sweeps onward : where
to-day the martyr stands,

On the morrow crouches Judas with
the silver in his hands ;

Far in front the cross stands ready
and the crackling fagots burn,

While the hooting mob of yesterday
in silent awe return

To glean up the scattered ashes into
History's golden urn.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the
idle slaves

Of a legendary virtue carved upon our
fathers' graves,

Worshippers of light ancestral make
the present light a crime ;—

Was the *Mayflower* launched by
cowards, steered by men be-
hind their time ?

Turn those tracks toward Past or
Future, that make Plymouth
Rock sublime ?

They were men of present valour,
stalwart old iconoclasts,

Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that
all virtue was the Past's ;

But we make their truth our false-
hood, thinking that hath made
us free,

Hoarding it in mouldy parchments,
while our tender spirits flee

The rude grasp of that great Impulse
which drove them across the
sea.

They have rights who dare maintain
them ; we are traitors to our
sires,

Smothering in their holy ashes Free-
dom's new-lit altar-fires ;

Shall we make their creed our
jailer ? Shall we, in our haste
to slay,

From the tombs of the old prophets
steal the funeral lamps away

To light up the martyr-fagots round
the prophets of to-day ?

New occasions teach new duties ;
Time makes ancient good
uncouth ;

They must upward still, and onward,
who would keep abreast of
Truth ;

Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires !
we ourselves must Pilgrims be,

Launch our *Mayflower*, and steer
boldly through the desperate
winter sea,

Nor attempt the Future's portal with
the Past's blood-rusted key.

December 1844.

AN INDIAN-SUMMER REVERIE

WHAT visionary tints the year
puts on,

When falling leaves falter through
motionless air

Or numbly cling and shiver to
be gone !

How shimmer the low flats and
pastures bare,

As with her nectar Hebe Autumn
fills

The bowl between me and those
distant hills,

And smiles and shakes abroad her
misty, tremulous hair !

No more the landscape holds its
wealth apart,

Making me poorer in my poverty,
But mingles with my senses and
my heart ;

My own projected spirit seems
to me

In her own reverie the world to
steep ;

'Tis she that waves to sympa-
thetic sleep,

Moving, as she is moved, each field
and hill and tree.

How fuse and mix, with what
 unfelt degrees,
 Clasped by the faint horizon's
 languid arms,
 Each into each, the hazy dis-
 tances!
 The softened season all the land-
 scape charms;
 Those hills, my native village
 that embay,
 In waves of dreamier purple roll
 away,
 And floating in mirage seem all the
 glimmering farms.

Far distant sounds the hidden
 chickadee
 Close at my side; far distant
 sound the leaves;
 The fields seem fields of dream,
 where Memory
 Wanders like gleaning Ruth; and
 as the sheaves
 Of wheat and barley wavered in
 the eye
 Of Boaz as the maiden's glow
 went by,
 So tremble and seem remote all things
 the sense receives.

The cock's shrill trump that tells
 of scattered corn,
 Passed breezily on by all his flap-
 ping mates,
 Faint and more faint, from barn
 to barn is borne,
 Southward, perhaps to far Magel-
 lan's Straits;
 Dimly I catch the throb of dis-
 tant flails;
 Silently overhead the hen-hawk
 sails,
 With watchful, measuring eye, and
 for his quarry waits.

The sobered robin, hunger-silent
 now,
 Seeks cedar-berries blue, his
 autumn cheer;
 The squirrel, on the shingly shag-
 bark's bough,
 Now saws, now lists with down-
 ward eye and ear,

Then drops his nut, and, with a
 chipping bound,
 Whisks to his winding fastness
 underground;
 The clouds like swans drift down the
 streaming atmosphere.

O'er yon bare knoll the pointed
 cedar shadows
 Drowse on the crisp, gray moss;
 the ploughman's call
 Creeps faint as smoke from black,
 fresh-furrowed meadows;
 The single crow a single caw lets
 fall;
 And all around me every bush
 and tree
 Says Autumn's here, and Winter
 soon will be,
 Who snows his soft, white sleep and
 silence over all.

The birch, most shy and ladylike
 of trees,
 Her poverty, as best she may, re-
 tries,
 And hints at her foregone gen-
 tilities
 With some saved relics of her
 wealth of leaves;
 The swamp-oak, with his royal
 purple on,
 Glares red as blood across the
 sinking sun,
 As one who prouder to a falling for-
 tune cleaves.

He looks a sachem, in red
 blanket wrapt,
 Who, 'mid some council of the sad-
 garbed whites,
 Erect and stern, in his own
 memories lapt,
 With distant eye broods over other
 sights,
 Sees the hushed wood the city's
 flare replace,
 The wounded turf heal o'er the
 railway's trace,
 And roams the savage Past of his
 unwindled rights.

The red-oak, softer - grained,
yields all for lost,
And, with his crumpled foliage
stiff and dry,
After the first betrayal of the
frost,
Rebuffs the kiss of the relenting
sky;
The chestnuts, lavish of their
long-hid gold,
To the faint Summer, beggared
now and old,
Pour back the sunshine hoarded
'neath her favouring eye.

The ash her purple drops for-
givingly
And sadly, breaking not the gene-
ral hush;
The maple-swamps glow like a
sunset sea,
Each leaf a ripple with its separate
flush;
All round the wood's edge creeps
the skirting blaze
Of bushes low, as when, on
cloudy days,
Ere the rain fall, the cautious farmer
burns his brush.

O'er yon low wall, which guards
one unkempt zone,
Where vines and weeds and scrub-
oaks intertwine
Safe from the plough, whose
rough, discordant stone
Is massed to one soft gray by
lichens fine,
The tangled blackberry, crossed
and recrossed, weaves
A prickly network of ensan-
guined leaves;
Hard by, with coral beads, the prim
black-alders shine.

Pillaring with flame this crumb-
ling boundary,
Whose loose blocks topple 'neath
the ploughboy's foot,
Who, with each sense shut fast
except the eye,

Creeps close and scares the jay he
hoped to shoot,
The woodbine up the elm's
straight stem aspires,
Coiling it, harmless, with
autumnal fires;
In the ivy's paler blaze the martyr
oak stands mute.

Below, the Charles,—a stripe of
nether sky,
Now hid by rounded apple-trees,
between
Whose gaps the misplaced sail
sweeps bellying by,
Now flickering golden through a
woodland screen,
Then spreading out, at his next
turn beyond,
A silver circle like an inland
pond—
Slips seaward silently through
marshes purple and green.

Dear marshes! vain to him the
gift of sight
Who cannot in their various in-
comes share,
From every season drawn, of
shade and light,
Who sees in them but levels brown
and bare;
Each change of storm or sun-
shine scatters free
On them its largess of variety,
For Nature with cheap means still
works her wonders rare.

In Spring they lie one broad ex-
panse of green,
O'er which the light winds run
with glimmering feet:
Here, yellower stripes track out
the creek unseen,
There, darker growths o'er hidden
ditches meet;
And purpler stains show where
the blossoms crowd,
As if the silent shadow of a cloud
Hung there becalmed, with the next
breath to fleet.

All round, upon the river's slippery edge,
 Witching to deeper calm the drowsy tide,
 Whispers and leans the breeze-entangling sedge ;
 Through emerald glooms the lingering waters slide,
 Or, sometimes wavering, throw back the sun,
 And the stiff banks in eddies melt and run
 Of dimpling light, and with the current seem to glide.

In Summer 'tis a blithesome sight to see,
 As, step by step, with measured swing, they pass,
 The wide-ranked mowers wading to the knee,
 Their sharp scythes panting through the thick-set grass ;
 Then, stretched beneath a rick's shade in a ring,
 Their nooning take, while one begins to sing
 A stave that droops and dies 'neath the close sky of brass.

Meanwhile that devil-may-care, the bobolink,
 Remembering duty, in mid-quaver stops
 Just ere he sweeps o'er rapture's tremulous brink,
 And 'twixt the winrows most demurely drops,
 A decorous bird of business, who provides
 For his brown mate and fledglings six besides,
 And looks from right to left, a farmer 'mid his crops.

Another change subdues them in the Fall,
 But saddens not ; they still show merrier tints,
 Though sober russet seems to cover all ;
 When the first sunshine through their dewdrops glints,

Look how the yellow clearness, streamed across,
 Redeems with rarer hues the season's loss,
 As Dawn's feet there had touched and left their rosy prints.

Or come when sunset gives its freshened zest,
 Lean o'er the bridge and let the ruddy thrill,
 While the shorn sun swells down the hazy west,
 Glow opposite ;—the marshes drink their fill
 And swoon with purple veins then slowly fade
 Through pink to brown, as eastward moves the shade,
 Lengthening with stealthy creep, of Simond's darkening hill.

Later, and yet ere Winter wholly shuts,
 Ere through the first dry snow the runner grates,
 And the loath cart-wheel screams in slippery ruts,
 While firmer ice the eager boy awaits,
 Trying each buckle and strap beside the fire,
 And until bedtime plays with his desire,
 Twenty times putting on and off his new-bought skates ;—

Then, every morn, the river's banks shine bright
 With smooth plate-armour, treacherous and frail,
 By the frost's clinking hammers forged at night,
 'Gainst which the lances of the sun prevail,
 Giving a pretty emblem of the day
 When guiltier arms in light shall melt away,
 And states shall move free-limbed, loosed from war's cramping mail.

And now those waterfalls the
ebbing river
Twice every day creates on either
side
Tinkle, as through their fresh-
sparred grots they shiver
In grass-arched channels to the
sun denied;
High flaps in sparkling blue the
far-heard crow,
The silvered flats gleam frostily
below,
Suddenly drops the gull and breaks
the glassy tide.

But crowned in turn by vying
seasons three,
Their winter halohath a fullerring;
This glory seems to rest im-
movably,—
The others were too fleet and
vanishing;
When the hid tide is at its
highest flow,
O'er marsh and stream one
breathless trance of snow
With brooding fulness awes and
hushes everything.

The sunshine seems blown off by
the bleak wind,
As pale as formal candles lit by
day;
Gropes to the sea the river
dumb and blind;
The brown ricks, snow-thatched
by the storm in play,
Show pearly breakers combing
o'er their lee,
White crests as of some just
enchanted sea,
Checked in their maddest leap and
hanging poised midway.

But when the eastern blow,
with rain aslant,
From mid-sea's prairies green and
rolling plains
Drives in his wallowing herds of
billows gaunt,
And the roused Charles remembers
in his veins

Old Ocean's blood and snaps his
gyves of frost,
That tyrannous silence on the
shores is tost
In dreary wreck, and crumbling
desolation reigns.

Edgewise or flat, in Druid-like
device,
With leaden pools between or
gullies bare,
The blocks lie strewn, a bleak
Stonehenge of ice;
No life, no sound, to break the
grim despair,
Save sullen plunge, as through
the sedges stiff
Down crackles riverward some
thaw-sapped cliff,
Or when the close-wedged fields of
ice crunch here and there.

But let me turn from fancy-
pictured scenes
To that whose pastoral calm
before me lies:
Here nothing harsh or rugged
intervenes;
The early evening with her misty
dyes
Smooths off the ravelled edges
of the nigh,
Relieves the distant with her
cooler sky,
And tones the landscape down, and
soothes the wearied eyes.

There gleams my native village,
dear to me,
Though higher change's waves
each day are seen,
Whelming fields famed in boy-
hood's history,
Sanding with houses the dimin-
ished green;
There, in red brick, which soften-
ing time defies,
Stand square and stiff the Muses'
factories;—
How with my life knit up is every
well-known scene!

Flow on, dear river! not alone
 you flow
 To outward sight, and through your
 marshes wind;
 Fed from the mystic springs of
 long-ago,
 Your twin flows silent through my
 world of mind:
 Grow dim, dear marshes, in the
 evening's gray!
 Before my inner sight ye stretch
 away,
 And will for ever, though these
 fleshly eyes grow blind.

Beyond the hillock's house-be-
 spotted swell,
 Where Gothic chapels house the
 horse and chaise,
 Where quiet cits in Grecian
 temples dwell,
 Where Coptic tombs resound with
 prayer and praise,
 Where dust and mud the equal
 year divide,
 There gentle Allston lived, and
 wrought, and died,
 Transfiguring street and shop with
 his illumined gaze.

Virgilium vidi tantum,—I have
 seen,
 But as a boy, who looks alike
 on all,
 That misty hair, that fine Un-
 dine-like mien,
 Tremulous as down to feeling's
 faintest call;—
 Ah, dear old homestead! count
 it to thy fame
 That thither many times the
 Painter came;—
 One elm yet bears his name, a feathery
 tree and tall.

Swiftly the present fades in
 memory's glow,—
 Our only sure possession is the past;
 The village blacksmith died a
 month ago,
 And dim to me the forge's roaring
 blast;

Soon fire-new mediævals we shall
 see
 Oust the black smithy from its
 chestnut-tree,
 And that hewn down, perhaps the
 beehive green and vast.

How many times, prouder than
 king on throne,
 Loosed from the village school-
 dame's A's and B's,
 Panting have I the creaky bel-
 lows blown,
 And watched the pent volcano's
 red increase,
 Then paused to see the ponder-
 ous sledge, brought down
 By that hard arm voluminous
 and brown,
 From the white iron swarm its golden
 vanishing bees.

Dearnativetown! whose choking
 elms each year
 With eddying dust before their
 time turn gray,
 Pining for rain,—to me thy dust
 is dear;
 It glorifies the eve of summer
 day,
 And when the westering sun half
 sunken burns,
 The mote-thick air to deepest
 orange turns,
 The westward horseman rideth through
 clouds of gold away,

So palpable, I've seen those un-
 shorn few,
 The six old willows at the causey's
 end
 (Such trees Paul Potter never
 dreamed nor drew),
 Through this dry mist their
 checkering shadows send,
 Striped, here and there, with
 many a long-drawn thread,
 Where streamed through leafy
 chinks the trembling red,
 Past which, in one bright trail, the
 hang bird's flashes blend.

Yes, dearer far thy dust than all
 that e'er,
 Beneath the awarded crown of
 victory,
 Gilded the blown Olympic cha-
 rioter;
 Though lightly prized the ribboned
 parchments three,
 Yet *collegi-se juvat*, I am glad
 That here what colleging was
 mine I had,—
 It linked another tie, dear native
 town, with thee!

Nearer art thou than simply
 native earth,
 My dust with thine concedes a
 deeper tie;
 A closer claim thy soil may well
 put forth,
 Something of kindred more than
 sympathy;
 For in thy bounds I reverently
 laid away
 That blinding anguish of for-
 saken clay,
 That title I seemed to have in earth
 and sea and sky,

That portion of my life more
 choice to me
 (Though brief, yet in itself so
 round and whole)
 Than all the imperfect residue
 can be;—
 The Artist saw his statue of the soul
 Was perfect; so, with one re-
 gretful stroke,
 The earthen model into frag-
 ments broke,
 And without her the impoverished
 seasons roll.

THE GROWTH OF THE LEGEND

A FRAGMENT

A LEGEND that grew in the forest's
 hush
 Slowly as teardrops gather and gush,
 When a word some poet chanced to say
 Ages ago in his careless way,

Brings our youth back to us out of
 its shroud
 Clearly as under yon thunder-
 cloud
 I see that white seagull. It grew
 and grew,
 From the pine-trees gathering a
 sombre hue,
 Till it seems a mere murmur out of
 the vast
 Norwegian forests of the past;
 And it grew itself like a true Nor-
 thern pine,
 First a little slender line,
 Like a mermaid's green eyelash, and
 then anon
 A stem that a tower might rest
 upon,
 Standing spear-straight in the waist-
 deep moss,
 Its bony roots clutching around and
 across,
 As if they would tear up earth's
 heart in their grasp
 Ere the storm should uproot
 them or make them un-
 clasp;
 Its cloudy boughs singing, as suiteth
 the pine,
 To snow-bearded sea-kings old songs
 of the brine,
 Till they straightened and let their
 staves fall to the floor,
 Hearing waves moan again on the
 perilous shore
 Of Vinland, perhaps, while their prow
 groped its way
 'Twixt the frothed gnashing tusks of
 some ship-crunching bay.

So, pine-like, the legend grew, strong-
 limbed and tall,
 As the Gypsy child grows that eats
 crusts in the hall;
 It sucked the whole strength of the
 earth and the sky,
 Spring, Summer, Fall, Winter, all
 brought it supply;
 'Twas a natural growth, and stood
 fearlessly there,
 True part of the landscape as sea,
 land, and air;

For it grew in good times, ere the
fashion it was
To force these wild births of the
woods under glass,
And so, if 'tis told as it should be told,
Though 'twere sung under Venice's
moonlight of gold,
You would hear the old voice of its
mother, the pine,
Murmur sealike and northern through
every line,
And the verses should grow, self-sus-
tained and free,
Round the vibrating stem of the
melody,
Like the lithe moonlit limbs of the
parent tree.

Yes, the pine is the mother of
legends; what food
For their grim roots is left when the
thousand-year'd wood,
The dim-aisled cathedral, whose tall
arches spring
Light, sinewy, graceful, firm-set as
the wing
From Michael's white shoulder, is
hewn and defaced
By iconoclast axes in desperate waste,
And its wrecks seek the ocean it
prophesied long,
Cassandra-like, crooning its mystical
song?
Then the legends go with them,—
even yet on the sea
A wild virtue is left in the touch of
the tree,
And the sailor's night-watches are
thrilled to the core
With the lineal offspring of Odin and
Thor.

Yes, wherever the pine-wood has
never let in,
Since the day of creation, the light
and the din
Of manifold life, but has safely con-
veyed
From the midnight primeval its arm-
ful of shade,

And has kept the weird Past with
its sagas alive
'Mid the hum and the stir of To-
day's busy hive,
There the legend takes root in the
age-gathered gloom,
And its murmurous boughs for their
sagas find room.

Where Aroostook, far-heard, seems
to sob as he goes
Groping down to the sea 'neath his
mountainous snows;
Where the lake's frore Sahara of
never-tracked white,
When the crack shoots across it,
complains to the night
With a long, lonely moan, that
leagues northward is lost,
As the ice shrinks away from the
tread of the frost;
Where the lumberers sit by the log-
fires that throw
Their own threatening shadows far
round o'er the snow;
When the wolf howls aloof, and the
wavering glare
Flashes out from the blackness the
eyes of the bear,
When the wood's huge recesses, half-
lighted, supply
A canvas where Fancy her mad brush
may try,
Blotting in giant Horrors that venture
not down
Through the right-angled streets
of the brisk, whitewashed
town,
But skulk in the depths of the
measureless wood
'Mid the Dark's creeping whispers
that curdle the blood,
When the eye, glanced in dread
o'er the shoulder, may
dream,
Ere it shrinks to the camp-fire's
companioning gleam,
That it saw the fierce ghost of the
Red Man crouch back
To the shroud of the tree-trunk's in-
vincible black—

There the old shapes crowd thick
 round the pine-shadowed camp,
 Which shun the keen gleam of the
 scholarly lamp,
 And the seed of the legend finds true
 Norland ground,
 While the border-tale's told and the
 canteen flits round.

A CONTRAST

THY love thou sentest oft to me,
 And still as oft I thrust it back ;
 Thy messengers I could not see
 In those who everything did lack,
 The poor, the outcast, and the
 black.

Pride held his hand before mine eyes,
 The world with flattery stuffed
 mine ears ;
 I looked to see a monarch's guise,
 Nor dreamed thy love would knock
 for years,
 Poor, naked, fettered, full of tears.

Yet, when I sent my love to thee,
 Thou with a smile didst take it in,
 And entertain'dst it royally,
 Though grimed with earth, with
 hunger thin,
 And leprous with the taint of sin.

Now every day thy love I meet,
 As o'er the earth it wanders wide,
 With weary step and bleeding feet,
 Still knocking at the heart of
 pride
 And offering grace, though still
 denied.

EXTREME UNCTION

Go ! leave me, Priest ; my soul would
 be
 Alone with the consoler, Death ;
 Far sadder eyes than thine will see
 This crumbling clay yield up its
 breath ;

These shrivelled hands have deeper
 stains

Than holy oil can cleanse away,
 Hands that have plucked the world's
 coarse gains
 As erst they plucked the flowers
 of May.

Call, if thou canst, to these gray eyes
 Some faith from youth's traditions
 wrung ;

This fruitless husk which dustward
 dries

Has been a heart once, has been
 young ;

On this bowed head the awful Past
 Once laid its consecrating hands ;
 The Future in its purpose vast
 Paused, waiting my supreme com-
 mands.

But look ! whose shadows block the
 door ?

Who are those two that stand
 aloof ?

See ! on my hands this freshening
 gore

Writes o'er again its crimson proof !
 My looked-for deathbed guests are
 met ;

There my dead Youth doth wring
 its hands,

And there, with eyes that goad me
 yet,

The ghost of my Ideal stands !

God bends from out the deep and says,
 " I gave thee the great gift of life ;
 Wast thou not called in many ways ?
 Are not My earth and heaven at
 strife ?

I gave thee of My seed to sow,
 Bringest thou Me My hundred-
 fold ? "

Can I look up with face aglow,
 And answer, " Father, here is gold ? "

I have been innocent ; God knows
 When first this wasted life began,
 Not grape with grape more kindly
 grows,
 Than I with every brother-man :

Now here I gasp; what lose my kind
When this fast ebbing breath shall
part?

What bands of love and service bind
This being to the world's sad
heart?

Christ still was wandering o'er the
earth

Without a place to lay His head;
He found free welcome at my hearth,
He shared my cup and broke my
bread:

Now, when I hear those steps sublime,
That bring the other world to this,
My snake-turned nature, sunk in
slime,
Starts sideway with defiant hiss.

Upon the hour when I was born,
God said, "Another man shall be,"
And the great Maker did not scorn
Out of Himself to fashion me;
He summoned me with His ripening
looks,
And Heaven's rich instincts in me
grew,
As effortless as woodland nooks
Send violets up and paint them
blue.

Yes, I who now, with angry tears,
Am exiled back to brutish clod,
Have borne unquenched for fourscore
years

A spark of the eternal God;
And to what end? How yield I back
The trust for such high uses given?
Heaven's light hath but revealed a
track

Whereby to crawl away from
heaven.

Men think it is an awful sight
To see a soul just set adrift
On that drear voyage from whose
night

The ominous shadows never lift;
But 'tis more awful to behold
A helpless infant newly born,
Whose little hands unconscious hold
The keys of darkness and of morn.

Mine held them once; I flung away
Those keys that might have opened set
The golden sluices of the day,
But clutch the keys of darkness yet;
I hear the reapers singing go
Into God's harvest; I, that might
With them have chosen, here below
Grope shuddering at the gates of
night.

O glorious Youth, that once wast mine!
O high Ideal! all in vain
Ye enter at this ruined shrine
Whence worship ne'er shall rise
again;
The bat and owl inhabit here,
The snake nests in the altar-stone,
The sacred ves-els moulder near,
The image of the God is gone.

THE OAK

WHAT gnarled stretch, what depth
of shade, is his!

There needs no crown to mark the
forest's king;
How in his leaves outshines full
summer's bliss!

Sun, storm, rain, dew, to him their
tribute bring,
Which he with such benignant royalty
Accepts, as overpayeth what is lent;
All nature seems his vassal proud to be,
And cunning only for his ornament.

How towers he, too, amid the bil-
lowed snows,
An unquelled exile from the
summer's throne,

Whose plain, unincinctured front more
kingly shows,

Now that the obscuring courtier
leaves are flown.
His boughs make music of the
winter air,

Jewelled with sleet, like some
cathedral front

Where clinging snowflakes with
quaint art repair

The dints and furrows of Time's
envious brunt.

How doth his patient strength the
rude March wind
Persuade to seem glad breaths of
summer breeze,
And win the soil that fain would be
unkind
To swell his revenues with proud
increase !
He is the gem ; and all the landscape
wide
(So doth his grandeur isolate the
sense)
Seems but the setting, worthless all
beside,
An empty socket, were he fallen
thence.

So, from oft converse with life's
wintry gales,
Should man learn how to clasp
with tougher roots
The inspiring earth ; how otherwise
avails
The leaf-creating sap that sunward
shoots ?
So every year that falls with noise-
less flake
Should fill old scars up on the
stormward side,
And make hoar age revered for age's
sake,
Not for traditions of youth's leafy
pride.

So, from the pinched soil of a
churlish fate,
True hearts compel the sap of
sturdier growth,
So between earth and heaven stand
simply great,
That these shall seem but their
attendants both ;
For Nature's forces with obedient
zeal
Wait on the rooted faith and
oaken will ;
As quickly the pretender's cheat
they feel,
And turn mad Pucks to flout and
mock him still. •

Lord ! all Thy works are lessons ;
each contains
Some emblem of man's all-contain-
ing soul ;
Shall he make fruitless all Thy
glorious pains,
Delving within Thy grace an eye-
less mole ?
Make me the least of Thy Dodona-
grove,
Cause me some message of Thy
truth to bring,
Speak but a word through me, nor
let Thy love
Among my boughs disdain to
perch and sing.

AMBROSE

NEVER, surely, was holier man
Than Ambrose, since the world
began ;
With diet spare and raiment thin
He shielded himself from the father
of sin ;
With bed of iron and scourgings oft,
His heart to God's hand as wax
made soft.

Through earnest prayer and watch-
ings long
He sought to know 'tween right
and wrong,
Much wrestling with the blessed
Word
To make it yield the sense of the Lord,
That he might build a storm-proof
creed
To fold the flock in at their need.

At last he builded a perfect faith,
Fenced round about with *The Lord*
thus saith ;
To himself he fitted the doorway's
size,
Meted the light to the need of his
eyes,
And knew, by a sure and inward sign,
That the work of his fingers was
divine.

Then Ambrose said, "All those shall die

The eternal death who believe not as I ;"

And some were boiled, some burned in fire,

Some sawn in twain, that his heart's desire,

For the good of men's souls, might be satisfied

By the drawing of all to the righteous side.

One day, as Ambrose was seeking the truth

In his lonely walk, he saw a youth Resting himself in the shade of a tree ;

It had never been granted him to see

So shining a face, and the good man thought

"Twere pity he should not believe as he ought.

So he set himself by the young man's side,

And the state of his soul with questions tried ;

But the heart of the stranger was hardened indeed,

Nor received the stamp of the one true creed ;

And the spirit of Ambrose waxed sore to find

Such face the porch of so narrow a mind.

"As each beholds in cloud and fire The shape that answers his own desire,

So each," said the youth, "in the law shall find

The figure and features of his mind ; And to each in His mercy hath God allowed

His several pillar of fire and cloud."

The soul of Ambrose burned with zeal

And holy wrath for the young man's weal :

"Believest thou then, most wretched youth,"

Cried he, "a dividual essence in truth ?

I fear me thy heart is too cramped with sin

To take the Lord in His glory in."

Now there bubbled beside them where they stood

A fountain of waters sweet and good ; The youth to the streamlet's brink drew near,

Saying, "Ambrose, thou maker of creeds, look here !"

Six vases of crystal then he took, And set them along the edge of the brook.

"As into these vessels the water I pour,

There shall one hold less, another more,

And the water unchanged, in every case,

Shall put on the figure of the vase ; O thou, who wouldst unity make

through strife, Canst thou fit this sign to the Water of Life ?"

When Ambrose looked up, he stood alone,

The youth and the stream and the vases were gone ;

But he knew, by a sense of humbled grace,

He had talked with an angel face to face,

And felt his heart change inwardly, As he fell on his knees beneath the tree.

ABOVE AND BELOW

1

O DWELLERS in the valley-land, Who in deep twilight grope and

cower,

Till the slow mountain's dial-hand

Shortens to noon's triumphal hour,

While ye sit idle, do ye think
 The Lord's great work sits idle
 too?
 That light dare not o'erleap the brink
 Of morn, because 'tis dark with
 you?

Though yet your valleys skulk in
 night,
 In God's ripe fields the day is cried,
 And reapers, with theirsickles bright,
 Troop, singing, down themountain-
 side:

Come up, and feel what health there is
 In the frank Dawn's delighted eyes,
 As, bending with a pitying kiss,
 The night-shed tears of earth she
 dries!

The Lord wants reapers: oh, mount
 up,
 Before Night comes, and says,
 "Too late!"

Stay not for taking scrip or cup,
 The Master hungers while ye wait;
 'Tis from these heights alone your
 eyes

The advancing spears of day can see,
 That o'er the eastern hill-tops rise,
 To break your long captivity.

II

Lone watcher on the mountain-height,
 It is right precious to behold
 The first long surf of climbing light
 Flood all the thirsty east with gold;
 But we, who in the shadow sit,
 Know also when the day is nigh,
 Seeing thy shining forehead lit
 With His inspiring prophecy.

Thou hast thine office; we have ours;
 God lacks not early service here,
 But what are thine eleventh hours
 He counts with us for morning
 cheer;

Our day, for Him, is long enough,
 And when He giveth work to do,
 The bruised reed is amply tough
 To pierce the shield of error through.

But not the less do thou aspire
 Light's earlier messages to preach;
 Keep back no syllable of fire,
 Plunge deep the rowels of thy
 speech.
 Yet God deems not thine aëried sight
 More worthy than our twilight
 dim;
 For meek Obedience, too, is Light,
 And following that is finding Him.

THE CAPTIVE

It was past the hour of trysting,
 But she lingered for him still;
 Like a child, the eager streamlet
 Leaped and laughed adown the
 hill,
 Happy to be free at twilight
 From its toiling at the mill.

Then the great moon on a sudden,
 Ominous and red as blood,
 Startling as a new creation,
 O'er the eastern hill-top stood,
 Casting deep and deeper shadows
 Through the mystery of the wood.

Dread closed huge and vague about
 her,
 And her thoughts turned fearfully
 To her heart, if there some shelter
 From the silence there might be,
 Like bare cedars leaning inland
 From the blighting of the sea.

Yet he came not, and the stillness
 Dampened round her like a tomb;
 She could feel cold eyes of spirits
 Looking on her through the gloom,
 She could hear the groping foot-
 steps
 Of some blind, gigantic doom.

Suddenly the silence wavered
 Like a light mist in the wind,
 For a voice broke gently through it,
 Felt like sunshine by the blind,
 And the dread, like mist in sunshine,
 Furled serenely from her mind.

"Once my love, my love for ever,
Flesh or spirit, still the same ;
If I missed the hour of trysting,
Do not think my faith to blame ;
I, alas ! was made a captive,
As from Holy Land I came.

"On a green spot in the desert,
Gleaming like an emerald star,
Where a palm-tree, in lone silence,
Yearning for its mate afar,
Droops above a silver runnel,
Slender as a scimitar,

"There thou'lt find the humble
postern
To the castle of my foe ;
If thy love burn clear and faithful,
Strike the gateway, green and
low,
Ask to enter, and the warder
Surely will not say thee no."

Slept again the aspen silence,
But her loneliness was o'er ;
Round her heart a motherly patience
Wrapt its arms for evermore ;
From her soul ebb'd back the
sorrow,
Leaving smooth the golden shore

Donned she now the pilgrim scallop.
Took the pilgrim staff in hand ;
Like a cloud-shade, flitting eastward,
Wandered she o'er sea and land ;
And her footsteps in the desert
Fell like cool rain on the sand.

Soon, beneath the palm-tree's shadow,
Knelt she at the postern low ;
And thereat she knocked full gently,
Fearing much the warder's no ;
All her heart stood still and listened
As the door swung backward slow.

There she saw no surly warder
With an eye like bolt and bar ;
Through her soul a sense of music
Throbb'd, and, like a guardian
Lar,
On the threshold stood an angel,
Bright and silent as a star.

Fairest seemed he of God's seraphs,
And her spirit, lily-wise,
Blossomed when he turned upon her
The deep welcome of his eyes,
Sending upward to that sunlight
All its dew for sacrifice.

Then she heard a voice come onward
Singing with a rapture new,
As Eve heard the songs in Eden,
Dropping earthward with the dew ;
Well she knew the happy singer,
Well the happy song she knew.

Forward leaped she o'er the threshold,
Eager as a glancing surf ;
Fell from her the spirit's languor,
Fell from her the body's scurf ;
'Neath the palm next day some
Arabs
Found a corpse upon the turf.

THE BIRCH-TREE

RIPPLING through thy branches
goes the sunshine,
Among the leaves that palpitate for
ever ;
Ovid in thee a pining Nymph had
prisoned,
The soul once of some tremulous in-
land river,
Quivering to tell her woe, but, ah !
dumb, dumb for ever !

While all the forest, witch'd with
slumberous moonshine,
Holds up its leaves in happy, happy
silence,
Waiting the dew, with breath and
pulse suspended,
I hear afar thy whispering, gleamy
islands,
And track thee wakeful still amid
the wide-hung silence.

Upon the brink of some wood-
nestled lakelet,
Thy foliage, like the tresses of a
Dryad,

Dripping about thy slim white stem,
 whose shadow
 Slopes quivering down the water's
 dusky quiet,
 Thou shrink'st as on her bath's edge
 would some startled Dryad.

Thou art the go-between of rustic
 lovers;
 Thy white bark has their secrets in
 its keeping;
 Reuben writes here the happy name
 of Patience,
 And thy lithe boughs hang murmuring
 and weeping
 Above her, as she steals the mystery
 from thy keeping.

Thou art to me like my beloved
 maiden,
 So frankly coy, so full of trembly
 confidences;
 Thy shadow scarce seems shade, thy
 pattering leaflets
 Sprinkle their gathered sunshine o'er
 my senses,
 And Nature gives me all her summer
 confidences.

Whether my heart with hope or
 sorrow tremble,
 Thou sympathisest still; wild and
 unquiet,
 I fling me down; thy ripple, like a
 river,
 Flows valleyward, where calmness
 is, and by it
 My heart is floated down into the
 land of quiet.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MILES STANDISH

I SAT one evening in my room,
 In that sweet hour of twilight
 When blended thoughts, half light,
 half gloom,
 Throng through the spirit's sky-
 light;

The flames by fits curled round the
 bars,
 Or up the chimney crinkled,
 While embers dropped like falling
 stars,
 And in the ashes tinkled.

I sat and mused; the fire burned low,
 And, o'er my senses stealing,
 Crept something of the ruddy glow
 That bloomed on wall and ceiling;
 My pictures (they are very few,
 The heads of ancient wise men)
 Smoothed down their knotted fronts,
 and grew
 As rosy as excisemen.

My antique high-backed Spanish
 chair
 Felt thrills through wood and
 leather,
 That had been strangers since
 while,
 'Mid Andalusian heather,
 The oak that made its sturdy frame
 His happy arms stretched over
 The ox whose fortunate hide became
 The bottom's polished cover.

It came out in that famous bark,
 That brought our sires intrepid,
 Capacious as another ark
 For furniture decrepit;
 For, as that saved of bird and beast
 A pair for propagation,
 So has the seed of these increased
 And furnished half the nation.

Kings sit, they say, in slippery seats;
 But those slant precipices
 Of ice the northern voyager meets
 Less slippery are than this is;
 To cling therein would pass the wit
 Of royal man or woman,
 And whatsoe'er can stay in it
 Is more or less than human.

I offer to all bores this perch,
 Dear well-intentioned people,
 With heads as void as week-day
 church,
 Tongues longer than the steeple;

To folks with missions, whose gaunt
eyes

See golden ages rising,—
Salt of the earth ! in what queer Guys
Thou'rt fond of crystallising !

My wonder, then, was not unmixed
With merciful suggestion,
When, as my roving eyes grew fixed
Upon the chair in question,
I saw its trembling arms enclose
A figure grim and rusty,
Whose doublet plain and plainer
hose
Were something worn and dusty.

Now even such men as Nature forms
Merely to fill the street with,
Once turned to ghosts by hungry
worms,
Are serious things to meet with ;
Your penitent spirits are no jokes,
And, though I'm not averse to
A quiet shade, even they are folks
One cares not to speak first to.

Who knows, thought I, but he has
come,
By Charon kindly ferried,
To tell me of a mighty sum
Behind my wainscot buried ?
There is a buccaneerish air
About that garb outlandish—
Just then the ghost drew up his chair
And said, "My name is Standish.

"I come from Plymouth, deadly bored
With toasts, and songs, and
speeches,
As long and flat as my old sword,
As threadbare as my breeches :
They understand us Pilgrims ! they,
Smooth men with rosy faces,
Strength's knots and gnarls all pared
away,
And varnish in their places !

"We had some toughness in our
grain,
The eye to rightly see us is
Not just the one that lights the brain
Of drawing-room Tyrtæuses :

They talk about their Pilgrim blood,
Their birthright high and holy !
A mountain-stream that ends in mud
Methinks is melancholy.

"He had stiff knees, the Puritan,
That were not good at bending ;
The homespun dignity of man
He thought was worth defending ;
He did not, with his pinchbeck
ore,
His country's shame forgotten,
Gild Freedom's coffin o'er and o'er,
When all within was rotten.

"These loud ancestral boasts of
yours,
How can they else than vex us ?
Where were your dinner orators
When slavery grasped at Texas ?
Dumb on his knees was every one
That now is bold as Cæsar ;
Mere pegs to hang an office on
Such stalwart men as these are."

"Good sir," I said, "you seem much
stirred ;
The sacred compromises——"
"Now God confound the dastard
word !
My gall thereat arises :
Northward it hath this sense alone,
That you, your conscience blinding,
Shall bow your fool's nose to the
stone,
When Slavery feels like grinding.

"'Tis shame to see such painted
sticks
In Vane's and Winthrop's places,
To see your spirit of Seventy-six
Drag humbly in the traces,
With Slavery's lash upon her back,
And herds of office-holders
To shout applause, as, with a crack,
It peels her patient shoulders.

"We forefathers to such a rout !—
No, by my faith in God's Word !"
Half rose the ghost, and half drew
out
The ghost of his old broadsword,

Then thrust it slowly back again,
And said, with reverent gesture,
"No, Freedom, no! blood should not
stain
The hem of thy white vesture.

"I feel the soul in me draw near
The mount of prophesying;
In this bleak wilderness I hear
A John the Baptist crying;
Far in the east I see upleap
The streaks of first forewarning,
And they who sowed the light shall
reap
The golden sheaves of morning.

"Child of our travail and our woe,
Light in our day of sorrow,
Through my rapt spirit I foreknow
The glory of thy morrow;
I hear great steps, that through the
shade
Draw nigher still and nigher,
And voices call like that which bade
The prophet come up higher."

I looked, no form mine eyes could find,
I heard the red cock crowing,
And through my window-chinks the
wind
A dismal tune was blowing;
Thought I, My neighbour Bucking-
ham
Hath somewhat in him gritty,
Some Pilgrim-stuff that hates all
sham,
And he will print my ditty.

ON THE CAPTURE OF FUGITIVE SLAVES NEAR WASHINGTON

LOOK on who will in apathy, and
stifle they who can,
The sympathies, the hopes, the words,
that make man truly man;
Let those whose hearts are dungeon'd
up with interest or with ease
Consent to hear with quiet pulse of
loathsome deeds like these!

I first drew in New England's air,
and from her hardy breast
Sucked in the tyrant-hating milk that
will not let me rest;
And if my words seem treason to the
dullard and the tame,
'Tis but my Bay-State dialect,—our
fathers spake the same!

Shame on the costly mockery of
piling stone on stone
To those who won our liberty, the
heroes dead and gone,
While we look coldly on and see
law-shielded ruffians slay
The men who fain would win their
own, the heroes of to-day!

Are we pledged to craven silence?
Oh, fling it to the wind,
The parchment wall that bars us
from the least of human kind,
That makes us cringe and temporise,
and dumbly stand at rest,
While Pity's burning flood of words
is red-hot in the breast!

Though we break our fathers' promise,
we have nobler duties first;
The traitor to Humanity is the traitor
most accursed;
Man is more than Constitutions;
better rot beneath the sod
Than be true to Church and State while
we are doubly false to God!

We owe allegiance to the State; but
deeper, truer, more,
To the sympathies that God hath set
within our spirit's core;
Our country claims our fealty; we
grant it so, but then
Before Man made us citizens, great
Nature made us men.

He's true to God who's true to man;
wherever wrong is done,
To the humblest and the weakest,
'neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us; and
they are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves,
and not for all their race.

God works for all. Ye cannot hem
the hope of being free
With parallels of latitude, with
mountain-range or sea.
Put golden padlocks on Truth's lips,
be callous as ye will,
From soul to soul, o'er all the world,
leaps one electric thrill.

Chain down your slaves with ignor-
ance, ye cannot keep apart,
With all your craft of tyranny, the
human heart from heart :
When first the Pilgrims landed on
the Bay State's iron shore,
The word went forth that slavery
should one day be no more.

Out from the land of bondage 'tis
decreed our slaves shall go,
And signs to us are offered, as erst to
Pharaoh ;
If we are blind, their exodus, like
Israel's of yore,
Through a Red Sea is doomed to be
whose surges are of gore.

'Tis ours to save our brethren, with
peace and love to win
Their darkened hearts from error, ere
they harden it to sin ;
But if before his duty man with
listless spirit stands,
Ere long the Great Avenger takes the
work from out his hands.

TO THE DANDELION

DEAR common flower, that grow'st
beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harm-
less gold,
First pledge of blithesome
May,
Which children pluck, and, full of
pride uphold,
High-hearted buccaners, o'erjoyed
that they

An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample
round
May match in wealth, thou art
more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-
blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the
Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian
seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease ;
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she
scatters now
To rich and poor alike with lavish
hand,
Though most hearts never
understand
To take it at God's value, but pass
by
The offered wealth with unre-
warded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy ;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer
clime ;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space
or time :
Not in mid-June the golden-
cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like warm
ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I when
first
From the dark green thy yellow
circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on
the grass,
Of meadows where in sun the cattle
graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand
ways ;
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy
mass,

Or whiten in the wind ; of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle
through
Some woodland gap, and of a sky
above
Where one white cloud like a stray
lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts
are linked with thee ;
The sight of thee calls back the
robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day
long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which
he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted
ears,
When birds and flowers and I were
happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth Nature
seem
When thou, for all thy gold, so
common art !
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty
gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous
secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wis-
dom look
On all these living pages of God's
book.

THE GHOST-SEER

YE who, passing graves by night,
Glance not to the left or right,
Lest a spirit should arise,
Cold and white, to freeze your eyes,
Some weak phantom, which your
doubt
Shapes upon the dark without
From the dark within, a guess
At the spirit's deathlessness,

Which ye entertain with fear
In your self-built dungeon here,
Where ye sell your God-given lives
Just for gold to buy you gyves,—
Ye without a shudder meet
In the city's noonday street,
Spirits sadder and more dread
Than from out the clay have fled,
Buried, beyond hope of light,
In the body's haunted night !

See ye not that woman pale ?
There are bloodhounds on her trail !
Bloodhounds two, all gaunt and lean,
(For the soul their scent is keen,)
Want and Sin, and Sin is last,
They have followed far and fast ;
Want gave tongue, and, at her howl,
Sin awakened with a growl.
Ah, poor girl ! she had a right
To a blessing from the light ;
Tittle-deeds to sky and earth
God gave to her at her birth ;
But, before they were enjoyed,
Poverty had made them void,
And had drunk the sunshine up
From all Nature's ample cup,
Leaving her a first-born's share
In the dregs of darkness there.
Often, on the sidewalk bleak,
Hungry, all alone, and weak,
She has seen, in night and storm,
Rooms o'erflow with firelight warm,
Which, outside the window-glass,
Doubled all the cold, alas !
Till each ray that on her fell
Stabbed her like an icicle,
And she almost loved the wail
Of the bloodhounds on her trail.
Till the floor becomes her bier,
She shall feel their pantings near,
Close upon her very heels,
Spite of all the din of wheels ;
Shivering on her pallet poor,
She shall hear them at the door
Whine and scratch to be let in,
Sister bloodhounds, Want and Sin !
Hark ! that rustle of a dress,
Stiff with lavish costliness !
Here comes one whose cheek would
flush
But to have her garment brush

'Gainst the girl whose fingers thin
 Wove the weary broidery in,
 Bending backward from her toil,
 Lest her tears the silk might soil,
 And, in midnights chill and murk,
 Stitched her life into the work,
 Shaping from her bitter thought
 Heart's-ease and forget-me-not,
 Satirising her despair
 With the emblems woven there.
 Little doth the wearer heed
 Of the heart-break in the brede ;
 A hyena by her side
 Skulks, down-looking, — it is Pride.
 He digs for her in the earth,
 Where lie all her claims of birth,
 With his foul paws rooting o'er
 Some long-buried ancestor,
 Who perhaps a statue won
 By the ill deeds he had done,
 By the innocent blood he shed,
 By the desolation spread
 Over happy villages,
 Blotting out the smile of peace.

There walks Judas, he who sold
 Yesterday his Lord for gold,
 Sold God's presence in his heart
 For a proud step in the mart ;
 He hath dealt in flesh and blood ;
 At the bank his name is good ;
 At the bank, and only there,
 'Tis a marketable ware.
 In his eyes that stealthy gleam
 Was not learned of sky or stream,
 But it has the cold, hard glint
 Of new dollars from the mint.
 Open now your spirit's eyes,
 Look through that poor clay disguise
 Which has thickened, day by day,
 Till it keeps all light at bay,
 And his soul in pitchy gloom
 Gropes about its narrow tomb,
 From whose dank and slimy walls
 Drop by drop the horror falls.
 Look ! a serpent lank and cold
 Hugs his spirit fold on fold ;
 From his heart, all day and night,
 It doth suck God's blessed light.
 Drink it will, and drink it must,
 Till the cup holds naught but dust ;

All day long he hears it hiss,
 Writhing in its fiendish bliss ;
 All night long he sees its eyes
 Flicker with foul ecstasies,
 As the spirit ebbs away
 Into the absorbing clay.

Who is he that skulks, afraid
 Of the trust he has betrayed,
 Shuddering if perchance a gleam
 Of old nobleness should stream
 Through the pent, unwholesome room,
 Where his shrunk soul cowers in
 gloom,

Spirit sad beyond the rest
 By more instinct for the best ?
 'Tis a poet who was sent
 For a bad world's punishment,
 By compelling it to see
 Golden glimpses of To Be,
 By compelling it to hear
 Songs that prove the angels near ;
 Who was sent to be the tongue
 Of the weak and spirit-rung,
 Whence the fiery-winged Despair
 In men's shrinking eyes might flare.
 'Tis our hope doth fashion us
 To base use or glorious :
 He who might have been a lark
 Of Truth's morning, from the dark
 Raining down melodious hope
 Of a freer, broader scope,
 Aspirations, prophecies,
 Of the spirit's full sunrise,
 Chose to be a bird of night,
 That, with eyes refusing light,
 Hooted from some hollow tree
 Of the world's idolatry.
 'Tis his punishment to hear
 Flutterings of pinions near,
 And his own vain wings to feel
 Drooping downward to his heel,
 All their grace and import lost,
 Burdening his weary ghost :
 Ever walking by his side
 He must see his angel guide,
 Who at intervals doth turn
 Looks on him so sadly stern,
 With such ever-new surprise
 Of hushed anguish in her eyes,
 That it seems the light of day
 From around him shrinks away,

Or drops blunted from the wall
Built around him by his fall.
Then the mountains, whose white
peaks

Catch the morning's earliest streaks,
He must see, where prophets sit,
Turning east their faces lit,
Whence, with footsteps beautiful,
To the earth, yet dim and dull,
They the glad some tidings bring
Of the sunlight's hastening :
Never can these hills of bliss
Be o'erclimbed by feet like his !

But enough ! Oh, do not dare
From the next the veil to tear,
Woven of station, trade, or dress,
More obscene than nakedness,
Wherewith plausible culture drapes
Fallen Nature's myriad shapes !
Let us rather love to mark
How the unextinguished spark
Will shine through the thin disguise
Of our customs, pomps, and lies,
And, not seldom blown to flame,
Vindicates its ancient claim.

STUDIES FOR TWO HEADS

I

SOME sort of heart I know is hers,—
I chanced to feel her pulse one
night ;

A brain she has that never errs,
And yet is never nobly right ;
It does not leap to great results,
But, in some corner out of sight,
Suspects a spot of latent blight,
And, o'er the impatient infinite,
She bargains, haggles, and consults.

Her eye,—it seems a chemic test,
And drops upon you like an acid ;
It bites you with unconscious zest,
So clear and bright, so coldly placid ;
It holds you quietly aloof,
It holds,—and yet it does not win
you ;

It merely puts you to the proof
And sorts what qualities are in you ;

It smiles, but never brings you nearer,
It lights,—her nature draws not
nigh ;

'Tis but that yours is growing clearer
To her assays ;—yes, try and try,
You'll get no deeper than her eye.

There ! you are classified : she's gone
Far, far away into herself ;
Each with its Latin label on,
Your poor components, one by one,
Are laid upon their proper shelf
In her compact and ordered mind,
And what of you is left behind
Is no more to her than the wind ;
In that clear brain, which, day and
night,

No movement of the heart e'er
jostles,
Her friends are ranged on left and
right,—

Here, silex, hornblende, sienite ;
There, animal remains and fossils.

And yet, O subtle analyst,
That canst each property detect
Of mood or grain, that canst un-
twist

Each tangled skein of intellect,
And with thy scalpel eyes lay bare
Each mental nerve more fine than
air,—

O brain exact, that in thy scales
Canst weigh the sun and never err,
For once thy patient science fails,
One problem still defies thy art ;—
Thou never canst compute for her
The distance and diameter
Of any simple human heart.

II

Hear him but speak, and you will
feel

The shadows of the Portico
Over your tranquil spirit steal,
To modulate all joy and woe
To one subdued, subduing glow ;
Above all squabbling business-hours,
Like Phidian Jove's, his beauty
lowers,

His nature satirises ours ;
 A form and front of Attic grace,
 He shames the biggling market-
 place,
 And dwarfs our more mechanic
 powers.
 What throbbing verse can fitly render
 That face so pure, so trembling-
 tender ?

Sensation glimmers through its
 rest,
 It speaks unmanacled by words,
 As full of motion as a nest
 That palpitates with unfledged birds ;
 'Tis likeliest to Bethesda's stream,
 Forewarned through all its thrilling
 springs,
 White with the angel's coming
 gleam,
 And rippled with his fanning wings.

Hear him unfold his plots and plans,
 And larger destinies seem man's ;
 You conjure from his glowing face
 The omen of a fairer race ;
 With one grand trope he boldly spans
 The gulf wherein so many fall,
 'Twixt possible and actual ;
 His first swift word, talaria-shod,
 Exuberant with conscious God,
 Out of the choir of planets blots
 The present earth with all its spots.

Himself unshaken as the sky,
 His words, like whirlwinds, spin on
 high
 Systems and creeds pell-mell to-
 gether ;
 'Tis strange as to a deaf man's eye,
 While trees uprooted splinter by,
 The dumb turmoil of stormy
 weather ;

Less of iconoclast than shaper,
 His spirit, safe behind the reach
 Of the tornado of his speech,
 Burns calmly as a glowworm's
 taper.

So great in speech, but, ah ! in act
 So overrun with vermin troubles,
 The coarse, sharp-cornered, ugly fact
 Of life collapses all his bubbles :

Had he but lived in Plato's day,
 He might, unless my fancy errs,
 Have shared that golden voice's sway
 O'er barefooted philosophers.
 Our nipping climate hardly suits
 The ripening of ideal fruits :
 His theories vanquish us all summer,
 But winter makes him dumb and
 dumber ;

To see him 'mid life's needful things
 Issomething painfully bewildering ;
 He seems an angel with clipt wings
 Tied to a mortal wife and children,
 And by a brother seraph taken
 In the act of eating eggs and bacon.
 Like a clear fountain, his desire
 Exults and leaps towards the light,
 In every drop it says "Aspire !"
 Striving for more ideal height ;
 And as the fountain, falling thence,
 Crawls baffled through the com-
 mon gutter,
 So, from his speech's eminence,
 He shrinks into the present tense,
 Unkinged by foolish bread and
 butter.

Yet smile not, worldling, for in deeds
 Not all of life that's brave and
 wise is ;
 He strews an ampler future's seeds,
 'Tis your fault if no harvest rises ;
 Smooth back the sneer ; for is it
 naught
 That all he is and has is Beauty's ?
 By soul the soul's gains must be
 wrought,
 The Actual claims our coarser
 thought,
 The Ideal hath its higher duties.

ON A PORTRAIT OF DANTE BY GIOFFO

CAN this be thou who, lean and pale,
 With such immitigable eye
 Didst look upon those writhing souls
 in bale,
 And note each vengeance, and pass
 by.

Unmoved, save when thy heart by
chance•

Cast backward one forbidden glance,
And saw Francesca, with child's
glee,

Subdue and mount thy wild-horse
knee

And with proud hands control its
fiery prance ?

With half-drooped lids, and smooth,
round brow,

And eye remote, that inly sees
Fair Beatrice's spirit wandering now
In some sea-lulled Hesperides,

Thou movest through the jarring
street,

Secluded from the noise of feet
By her gift-blossom in thy hand,
Thy branch of palm from Holy
Land;—

No trace is here of ruin's fiery sleet.

Yet there is something round thy lips
That prophesies the coming doom,
The soft, gray herald-shadow ere the
eclipse

Notches the perfect disk with
gloom ;

A something that would banish thee,
And thine untamed pursuer be,

From men and their unworthy fates,
Though Florence had not shut her
gates,

And Grief had loosed her clutch and
let thee free.

Ah ! he who follows fearlessly

The beckonings of a poet-heart
Shall wander, and without the
world's decree,

A banished man in field and mart ;
Harder than Florence' walls the
bar

Which with deaf sternness holds him
far

From home and friends, till death's
release,

And makes his only prayer for
peace,

Like thine, scarred veteran of a life-
long war !

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND'S CHILD

DEATH never came so nigh to me
before,

Nor showed me his mild face : oft
had I mused

Of calm and peace and deep forget-
fulness,

Of folded hands, closed eyes, and
heart at rest,

And slumber sound beneath a flowery
turf,

Of faults forgotten, and an inner place
Kept sacred for us in the heart of
friends ;

But these were idle fancies, satisfied
With the mere husk of this great
mystery,

And dwelling in the outward shows
of things.

Heaven is not mounted to on wings
of dreams,

Nor doth the unthankful happiness
of youth

Aim thitherward, but floats from
bloom to bloom,

With earth's warm patch of sunshine
well content :

'Tis sorrow builds the shining ladder
up,

Whose golden rounds are our
calamities,

Whereon our firm feet planting,
nearer God

The spirit climbs, and hath its eyes
unsealed.

True is it that Death's face seems
stern and cold,

When he is sent to summon those
we love,

But all God's angels come to us
disguised ;

Sorrow and sickness, poverty and
death,

One after other lift their frowning
masks,

And we behold the seraph's face
beneath,

All radiant with the glory and the calm
 Of having looked upon the front of
 God.
 With every anguish of our earthly part
 The spirit's sight grows clearer; this
 was meant
 When Jesus touched the blind man's
 lids with clay.
 Life is the jailer, Death the angel sent
 To draw the unwilling bolts and set
 us free.
 He flings not ope the ivory gate of
 Rest,—
 Only the fallen spirit knocks at that,—
 But to benigner regions beckons us,
 To destinies of more rewarded toil.
 In the hushed chamber, sitting by
 the dead,
 It grates on us to hear the flood of life
 Whirl rustling onward, senseless of
 our loss.
 The bee hums on; around the blos-
 somed vine
 Whirs the light humming-bird; the
 cricket chirps;
 The locust's shrill alarum stings the
 ear;
 Hard by, the cock shouts lustily;
 from farm to farm
 His cheery brothers, telling of the sun,
 Answer, till far away the joyance dies:
 We never knew before how God had
 filled
 The summer air with happy living
 sounds;
 All round us seems an overplus of life,
 And yet the one dear heart lies cold
 and still.
 It is most strange, when the great
 miracle
 Hath for our sakes been done, when
 we have had
 Our inwardest experience of God,
 When with His presence still the
 room expands,
 And is awed after Him, that naught
 is changed,
 That Nature's face looks unacknow-
 ledging,
 And the mad world still dances
 heedless on
 After its butterflies, and gives no sign.

'Tis hard at first to see it all aright:
 In vain Faith blows her trump to
 summon back
 Her scattered troop: yet, through
 the clouded glass
 Of our own bitter tears, we learn to
 look
 Undazzled on the kindness of God's
 face;
 Earth is too dark, and Heaven alone
 shines through.
 It is no little thing, when a fresh soul
 And a fresh heart, with their un-
 measured scope
 For good, not gravitating earthward
 yet,
 But circling in diviner periods,
 Are sent into the world,—no little
 thing,
 When this unbounded possibility
 Into the outer silence is withdrawn.
 Ah, in this world, where every guid-
 ing thread
 Ends suddenly in the one sure
 centre, death,
 The visionary hand of Might-have-
 been
 Alone can fill Desire's cup to the brim!
 How changed, dear friend, are thy
 part and thy child's!
 He bends above *thy* cradle now, or
 holds
 His warning finger out to be thy guide;
 Thou art the nursing now; he
 watches thee
 Slow learning, one by one, the secret
 things
 Which are to him used sights of
 every day;
 He smiles to see thy wondering
 glances on
 The grass and pebbles of the spirit-
 world,
 To thee miraculous; and he will teach
 Thy knees their due observances of
 prayer.
 Children are God's apostles, day by
 day
 Sent forth to preach of love, and
 hope, and peace;

Nor hath thy babe his mission left
undone.
To me, at least, his going hence hath
given
Serener thoughts and nearer to the
skies,
And opened a new fountain in my
heart
For thee, my friend, and all: and
oh, if Death
More near approaches meditates, and
clasps
Even now some dearer, more reluc-
tant hand,
God, strengthen Thou my faith, that
I may see
That 'tis Thine angel, who, with
loving haste,
Unto the service of the inner shrine
Doth waken Thy beloved with a kiss.

EURYDICE

HEAVEN'S cup held down to me I
drain,
The sunshine mounts and spurs my
brain;
Bathing in grass, with thirsty eye
I suck the last drop of the sky;
With each hot sense I draw to the lees
The quickening out-door influences,
And empty to each radiant comer
A supernaculum of summer:
Not, Bacchus, all thy grosser juice
Could bring enchantment so profuse,
Though for its press each grape-
bunch had
The white feet of an Oread.

Through our coarse art gleam, now
and then,
The features of angelic men:
'Neath the lewd Satyr's veiling paint
Glows forth the Sibyl, Muse, or Saint;
The dauber's butch no more obscures
The mighty master's portraitures.
And who can say what luckier beam
The hidden glory shall redeem,
For what chance clod the soul may
wait
To stumble on its nobler fate,

Or why, to his unwarned abode,
Still by surprises comes the God?
Some moment, nailed on Sorrow's
cross,
May mediate a whole youth's loss,
Some windfall joy, we know not
whence,
Redeem a lifetime's rash expense,
And, suddenly wise, the soul may
mark,
Stripped of their simulated dark,
Mountains of gold that pierce the sky,
Girdling its valleyed poverty.

I feel ye, childhood's hopes, return,
With olden heats my pulses burn,—
Mine be the self-forgetting sweep,
The torrent impulse swift and wild,
Wherewith Taghkanic's rock-born
child

Dares gloriously the dangerous leap,
And, in his sky-descended mood,
Transmutes each drop of sluggish
blood,

By touch of bravery's simple wand,
To amethyst and diamond,
Proving himself no bastard slip,
But the true granite-cradled one,
Nursed with the rock's primeval
drip,
The cloud-embracing mountain's son!

Prayer breathed in vain! no wish's
sway

Rebuilds the vanished yesterday;
For plated wares of Sheffield stamp
We gave the old Aladdin's lamp;
'Tis we are changed. Ah, whither
went

That undesigned abandonment,
That wise, unquestioning content,
Which could erect its microcosm
Out of a weed's neglected blossom,
Could call up Arthur and his peers
By a low moss's clump of spears,
Or, in its shingle trirème launched,
Where Charles in some green inlet
branched,

Could venture for the golden fleece
And dragon-watched Hesperides,
Or, from its ripple-shattered fate,
Ulysses' chances re-create?

When, heralding life's every phase,
There glowed a goddess-veiling haze,
A plenteous, forewarning grace,
Like that more tender dawn that flies
Before the full moon's ample rise?
Methinks thy parting glory shines
Through yonder grove of singing
pines;

At that elm-vista's end I trace
Dimly thy sad leave-taking face,
Eurydice! Eurydice!
The tremulous leaves repeat to me
Eurydice! Eurydice!
No gloomier Orcus swallows thee
Than the unclouded sunset's glow;
Thine is at least Elysian woe;
Thou hast Good's natural decay,
And fadest like a star away
Into an atmosphere whose shine
With fuller day o'ermasters thine,
Entering defeat as 'twere a shrine;
For us,—we turn life's diary o'er
To find but one word,—Nevermore.

SHE CAME AND WENT

As a twig trembles which a bird
Lights on to sing, then leaves un-
bent,

So is my memory thrilled and
stirred;—

I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unriven,
The blue dome's measureless con-
tent,

So my soul held that moment's
heaven;—

I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift spring
heaps

The orchards full of bloom and
scent,

So clove her May my wintry sleeps;—
I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze
Through the low doorway of my
tent;

The tent is struck, the vision stays;—
I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,
And life's last oil is nearly spent,
One gush of light these eyes will
brim,

Only to think she came and went.

THE CHANGELING

I HAD a little daughter,
And she was given to me
To lead me gently backward
To the Heavenly Father's knee,
That I, by the force of nature,
Might in some dim wise divine
The depth of His infinite patience
To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heaven she
came from

Still lingered and gleamed in her
hair;

For it was as wavy and golden,
And as many changes took,
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
On the yellow bed of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling
Upon me, her kneeling lover,
How it leaped from her lips to her
eyelids,

And dimpled her wholly over,
Till her outstretched hands smiled
also,

And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending sun through her veins
to me!

She had been with us scarce a
twelvemonth,

And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
Stole my little daughter away;
Or perhaps those heavenly Zingari
But loosed the hampering strings,
And when they had opened her
cage-door,
My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling,
A little angel child,
That seems like her bud in full
blossom,

And smiles as she never smiled :
When I wake in the morning, I see it
Where she always used to lie,
And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone 'neath the awful sky.

As weak, yet as trustful also ;
For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of faithful Nature
Still worked for the love of me ;
Winds wander, and dews drip earth-
ward,
Rain falls, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as the first was,
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly
And bless it upon my breast ;
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she's
gone to
Transfigures its golden hair.

THE PIONEER

WHAT man would live confined
with brick and stone,
Imprisoned from the influences
of air,
And cramped with selfish land-
marks everywhere,
When all before him stretches,
furrowless and lone,
The unmapped prairie none can
fence or own ?

What man would read and read
the self-same faces,
And, like the marbles which the
windmill grinds,
Rub smooth for ever with the
same smooth minds, *

This year retracing last year's,
every year's, dull traces,
When there are woods and un-
man-stifed spaces ?

What man o'er one old thought
would pore and pore,
Shut like a book between its
covers thin
For every fool to leave his dog's-
ears in,
When solitude is his, and God for
evermore,
Just for the opening of a paltry
door ?

What man would watch life's oozy
element
Creep Letheward for ever, when
he might
Down some great river drift
beyond men's sight,
To where the undethroned forest's
royal tent
Broods with its hush o'er half a
continent ?

What man with men would push
and altercation,
Piecing out crooked means for
crooked ends,
When he can have the skies and
woods for friends,
Snatch back the rudder of his un-
dismantled fate,
And in himself be ruler, church,
and state ?

Cast leaves and feathers rot in
last year's nest,
The winged brood, flown thence,
new dwellings plan ;
The serf of his own Past is not
a man ;
To change and change is life, to
move and never rest ;—
Not what we are, but what we
hope, is best.

The wild, free woods make no man
halt or blind ;
Cities rob men of eyes and
hands and feet,
Patching one whole of many
incomplete ;
The general preys upon the individual
mind,
And each alone is helpless as the
wind.

Each man is some man's servant ;
every soul
Is by some other's presence
quite disowned ;
Each owes the next through all
the imperfect round,
Yet not with mutual help ; each
man is his own goal,
And the whole earth must stop to
pay him toll.

Here, life the undiminished man
demands ;
New faculties stretch out to
meet new wants ;
What Nature asks, that Nature
also grants ;
Here man is lord, not drudge, of
eyes and feet and hands,
And to his life is knit with hourly
bands.

Come out, then, from the old
thoughts and old ways,
Before you harden to a crystal
cold
Which the new life can shatter,
but not mould ;
Freedom for you still waits, still,
looking backward, stays,
But widens still the irretrievable
space.

LONGING

Of all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come
throbbing,
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as Longing ?

The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment,
Before the Present poor and bare
Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through our paltry stir and strife,
Glow down the wished Ideal,
And Longing moulds in clay what
Life

Carves in the marble Real ;
To let the new life in, we know,
Desire must open the portal ;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward
will

With our poor earthward striving ;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living ;
But, would we learn that heart's
full scope

Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to
hope
And realise our Longing.

Ah ! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread His
ways,
But when the spirit beckons,—
That some slight good is also wrought
Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought,
Howe'er we fail in action.

ODE TO FRANCE

FEBRUARY 1848

I

AS, flake by flake, the beetling
avalanches
Build up their imminent crags of
noiseless snow,
Till some chance thrill the loosened
ruin launches,
And the blind havoc leaps un-
warned below,

So grew and gathered through the
 silent years
 The madness of a People, wrong
 by wrong.
 There seemed no strength in the
 dumb toiler's tears,
 No strength in suffering; but the
 Past was strong:
 The brute despair of trampled cen-
 turies
 Leaped up with one hoarse yell
 and snapped its bands,
 Groped for its right with horny,
 callous hands,
 And stared around for God with
 bloodshot eyes.
 What wonder if those palms were
 all too hard
 For nice distinctions,—if that manad
 throng—
 They whose thick atmosphere no
 bard
 Had shivered with the lightning of
 his song,
 Brutes with the memories and
 desires of men,
 Whose chronicles were writ with
 iron pen,
 In the crooked shoulder and the
 forehead low,
 Set wrong to balance wrong,
 And physicked woe with woe?

II

They did as they were taught; not
 theirs the blame,
 If men who scattered firebrands
 reaped the flame:
 They trampled Peace beneath
 their savage feet,
 And by her golden tresses
 drew
 Mercy along the pavement of the
 street.
 O Freedom! Freedom! is thy morn-
 ing-dew
 So gory red? Alas! thy light
 had ne'er
 Shone in upon the chaos of
 their lair!

They reared to thee such symbol as
 they knew,
 And worshipped it with flame
 and blood,
 A Vengeance, axe in hand, that
 stood
 Holding a tyrant's head up by the
 clotted hair.

III

What wrongs the Oppressor suffered,
 these we know;
 These have found piteous voice in
 song and prose;
 But for the Oppressed, their dark-
 ness and their woe,
 Their grinding centuries,—what
 Muse had those?
 Though hall and palace had nor eyes
 nor ears,
 Hardening a people's heart to
 senseless stone,
 Thou knewest them, O Earth, that
 drank their tears,
 O Heaven, that heard their in-
 articulate moan!
 They noted down their fetters, link
 by link;
 Coarse was the hand that scrawled,
 and red the ink;
 Rude was their score, as suits un-
 lettered men,
 Notched with a headsman's axe
 upon a block:
 What marvel if, when came the
 avenging shock,
 'Twas Atë, not Urania, held the
 pen?

IV

With eye averted, and an anguished
 frown,
 Loathingly glides the Muse
 through scenes of strife,
 Where, like the heart of Vengeance,
 up and down,
 Throbs in its framework the blood-
 muffled knife;

Slow are the steps of Freedom, but
 her feet
 Turn never backward: hers no
 bloody glare;
 Her light is calm, and innocent, and
 sweet,
 And where it enters there is no
 despair:
 Not first on palace and cathedral
 spire
 Quivers and gleams that unconsum-
 ing fire;
 While these stand black against
 her morning skies,
 The peasant sees it leap from peak
 to peak
 Along his hills; the craftsman's
 burning eyes
 Own with cool tears its influence
 mother-meek;
 It lights the poet's heart up like a
 star;
 Ah! while the tyrant deemed it
 still afar,
 And twined with golden threads his
 futile snare,
 That swift, convicting glow all
 round him ran;
 'Twas close beside him there,
 Sunrise, whose Memnon is the soul
 of man.

V

O Broker-King, is this thy wisdom's
 fruit?
 A dynasty plucked out as 'twere a
 weed
 Grown rankly in a night, that
 leaves no seed!
 Could eighteen years strike down no
 deeper root?
 But now thy vulture eye was
 turned on Spain;
 A shout from Paris, and thy crown
 falls off,
 Thy race has ceased to reign,
 And thou become a fugitive and
 scoff:
 Slippery the feet that mount by
 stairs of gold,

And weakest of all fences one of
 steel;
 Go and keep school again, like him
 of old,
 The Syracusan tyrant;—thou mayst
 feel
 Royal amid a birch-swayed common-
 weal!

VI

Not long can he be ruler who
 allows
 His time to run before him; thou
 wast naught
 Soon as the strip of gold about thy
 brows
 Was no more emblem of the
 People's thought:
 Vain were thy bayonets against the
 foe
 Thou hadst to cope with; thou
 didst wage
 War not with Frenchmen merely;—
 no,
 Thy strife was with the Spirit of
 the Age,
 The invisible Spirit whose first breath
 divine
 Scattered thy frail endeavour,
 And, like poor last year's leaves,
 whirled thee and thine
 Into the Dark for ever!

VII

Is here no triumph? Nay, what
 though
 The yellow blood of Trade mean-
 while should pour
 Along its arteries a shrunken flow,
 And the idle canvas droop around
 the shore?
 These do not make a state,
 Nor keep it great.
 I think God made
 The earth for man, not trade;
 And where each humblest human
 creature
 Can stand, no more suspicious or
 afraid,
 Erect and kingly in his right of nature,

To heaven and earth knit with harmonious ties,—
 Where I behold the exultation
 Of manhood glowing in those eyes
 That had been dark for ages,
 Or only lit with bestial loves
 and rages,
 There I behold a Nation :
 The France which lies
 Between the Pyrenees and Rhine
 Is the least part of France ;
 I see herratherin thesoul whoses shine
 Burns through the craftsman's grimy
 countenance,
 In the new energy divine
 Of Toil's enfranchised glance.

VIII

And if it be a dream,—
 If the great Future be the little
 Past
 'Neath a new mask, which drops
 and shows at last
 The same weird, mocking face to
 balk and blast,
 Yet, Muse, a gladder measure suits
 the theme,
 And the Tyrtæan harp
 Loves notes more resolute
 and sharp,
 Throbbing, as throbs the bosom, hot
 and fast :
 Such visions are of morning,
 Theirs is no vague forewarn-
 ing,
 The dreams which nations dream
 come true,
 And shape the world anew ;
 If this be a sleep,
 Make it long, make it deep,
 O Father, who sendest the harvests
 men reap !
 While Labour so sleepeth,
 His sorrow is gone,
 No longer he weepeth,
 But smileth and steepeth
 His thoughts in the dawn ;
 He heareth Hope yonder
 Rain, lark-like, her fancies,
 His dreaming hands wander
 'Mid heart's-ease and pansies ;

" 'Tis a dream ! 'Tis a vision !"
 Shrieks Mammon aghast ;
 " The day's broad derision
 Will chase it at last ;
 Ye are mad, ye have taken
 A slumbering kraken
 For firm land of the Past !"
 Ah ! if he awaken,
 God shield us all then,
 If this dream rudely shaken
 Shall cheat him again !

IX

Since first I heard our North
 wind blow,
 Since first I saw Atlantic throw
 On our fierce rocks his thun-
 derous snow,
 I loved thee, Freedom ; as a boy
 The rattle of thy shield at Marathon
 Did with a Grecian joy
 Through all my pulses run ;
 But I have learned to love thee now
 Without the helm upon thy gleam-
 ing brow,
 A maiden mild and undefiled
 Like her who bore the world's
 redeeming Child ;
 And surely never did thine
 altars glance
 With purer fires than now in
 France ;
 While in their bright white flashes
 Wrong's shadow, backward
 cast,
 Waves cowering o'er the ashes
 Of the dead, blaspheming
 Past,
 O'er the shapes of fallen
 giants,
 His own unburied brood,
 Whose dead hands clench defiance
 At the overpowering Good :
 And down the happy future runs
 a flood
 Of prophesying light ;
 It shows an Earth no longer stained
 with blood,
 Blossom and fruit where now we
 see the bud
 Of Brotherhood and Right.

ANTI-APIS

PRAISEST Law, friend? We, too,
love it much as they that love
it best;

'Tis the deep, august foundation,
whereon Peace and Justice
rest;

On the rock primeval, hidden in the
Past its bases be,

Block by block the endeavouring Ages
built it up to what we see.

But dig down: the Old unbury; thou
shalt find on every stone

That each Age hath carved the
symbol of what god to them
was known,

Ugly shapes and brutish sometimes,
but the fairest that they knew;

If their sight were dim and earth-
ward, yet their hope and aim
were true.

Surely as the unconscious needle feels
the far-off loadstar draw,

So strives every gracious nature to at-
one itself with law;

And the elder Saints and Sages laid
their pious framework right

By a theocratic instinct covered from
the people's sight.

As their gods were, so their laws
were; Thor the strong could
reave and steal,

So through many a peaceful inlet tore
the Norseman's eager keel;

But a new law came when Christ
came, and not blameless, as
before,

Can we, paying Him our lip-tithes,
give our lives and faiths to
Thor.

Law is holy: ay, but what law? Is
there nothing more divine

Than the patched-up broils of Con-
gress,—venal, full of meat and
wine?

Is there, say you, nothing higher?
Naught, God save us! that
transcends

Laws of cotton texture, wove by vul-
gar men for vulgar ends?

Did Jehovah ask their counsel, or
submit to them a plan,

Ere He filled with loves, hopes, long-
ings, this aspiring heart of
man?

For their edict does the soul wait, ere
it swing round to the pole
Of the true, the free, the God-willed,
all that makes it be a soul?

Law is holy; but not your law, ye
who keep the tablets whole

While ye dash the Law to pieces,
shatter it in life and soul;

Bearing up the Ark is lightsome,
golden Apis hid within,

While we Levites share the offerings,
richer by the people's sin.

Give to Cæsar what is Cæsar's? yes,
but tell me, if you can,

Is this superscription Cæsar's here
upon our brother man?

Is not here some other's image, dark
and sullied though it be,

In this fellow-soul that worships,
struggles Godward even as we?

It was not to such a future that the
Mayflower's prow was turned;

Not to such a faith the martyrs clung,
exulting as they burned;

Not by such laws are men fashioned,
earnest, simple, valiant, great

In the household virtues whereon
rests the unconquerable state.

Ah! there is a higher gospel! over-
head the God-roof springs,

And each glad, obedient planet like
a golden shuttle sings

Through the web which Time is weav-
ing in his never-resting loom,

Weaving seasons many-coloured,
bringing prophecy to doom.

Think you Truth a farthing rush-
light, to be pinched out when
you will
With your deft official fingers and
your politicians' skill?
Is your God a wooden fetish, to be
hidden out of sight
That his block eyes may not see you
do the thing that is not right?

But the Destinies think not so; to
their judgment-chamber lone
Comes no noise of popular clamour,
there Fame's trumpet is not
blown;
Your majorities they reckon not; that
you grant, but then you say
That you differ with them somewhat,
—which is stronger, you or
they?

Patient are they as the insects that
build islands in the deep;
They hurl not the bolted thunder,
but their silent way they keep;
Where they have been that we know;
where empires towered that
were not just,
Lo! the skulking wild fox scratches
in a little heap of dust.

A PARABLE

SAID Christ our Lord, "I will go
and see
How the men, My brethren, believe
in Me."
He passed not again through the
gate of birth,
But made Himself known to the
children of earth.

Then said the chief priests, and
rulers, and kings,
"Behold, now, the Giver of all good
things;
Go to, let us welcome with pomp and
state
Him who alone is mighty and
great."

With carpets of gold the ground they
spread
Wherever the Son of Man should
tread,
And in palace-chambers lofty and rare
They lodged Him, and served Him
with kingly fare.

Great organs surged through arches
dim
Their jubilant floods in praise of Him;
And in church, and palace, and judg-
ment-hall,
He saw His own image high over all.

But still, wherever His steps they led,
The Lord in sorrow bent down His
head,
And from under the heavy founda-
tion-stones
The Son of Mary heard bitter groans.

And in church, and palace, and judg-
ment-hall,
He marked great fissures that rent
the wall,
And opened wider and yet more wide
As the living foundation heaved and
sighed.

"Have ye founded your thrones and
altars, then,
On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think ye that building shall
endure,
Which shelters the noble and crushes
the poor?"

"With gates of silver and bars of gold
Ye have fenced My sheep from their
Father's fold;
I have heard the dropping of their
tears
In heaven these eighteen hundred
years."

"O Lord and Master, not ours the
guilt,
We build but as our fathers built;
Behold Thine images, how they stand,
Sovereign and sole, through all our
land.

"Our task is hard,—with sword and flame
To hold Thine earth for ever the same,
And with sharp crooks of steel to keep
Still as Thou leftest them Thy sheep."

Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

These set He in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garment-hem,
For fear of defilement, "Lo, here,"
said He,
"The images ye have made of Me!"

ODE

WRITTEN FOR THE CELEBRATION
OF THE INTRODUCTION OF THE
COCHITUATE WATER INTO THE
CITY OF BOSTON

My name is Water : I have sped
Through strange, dark ways, un-
tried before,
By pure desire of friendship led,
Cochituate's ambassador ;
He sends four royal gifts by me :
Long life, health, peace, and purity.

I'm Ceres' cup-bearer ; I pour,
For flowers and fruits and all their
kin,
Her crystal vintage, from of yore
Stored in old Earth's selectest bin,
Flora's Falernian ripe, since God
The winepress of the deluge trod.

In that far isle whence, iron-willed,
The New World's sires their bark
unmoored,
The fairies' acorn-cups I filled
Upon the toadstool's silver board,
And 'neath Herne's oak, for Shake-
speare's sight,
Strewed moss and grass with dia-
monds bright.

No fairies in the *Mayflower* came,
And, lightsome as I sparkle here,
For Mother Bay State, "busy dame,
I've toiled and drudged this many
a year,
Throbbled in her engines' iron veins,
Twirled myriad spindles for her gains.

I, too, can weave : the warp I set
Through which the sun his shuttle
throws,
And, bright as Noah saw it, yet
For you the arching rainbow glows,
A sight in Paradise denied
To unfallen Adam and his bride.

When Winter held me in his grip,
You seized and sent me o'er the
wave,
Ungrateful ! in a prison-ship ;
But I forgive, not long a slave,
For, soon as summer south-winds
blew,
Homeward I fled, disguised as dew.

For countless services I'm fit,
Of use, of pleasure, and of gain,
But lightly from all bonds I flit,
Nor lose my mirth, nor feel a
stain ;
From mill and wash-tub I escape,
And take in heaven my proper shape.

So, free myself, to-day, elate,
I come from far o'er hill and mead,
And here, Cochituate's envoy, wait
To be your blithesome Ganymede,
And brim your cups with nectar true
That never will make slaves of you.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE GRAVES OF
TWO ENGLISH SOLDIERS ON CON-
CORD BATTLE-GROUND

THE same good blood that now refills
The dotard Orient's shrunken veins,
The same whose vigour westward
thrills,
Bursting Nevada's silver chains,

Poured here upon the April grass,
Freckled with red the herbage new;
On reeled the battle's trampling
mass,
Back to the ash the bluebird flew.

Poured here in vain ;—that sturdy
blood
Was meant to make the earth more
green,
But in a higher, gentler mood
Than broke this April noon serene ;
Two graves are here : to mark the
place,
At head and foot an unhewn stone,
O'er which the herald lichens trace
The blazon of Oblivion.

These men were brave enough, and
true
To the hired soldier's bull-dog creed ;
What brought them here they never
knew,
They fought as suits the English
breed :
They came three thousand miles, and
died,
To keep the Past upon its throne ;
Unheard, beyond the ocean tide,
Their English mother made her
moan.

The turf that covers them no thrill
Sends up to fire the heart and brain ;
No stronger purpose nerves the
will,
No hope renews its youth again :
From farm to farm the Concord
glides,
And trails my fancy with its flow ;
O'erhead the balanced hen-hawk
slides,
Twinned in the river's heaven below.

But go, whose Bay State bosom
stirs,
Proud of thy birth and neighbour's
right,
Where sleep the heroic villagers
Borne red and stiff from Concord
fight ;

Thought Reuben, snatching down
his gun,
Or Seth, as ebbed the life away,
What earthquake rifts would shoot
and run
World-wide from that short April
fray ?

What then ? With heart and hand
they wrought,
According to their village light ;
'Twas for the Future that they
fought,
Their rustic faith in what was
right,
Upon earth's tragic stage they burst
Unsummoned in the humble sock ;
Theirs the fifth act ; the curtain
first
Rose long ago on Charles's block.

Their graves have voices ; if they
threw
Dice charged with fates beyond
their ken,
Yet to their instincts they were
true,
And had the genius to be men.
Fine privilege of Freedom's host,
Of even foot-soldiers for the Right !—
For centuries dead, ye are not lost ;
Your graves send courage forth,
and might.

TO —

WE, too, have autumns, when our
leaves
Drop loosely through the dampened
air,
When all our good seems bound in
sheaves,
And we stand reaped and bare.

Our seasons have no fixed returns,
Without our will they come and
go ;
At noon our sudden summer burns,
Ere sunset all is snow.

But each day brings less summer
cheer,
Crimps more our ineffectual spring,
And something earlier every year
Our singing birds take wing.

As less the olden glow abides,
And less the chillier heart aspires,
With drift-wood beached in past
spring-tides
We light our sullen fires.

By the pinched rushlight's starving
beam
We cower and strain our wasted
sight,
To stitch youth's shroud up, seam by
seam,
In the long arctic night.

It was not so—we once were young—
When Spring, to womanly Summer
turning,
Her dewdrops on each grass-blade
strung,
In the red sunrise burning.

We trusted then, aspired, believed
That earth could be re-made to-
morrow ;
Ah, why be ever undeceived ?
Why give up faith for sorrow ?

O thou whose days are yet all spring,
Faith, blighted once, is past re-
trieving ;
Experience is a dumb, dead thing ;
The victory's in believing.

FREEDOM

ARE we, then, wholly fallen ? Can
it be
That thou, North wind, that from
thy mountains bringest
Their spirit to our plains, and thou,
blue sea,
Who on our rocks thy wreaths of
freedom flingest,
As on an altar,—can it be that ye

Have wasted inspiration on dead
ears,
Dulled with the too familiar clank of
chains ?
The people's heart is like a harp for
years
Hung where some petrifying torrent
rains
Its slow-incrusting spray : the stiff-
ened chords
Faint and more faint make answer
to the tears
That drip upon them : idle are all
words :
Only a silver plectrum wakes the
tone
Deep buried 'neath that ever-thick-
ening stone.

We are not free : doth Freedom,
then, consist
In musing with our faces toward the
Past,
While petty cares and crawling in-
terests twist
Their spider-threads about us, which
at last
Grow strong as iron chains, to cramp
and bind
In formal narrowness heart, soul,
and mind ?
Freedom is recreated year by
year,
In hearts wide open on the Godward
side,
In souls calm-cadenced as the whirl-
ing sphere,
In minds that sway the future like
a tide.
No broadest creeds can hold her, and
no codes ;
She chooses men for her august
abodes,
Building them fair and fronting to
the dawn ;
Yet, when we seek her, we but find
a few
Light footprints, leading morn-ward
through the dew :
Before the day had risen, she was
gone.

And we must follow : swiftly runs
 she on,
 And, if our steps should slacken in
 despair,
 Half turns her face, half smiles
 through golden hair,
 For ever yielding, never wholly won :
 That is not love which pauses in
 the race
 Two close-linked names on fleeting
 sand to trace ;
 Freedom gained yesterday is no
 more ours ;
 Men gather but dry seeds of last
 year's flowers ;
 Still there's a charm ungranted, still
 a grace,
 Still rosy Hope, the free, the un-
 attained,
 Makes us Possession's languid hand
 let fall ;
 'Tis but a fragment of ourselves is
 gained,
 The Future brings us more, but never
 all.

And, as the finder of some unknown
 realm,
 Mounting a summit whence hethinks
 to see
 On either side of him the imprison-
 ing sea,
 Beholds, above the clouds that over-
 whelm
 The valley-land, peak after snowy
 peak
 Stretch out of sight, each like a
 silver helm
 Beneath its plume of smoke, sublime
 and bleak,
 And what he thought an island finds
 to be
 A continent to him first oped,—
 so we
 Can from our height of Freedom
 look along
 A boundless future, ours if we be
 strong ;
 Or if we shrink, better remount our
 ships
 And, fleeing God's express design,
 trace back

The hero - freighted *Mayflower's*
 prophet-track
 To Europe entering her blood-red
 eclipse.

BIBLIOLATERS

BOWING thyself in dust before a
 Book,
 And thinking the great God is thine
 alone,
 O rash iconoclast, thou wilt not brook
 What gods the heathen carves in
 wood and stone,
 As if the Shepherd who from outer
 cold
 Leads all His shivering lambs to one
 sure fold
 Were careful for the fashion of His
 crook.

There is no broken reed so poor and
 base,
 No rush, the bending tilt of swamp-
 fly blue,
 But He therewith the ravening wolf
 can chase,
 And guide His flock to springs and
 pastures new ;
 Through ways unlooked for, and
 through many lands,
 Far from the rich folds built with
 human hands,
 The gracious footprints of His love
 I trace.

And what art thou, own brother of
 the clod,
 That from His hand the crook
 would'st snatch away
 And shake instead thy dry and sap-
 less rod,
 To scare the sheep out of the whole-
 some day ?
 Yea, what art thou, blind, uncon-
 verted Jew,
 That with thy idol-volume's covers
 two
 Would'st make a jail to coop the
 living God ?

Thou hear'st not well the mountain
organ-tones
By prophet ears from Hor and Sinai
caught,
Thinking the cisterns of those Hebrew
brains
Drew dry the springs of the All-
knower's thought,
Nor shall thy lips be touched with
living fire,
Who blow'st old altar-coals with sole
desire
To weld anew the spirit's broken
chains.

God is not dumb, that He should
speak no more ;
If thou hast wanderings in the
wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul
is poor ;
There towers the Mountain of the
Voice no less,
Which whoso seeks shall find, but he
who bends,
Intent on manna still and mortal ends,
Sees it not, neither hears its thun-
dered lore.

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves nor leaves of
stone ;
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse
to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or
moan.
While swings the sea, while mists
the mountains shroud,
While thunder's surges burst on cliffs
of cloud,
Still at the prophet's feet the nations
sit.

BEAVER BROOK

HUSHED with broad sunlight lies
the hill,
And, minuting the long day's loss,
The cedar's shadow, slow and still,
Creeps o'er its dial of gray moss.

Warm noon brims full the valley's
cup,
The aspen's leaves are scarce astir ;
Only the little mill sends up
Its busy, never-ceasing burr.

Climbing the loose-piled wall that
hems
The road along the mill-pond's
brink,
From 'neath the arching barberry-
stems,
My footstep scares the shy chewink.

Beneath a bony buttonwood
The mill's red door lets forth the din ;
The whitened miller, dust-imbued,
Flits past the square of dark within.

No mountain torrent's strength is
here ;
Sweet Beaver, child of forest still,
Heaps its small pitcher to the ear,
And gently waits the miller's will.

Swift slips Undine along the race
Unheard, and then, with flashing
bound,
Floods the dull wheel with light and
grace,
And, laughing, hunts the loath
drudge round.

The miller dreams not at what cost
The quivering millstones hum and
whirl,
Nor how for every turn are tost
Armfuls of diamond and of pearl.

But Summer cleared my happier
eyes
With drops of some celestial juice,
To see how Beauty underlies,
For evermore each form of use.

And more ; methought I saw that
flood,
Which now so dull and darkling
steals,
Thick, here and there, with human
blood,
To turn the world's laborious wheels.

No more than doth the miller there,
Shut in our several cells, do we
Know with what waste of beauty

 rare

Moves every day's machinery.

Surely the wiser time shall come
When this fine overplus of might.

No longer sullen, slow, and dumb,
Shall leap to music and to light.

In that new childhood of the Earth
Life of itself shall dance and play,
Fresh blood in Time's shrunk veins
 make mirth,
And labour meet delight half-way.

MEMORIAL VERSES

KOSSUTH

A RACE of nobles may die out,
A royal line may leave no heir ;
Wise Nature sets no guards about
Her pewter plate and wooden ware.

But they fail not, the kinglier breed,
Who starry diadems attain ;
To dungeon, axe, and stake succeed
Heirs of the old heroic strain.

The zeal of Nature never cools,
Nor is she thwarted of her ends ;
When gapped and dulled her cheaper tools,
Then she a saint and prophet spends.

Land of the Magyars ! though it be
The tyrant may re-link his chain,
Already thine the victory,
As the just future measures gain.

Thou hast succeeded, thou hast won
The deathly travail's amplest worth ;
A nation's duty thou hast done,
Giving a hero to our earth.

And he, let come what will of woe,
Hath saved the land he strove to save ;
No Cossack hordes, no traitor's blow,
Can quench the voice shall haunt his grave.

"I Kossuth am : O Future, thou
That clear'st the just and blott'st the vile,

O'er this small dust in reverence bow,
Remembering what I was erewhile.

"I was the chosen trump where-through
Our God sent forth awakening breath ;
Came chains ? Came death ? The strain He blew
Sounds on, outliving chains and death."

TO LAMARTINE

1848

I DID not praise thee when the crowd,
'Witched with the moment's inspiration,
Vexed thy still ether with hosannas loud,
And stamped their dusty adoration ;
I but looked upward with the rest,
And, when they shouted Greatest, whispered Best.

They raised thee not, but rose to thee,
Their fickle wreaths about thee flinging ;
So on some marble Phœbus the high sea
Might leave his worthless seaweed clinging,
But pious hands, with reverent care,
Make the pure limbs once more sublimely bare.

Now thou'rt thy plain, grand self
again,
Thou art secure from pane-
gyric,—
Thou who gav'st politics an epic
strain,
And actedst Freedom's noblest
lyric;

This side the Blessed Isles, no tree
Grows green enough to make a
wreath for thee.

Nor can blame cling to thee; the
snow

From swinish footprints takes
no staining,
But, leaving the gross soils of earth
below,
Its spirit mounts, the skies
regaining,
And unresentful falls again,
To beautify the world with dews and
rain.

The highest duty to mere man vouch-
safed

Was laid on thee,—out of wild
chaos,
When the roused popular ocean
foamed and chafed,
And vulture War from his Imaus
Snuffed blood, to summon homely
Peace,
And show that only Order is release.

To carve thy fullest thought, what
though

Time was not granted? Aye in
history,
Like that Dawn's face which baffled
Angelo

Left shapeless, grander for its
mystery,
Thy great Design shall stand, and
day
Flood its blind front from Orients
far away.

Who says thy day is o'er? Control,
My heart, that bitter first emo-
tion;

While men shall reverence the stead-
fast soul,

The heart in silent self-devot-
tion

Breaking, the mild, heroic mien,
Thou'lt need no prop of marble,
Lamartine.

If France reject thee, 'tis not
thine,

But her own, exile that she
utters;

Ideal France, the deathless, the
divine,

Will be where thy white pennon
flutters,

As once the nobler Athens went
With Aristides into banishment.

No fitting meteward hath To-day
For measuring spirits of thy
stature;

Only the Future can reach up to
lay

The laurel on that lofty nature,
Bard, who with some diviner
art

Hast touched the bard's true lyre, a
nation's heart.

Swept by thy hand, the gladdened
chords,

Crashed now in discords fierce
by others,

Gave forth one note beyond all skill
of words,

And chimed together, We are
brothers.

O poem unsurpassed! it ran
All round the world, unlocking man
to man.

France is too poor to pay alone

The service of that ample spirit;
Paltry seem low dictatorship and
throne,

If balanced with thy simple merit;
They had to thee been rust and
loss;

Thy aim was higher,—thou hast
climbed a Cross!

TO JOHN G. PALFREY

THERE are who triumph in a losing
cause,
Who can put on defeat as 'twere a
wreath
Unwithering in the adverse popular
breath,
Safe from the blasting dema-
gogue's applause;
'Tis they who stand for Freedom
and God's laws.

And so stands Palfrey now, as
Marvell stood,
Loyal to Truth dethroned, nor could
be wooed
To trust the playful tiger's velvet
paws:
And if the second Charles brought
in decay
Of ancient virtue, if it well might
wring
Souls that had broadened 'neath a
nobler day,
To see a losel, marketable king
Fearfully watering with his realm's
best blood
Cromwell's quenched bolts, that
erst had cracked and flamed,
Scaring, through all their depths of
courtier mud,
Europe's crowned bloodsuckers,—
how more ashamed
Ought we to be, who see Corruption's
flood
Still rise o'er last year's mark, to
mine away
Our brazen idols' feet of treach-
erous clay!

O utter degradation! Freedom
turned
Slavery's vile bawd, to cozen and
betray
To the old lecher's clutch a maiden
prey,
If so a loathsome pander's fee be
earned!

And we are silent,—we who daily
tread
A soil sublime, at least, with heroes'
graves!—
Beckon no more, shades of the
noble dead!
Be dumb, ye heaven-touched lips of
winds and waves!
Or hope to rouse some Coptic dul-
lard, hid
Ages ago, wrapt stiffly, fold on
fold,
With ceremonies close, to wither in
the cold,
For ever hushed, and sunless
pyramid!

Beauty and Truth, and all that
these contain,
Drop not like ripened fruit about
our feet;
We climb to them through years
of sweat and pain;
Without long struggle, none did
e'er attain
The downward look from Quiet's
blissful seat:
Though present loss may be the
hero's part,
Yet none can rob him of the victor
heart
Whereby the broad-realmed future
is subdued,
And Wrong, which now insults
from triumph's car,
Sending her vulture hope to raven
far,
Is made unwilling tributary of Good.

O Mother State, how quenched thy
Sinai fires!
Is there none left of thy stanch
Mayflower breed?
No spark among the ashes of thy sires,
Of Virtue's altar-flame the kindling
seed?
Are these thy great men, these that
cringe and creep,
And writhe through slimy ways to
place and power?—

How long, O Lord, before Thy wrath
shall reap

Our frail-stemmed summer prosperings
in their flower ?

Oh, for one hour of that undaunted
stock

That went with Vane and Sidney to
the block !

Oh, for a whiff of Naseby, that would
sweep,

With its stern Puritan besom, all
this chaff

From the Lord's threshing-floor !
Yet more than half

The victory is attained when one or
two,

Through the fool's laughter and
the traitor's scorn,

Beside thy sepulchre can bide the
morn,

Crucified Truth ! when thou shalt rise
anew.

TO W. L. GARRISON

"Some time afterward, it was reported to me by the city officers that they had ferreted out the paper and its editor ; that his office was an obscure hole, his only visible auxiliary a negro boy, and his supporters a few very insignificant persons of all colours."—
Letter of H. G. Otis.

IN a small chamber, friendless and
unseen,

Toiled o'er his types one poor, un-
learned young man ;

The place was dark, unfurnished,
and mean ;—

Yet there the freedom of a race
began.

Help came but slowly ; surely no
man yet

Put lever to the heavy world with
less :

What need of help ? He knew how
types were set,

He had a dauntless spirit, and a
press.

Such earnest natures are the fiery pith,
The compact nucleus, round which
systems grow ;

Mass after mass becomes inspired
therewith,

And whirls impregnate with the
central glow.

O Truth ! O Freedom ! how are ye
still born

In the rude stable, in the manger
nurst !

What humble hands unbar those gates
of morn

Through which the splendours of
the New Day burst !

What ! shall one monk, scarce known
beyond his cell,

Front Rome's far-reaching bolts
and scorn her frown ?

Brave Luther answered YES ; that
thunder's swell

Rocked Europe, and disarmed
the triple crown.

"Whatever can be known of earth
we know,"

Sneered Europe's wise men, in
their snail-shells curled ;

"No !" said one man in Genoa, and
that No

Out of the dark created this New
World.

Who is it will not dare himself to
trust ?

Who is it hath not strength to
stand alone ?

Who is it thwarts and bilks the in-
ward MUST ?

He and his works, like sand, from
earth are blown.

Men of a thousand shifts and wiles,
look here !

See one straightforward conscience
put in pawn

To win a world ; see the obedient
sphere

By bravery's simple gravitation
drawn !

Shall we not heed the lesson taught
 of old,
 And by the Present's lips repeated
 still,
 In our own single manhood to be
 bold,
 Fortressed in conscience and im-
 pregnable will?

We stride the river daily at its spring,
 Nor, in our childish thoughtless-
 ness, foresee
 What myriad vassal streams shall
 tribute bring,
 How like an equal it shall greet the
 sea.

Oh, small beginnings, ye are great
 and strong,
 Based on a faithful heart and
 weariless brain!
 Ye build the future fair, ye conquer
 wrong,
 Ye earn the crown, and wear it
 not in vain.

ON THE DEATH OF C. T. TORREY

Woe worth the hour when it is crime
 To plead the poor dumb bond-
 man's cause,
 When all that makes the heart sub-
 lime,
 The glorious throbs that conquer time,
 Are traitors to our cruel laws!

He strove among God's suffering poor
 One gleam of brotherhood to send;
 The dungeon oped its hungry door
 To give the truth one martyr more,
 Then shut,—and here behold the
 end!

O Mother State! when this was done,
 No pitying throe thy bosom gave;
 Silent thou saw'st the death-shroud
 spun,
 And now thou givest to thy son
 The stranger's charity,—a grave.

Must it be thus for ever? No!
 The hand of God sows not in vain;
 Long sleeps the darkling seed below,
 These seasons come, and change, and go,
 And all the fields are deep with
 grain.

Although our brother lie asleep,
 Man's heart still struggles, still
 aspires;
 His grave shall quiver yet, while deep
 Through the brave Bay State's pulses
 leap
 Her ancient energies and fires.

When hours like this the senses' gush
 Have stilled, and left the spirit
 room,
 It hears amid the eternal hush
 The swooping pinions' dreadful rush
 That bring the vengeance and the
 doom;—

Not man's brute vengeance, such as
 rends
 What rivets man to man apart,—
 God doth not so bring round His
 ends,
 But waits the ripened time, and sends
 His mercy to the oppressor's heart.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF DR. CHANNING

I DO not come to weep above thy pall,
 And mourn the dying-out of noble
 powers;
 The poet's clearer eye should see
 in all
 Earth's seeming woe the seed of
 Heaven's flowers.

Truth needs no champions: in the
 infinite deep
 Of everlasting Soul her strength
 abides;
 From Nature's heart her mighty
 pulses leap,
 Through Nature's veins her
 strength, undying, tides.

Peace is more strong than war, and
gentleness,
Where force were vain, makes
conquest o'er the wave;
And love lives on and hath a power
to bless,
When they who loved are hidden
in the grave.

The sculptured marble brags of
death-strewn fields,
And Glory's epitaph is writ in
blood;
But Alexander now to Plato yields,
Clarkson will stand where Wel-
lington hath stood.

I watch the circle of the eternal
years,
And read for ever in the storied
page
One lengthened roll of blood, and
wrong, and tears,
One onward step of Truth from
age to age.

The poor are crushed; the tyrants
link their chain;
The poet sings through narrow
dungeon-grates;
Man's hope lies quenched; and, lo!
with steadfast gain
Freedom doth forge her mail of
adverse fates.

Men slay the prophets; faggot, rack,
and cross
Make up the groaning record of
the past;
But Evil's triumphs are her endless
loss,
And sovereign Beauty wins the
soul at last.

No power can die that ever wrought
for Truth;
Thereby a law of Nature it became,
And lives unwithered in its sinewy
youth
When he who called it forth is but
a name.

Therefore I cannot think thee wholly
gone;
The better part of thee is with us
still;
Thy soul its hampering clay aside
hath thrown,
And only freer wrestles with the Ill.

Thou livest in the life of all good
things;
What words thou spak'st for Free-
dom shall not die;
Thou sleepest not, for now thy Love
hath wings
To soar where hence thy Hope
could hardly fly.

And often, from that other world,
on this
Some gleams from great souls gone
before may shine,
To shed on struggling hearts a clearer
bliss,
And clothe the Right with lustre
more divine.

Thou art not idle: in thy higher
sphere
Thy spirit bends itself to loving
tasks,
And strength to perfect what it
dreamed of here
Is all the crown and glory that it
asks.

For sure in Heaven's wide chambers
there is room
For love and pity, and for helpful
deeds;
Else were our summons thither but
a doom
To life more vain than this in
clayey weeds.

From off the starry mountain-peak
of song,
Thy spirit shows me, in the coming
time,
An earth unwithered by the foot of
wrong,
A race revering its own soul sublime.

What wars, what martyrdoms, what
 crimes may come,
 Thou knowest not, nor I; but God
 will lead
 The prodigal soul from want and
 sorrow home,
 And Eden ope her gates to Adam's
 seed.

Farewell! good man, good angel
 now! this hand
 Soon, like thine own, shall lose its
 cunning too;
 Soon shall this soul, like thine, be-
 wildered stand,
 Then leap to thread the free, un-
 fathomed blue:

When that day comes, oh, may this
 hand grow cold,
 Busy, like thine, for Freedom and
 the Right;
 Oh, may this soul, like thine, be ever
 bold
 To face dark Slavery's encroach-
 ing blight!

This laurel-leaf I cast upon thy bier;
 Let worthier hands than these thy
 wreath entwine;
 Upon thy hearse I shed no useless
 tear,—
 For us weep rather thou in calm
 divine!

TO THE MEMORY OF HOOD

ANOTHER star 'neath Time's horizon
 dropped,
 To gleam o'er unknown lands and
 seas;
 Another heart that beat for Freedom
 stopped,—
 What mournful words are these!

O Love Divine, that claspest our
 tired earth,
 And lullest it upon thy heart,
 Thou knowest how much a gentle
 soul is worth
 To teach men what thou art!

His was a spirit that to all thy poor
 Was kind as slumber after pain:
 Why ope so soon thy heaven-deep
 Quiet's door
 And call him home again?

Freedom needs all her poets: it is
 they
 Who give her aspirations wings,
 And to the wiser law of music sway
 Her wild imaginings.

Yet thou hast called him, nor art
 thou unkind,
 O Love Divine, for 'tis thy will
 That gracious natures leave their
 love behind
 To work for Freedom still.

Let laurelled marbles weigh on other
 tombs,
 Let anthems peal for other dead,
 Rustling the bannered depth of
 minster-glooms
 With their exulting spread.

His epitaph shall mock the short-
 lived stone,
 No lichen shall its lines efface,
 He needs these few and simple lines
 alone
 To mark his resting-place:—

"Here lies a Poet. Stranger, if to
 thee
 His claim to memory be obscure,
 If thou wouldst learn how truly great
 was he,
 Go, ask it of the poor."

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

PRELUDE TO PART FIRST

OVER his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and faraway,
First lets his fingers wander as they
list,
And builds a bridge from Dream-
land for his lay :
Then, as the touch of his loved
instrument
Gives hope and fervour, nearer
draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes
sent
Along the wavering vista of his
dream.

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splen-
dours lie ;
Daily, with souls that cringe
and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it
not.

Over our manhood bend the skies ;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies ;
With our faint hearts the mountain
strives ;
Its arms outstretched, the druid
wood
Waits with its *benedicite* ;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth
gives us ;
The beggar is taxed for a corner
to die in,
The priest has his fee who comes
and shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie
in ;

At the devil's booth are all things
sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce
of gold ;
For a cap and bells our lives we
pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's
tasking :
'Tis heaven alone that is given
away,
'Tis only God may be had for the
asking ;
No price is set on the lavish summer ;
June may be had by the poorest
comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June ?
Then, if ever, come perfect days ;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in
tune,
And over it softly her warm ear
lays ;
Whether we look, or whether we
listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it
glisten ;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches
and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for
light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and
flowers ;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and
valleys ;
The cowslip startles in meadows
green,
The buttercup catches the sun in
its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade
too mean
To be some happy creature's
palace ;

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
 Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
 And lets his illumined being o'errun
 With the deluge of summer it receives;
 His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
 And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
 He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest.—
 In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
 And whatever of life hath ebbed away
 Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
 Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
 Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
 We are happy now because God wills it;
 No matter how barren the past may have been,
 'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
 We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
 How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
 We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
 That skies are clear and grass is growing;
 The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
 That dandelions are blossoming near,
 That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
 That the river is bluer than the sky,
 That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
 And if the breeze kept the good news back,
 For other couriers we should not lack;

We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
 And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
 Warmed with the new wine of the year,
 Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
 Everything is happy now,
 Everything is upward striving;
 'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
 As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
 'Tis the natural way of living:
 Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
 In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
 And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
 The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
 The soul partakes the season's youth,
 And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
 Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
 Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
 What wonder if Sir Launfal now
 Remembered the keeping of his vow?

PART FIRST

I

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
 And bring to me my richest mail,
 For to-morrow I go over land and sea
 In search of the Holy Grail;
 Shall never a bed for me be spread,
 Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
 Till I begin my vow to keep;
 Here on the rushes will I sleep,
 And perchance there may come a vision true
 Ere day create the world anew."
 Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
 Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
 And into his soul the vision flew.

II

The crows flapped over by twos and
threes,

In the pool drowns the cattle up to
their knees,

The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the
year,

And the very leaves seemed to sing
on the trees :

The castle alone in the landscape
lay

Like an outpost of winter, dull and
gray :

'Twas the proudest hall in the North
Countrie,

And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree ;
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults
defied ;

She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though around it for leagues her
pavilions tall

Stretched left and right,

Over the hills and out of sight ;

Green and broad was every tent,

And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

III

The drawbridge dropped with a surly
clang,

And through the dark arch a charger
sprang,

Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden
knight,

In his gilded mail, that flamed so
bright,

It seemed the dark castle had
gathered all

Those shafts the fierce sun had shot
over its wall

In his siege of three hundred
summers long,

And, binding them all in one blazing
sheaf,

Had cast them forth : so, young
and strong,

And lightsome as a locust-leaf,

Sir Launfal flashed forth in his
maiden mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy
Grail.

IV

It was morning on hill and stream
and tree,

And morning in the young knight's
heart ;

Only the castle moodily

Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine
free,

And gloomed by itself apart ;

The season brimmed all other things
up

Full as the rain fills the pitcher-
plant's cup.

V

As Sir Launfal made morn through
the darksome gate,

He was 'ware of a leper, crouched
by the same,

Who begged with his hand and
moaned as he sate ;

And a loathing over Sir Launfal
came ;

The sunshine went out of his soul
with a thrill,

The flesh 'neath his armour 'gan
shrink and crawl,

And midway its leap his heart stood
still

Like a frozen waterfall ;

For this man, so foul and bent of
stature,

Rasped harshly against his dainty
nature,

And seemed the one blot on the
summer morn,—

So he tossed him a piece of gold in
scorn.

VI

The leper raised not the gold from
the dust :

" Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his
door ;

That is no true alms which the hand
 can hold ;
 He gives nothing but worthless gold
 Who gives from a sense of duty ;
 But he who gives but a slender mite,
 And gives to that which is out of
 sight,
 That thread of the all-sustaining
 Beauty
 Which runs through all and doth all
 unite,—
 The hand cannot clasp the whole of
 his alms,
 The heart outstretches its eager
 palms,
 For a god goes with it and makes it
 store
 To the soul that was starving in
 darkness before."

PRELUDE TO PART SECOND

DOWN swept the chill wind from the
 mountain peak,
 From the snow five thousand sum-
 mers old ;
 On open wold and hilltop bleak
 It had gathered all the cold,
 And whirled it like sleet on the wan-
 derer's cheek ;
 It carried a shiver everywhere
 From the unleafed boughs and pas-
 tures bare ;
 The little brook heard it and built a
 roof
 'Neath which he could house him,
 winter-proof ;
 All night by the white stars' frosty
 gleams
 He groined his arches and matched
 his beams ;
 Slender and clear were his crystal
 spars
 As the lashes of light that trim the
 stars :
 He sculptured every summer delight
 In his halls and chambers out of
 sight ;
 Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
 Down through a frost-leaved forest-
 crypt,

Long, sparkling aisles of steel-
 stemmed trees
 Bending to counterfeit a breeze ;
 Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
 But silvery mosses that downward
 grew ;
 Sometimes it was carved in sharp
 relief
 With quaint arabesques of ice-fern
 leaf ;
 Sometimes it was simply smooth and
 clear
 For the gladness of heaven to shine
 through, and here
 He had caught the nodding bulrush-
 tops
 And hung them thickly with dia-
 mond drops,
 That crystallised the beams of moon
 and sun,
 And made a star of every one :
 No mortal builder's most rare device
 Could match this winter-palace of
 ice ;
 'Twas as if every image that mirrored
 lay
 In his depths serene through the
 summer day,
 Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
 Lest the happy model should be
 lost,
 Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
 By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
 The cheeks of Christmas glow red
 and jolly,
 And sprouting is every corbel and
 rafter
 With lightsome green of ivy and
 holly ;
 Through the deep gulf of the chim-
 ney wide
 Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide ;
 The broad flame-pennons droop and
 flap
 And belly and tug as a flag in the
 wind ;
 Like a locust shrills the imprisoned
 sap,
 Hunted to death in its galleries
 blind ;

And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away
as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's stangled
darks
Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and
sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes
a harp,
And rattles and wrings
The icy strings,
Singing, in dreary monotone,
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might
guess,
Was "Shelterless, shelterless, shel-
terless!"
The voice of the seneschal flared like
a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away
from the porch,
And he sat in the gateway and saw
all night
The great hall-fire, so cheery and
bold,
Through the window-slits of the
castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
Against the drift of the cold.

PART SECOND

I

THERE was never a leaf on bush or
tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudder-
ingly;
The river was dumb and could not
speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud
had spun;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off
the cold sun;
Again it was morning, but shrunk
and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitley
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

II

Sir Launfal turned from his own
hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom
sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the
Holy Grail;
Little he recked of his earldom's
loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned
the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the
poor.

III

Sir Launfal's raiment, thin and
spare,
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,
For it was just at the Christmas
time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier
clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold
and snow
In the light and warmth of long-
ago;
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black
and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by
one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of
grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt
in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant
played,
And waved its signal of palms.

IV

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an
alms;"
The happy camels may reach the
spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grue-
some thing,

The leper, lank as the rain-blanch'd
bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as
lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern
seas,
In the desolate horror of his disease.

V

And Sir Launfal said, "I behold in
thee
An image of Him who died on the
tree ;
Thou also hast had thy crown of
thorns,
Thou also hast had the world's buf-
fets and scorn,
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet
and side :
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me ;
Behold, through Him, I give to
thee !"

VI

Then the soul of the leper stood up
in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and
straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier
guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie
When he girt his young life up in
gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy
Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and
dust ;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's
brink,
And gave the leper to eat and
drink.
'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown
bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden
bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was
the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with
his thirsty soul.

VII

As Sir Launfal mused with a down-
cast face,
A light shone round about the place ;
The leper no longer crouched at his
side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beau-
tiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

VIII

His words were shed softer than
leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows
on the brine,
That mingle their softness and quiet
in one
With the shaggy unrest they float
down upon ;
And the voice that was calmer than
silence said,
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid !
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the
Holy Grail ;
Behold, it is here,—this cup which
thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for Me
but now ;
This crust is My body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on
the tree ;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's
need ;
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare ;
Who gives himself with his alms
feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbour,
and Me."

IX

Sir Launfal awoke as from a
swoond :
"The Grail in my castle here is
found !

Hang my idle armour up on the wall,
 Let it be the spider's banquet-hall ;
 He must be fenced with stronger mail
 Who would seek and find the Holy
 Grail."

X

The castle gate stands open now,
 And the wanderer is welcome to
 the hall
 As the hangbird is to the elm-tree
 bough ;
 No longer scowl the turrets tall,
 The Summer's long siege at last is
 o'er ;
 When the first poor outcast went in
 at the door,
 She entered with him in disguise,
 And mastered the fortress by sur-
 prise ;
 There is no spot she loves so well on
 ground,
 She lingers and smiles there the
 whole year round ;
 The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's
 land
 Has hall and bower at his command ;
 And there's no poor man in the North
 Countree
 But is lord of the earldom as much
 as he.

NOTE

According to the mythology of the Romancers, the San Greal, or Holy Grail, was the cup out of which Jesus partook of the Last Supper with His disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration, for many years in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word, and deed ; but one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favourite enterprise of the knights of Arthur's court to go in search of it. Sir Galahad was at last successful in finding it, as may be read in the seventeenth book of the Romance of King Arthur. Tennyson has made Sir Galahad the subject of one of the most exquisite of his poems.

The plot (if I may give that name to anything so slight) of the foregoing poem is my own, and, to serve its purposes, I have enlarged the circle of competition in search of the miraculous cup in such a manner as to include, not only other persons than the heroes of the Round Table, but also a period of time subsequent to the date of King Arthur's reign.

A FABLE FOR CRITICS

READER! *walk up at once (it will soon be too late),
and buy at a perfectly ruinous rate*

A FABLE FOR CRITICS:

OR, BETTER,

*(I like, as a thing that the reader's first fancy may strike,
an old-fashioned title-page,
such as presents a tabular view of the volume's contents),*

A GLANCE AT A FEW OF OUR LITERARY PROGENIES

(Mrs. Malaprop's word)

FROM THE TUB OF DIOGENES;

A VOCAL AND MUSICAL MEDLEY,

THAT IS,

A SERIES OF JOKES

By a Wonderful

*who accompanies himself with a rub-a-dub-dub, full of spirit and grace,
on the top of the tub.*

Set forth in October, the 31st day,

In the year '48, G. P. PUTNAM, Broadway.

TO

PREFATORY NOTE

CHARLES F. BRIGGS

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

THIS *jeu d'esprit* was extemporised, I may fairly say, so rapidly was it written, purely for my own amusement, and with no thought of publication. I sent daily instalments of it to a friend in New York, the late Charles F. Briggs. He urged me to let it be printed, and I at last consented to its anonymous publication. The secret was kept till after several persons had laid claim to its authorship.

It being the commonest mode of procedure, I premise a few candid remarks

TO THE READER :—

This trifle, begun to please only myself and my own private fancy, was laid on the shelf. But some friends, who had seen it, induced me, by dint of say-

ing they liked it, to put it in print. That is, having come to that very conclusion, I consulted them when it would make no confusion. For though (in the gentlest of ways) they had hinted it was scarce worth the while, I should doubtless have printed it.

I began it, intending a Fable, a frail, slender thing, rhyme-ywinged, with a sting in its tail. But, by additions and alterings not previously planned, digressions chance-hatched, like birds' eggs in the sand, and dawdlings to suit every whimsey's demand (always freeing the bird which I held in my hand, for the two perched, perhaps out of reach, in the tree),—it grew by degrees to the size which you see. I was like the old woman that carried the calf, and my neighbours, like hers, no doubt, wonder and laugh; and when, my strained arms with their grown burthen full, I call it my Fable, they call it a bull.

Having scrawled at full gallop (as far as that goes) in a style that is neither good verse nor bad prose, and being a person whom nobody knows, some people will say I am rather more free with my readers than it is becoming to be, that I seem to expect them to wait on my leisure in following wherever I wander at pleasure—that, in short, I take more than a young author's lawful ease, and laugh in a queer way so like Mephistopheles, that the public will doubt, as they grope through my rhythm, if in truth I am making fun *at* them or *with* them.

So the excellent Public is hereby assured that the sale of my book is already secured. For there is not a poet throughout the whole land but will purchase a copy or two out of hand, in the fond expectation of being amused in it, by seeing his betters cut up and abused in it. Now, I find, by a pretty exact calculation, there are something like ten thousand bards in the nation, of that special variety whom the Review and Magazine critics call *lofty* and *true*, and about thirty thousand (*this* tribe is increasing) of the kinds who are termed *full of promise* and *pleasing*. The Public will see by a glance at this schedule, that they cannot expect me to be over-sedulous about courting *them*, since it seems I have got enough fuel made sure of for boiling my *pot*.

As for such of our poets as find not their names mentioned once in my pages, with praises or blames, let them SEND IN THEIR CARDS, without further DELAY, to my friend G. P. PUTNAM, Esquire, in Broadway, where a LIST will be kept with the strictest regard to the day and the hour of receiving the card. Then, taking them up as I chance to have time (that is, if their names can be twisted in rhyme), I will honestly give each his PROPER POSITION, at the rate of ONE AUTHOR to each NEW EDITION. Thus a PREMIUM is offered sufficiently HIGH (as the magazines say when they tell their best lie) to induce bards to CLUB their resources and buy the balance of every edition, until they have all of them fairly been run through the mill.

One word to such readers (judicious and wise) as read books with something behind the mere eyes, of whom in the country, perhaps, there are two, including myself, gentle reader, and you. All the characters sketched in this slight *jeu d'esprit*, though, it may be, they seem, here and there, rather free, and drawn from a Mephistophelian standpoint, are *meant* to be faithful, and that is the grand point, and none but an owl would feel sore at a rub from a jester who tells you, without any subterfuge, that he sits in Diogenes' tub.

A PRELIMINARY NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION,

though it well may be reckoned, of all composition, the species at once most delightful and healthy, is a thing which an author, unless he be wealthy and willing to pay for that kind of delight, is not, in all instances, called on to write. Though there are, it is said, who, their spirits to cheer, slip in a new title-page three times a year, and in this way snuff up an imaginary savour of that sweetest of dishes, the popular favour,—much as if a starved painter should fall to and treat the Ugolino inside to a picture of meat.

You remember (if not, pray turn over and look) that, in writing the preface which ushered my book, I treated you, excellent Public, not merely with a cool disregard, but downright cavalierly. Now I would not take back the least

thing I then said, though I thereby could butter both sides of my bread, for I never could see that an author owed ought to the people he solaced, diverted, or taught; and, as for mere fame, I have long ago learned that the persons by whom it is finally earned are those with whom *your* verdict weighed not a pin, unsustained by the higher court sitting within.

But I wander from what I intended to say,—that you have, namely, shown such a liberal way of thinking, and so much æsthetic perception of anonymous worth in the handsome reception you gave to my book, spite of some private piques (having bought the first thousand in barely two weeks), that I think, past a doubt, if you measured the phiz of yours most devotedly, Wonderful Quiz, you would find that its vertical section was shorter, by an inch and two tenths, or 'twixt that and a quarter.

You have watched a child playing—in those wondrous years when belief is not bound to the eyes and the ears, and the vision divine is so clear and unmarred, that each baker of pies in the dirt is a bard? Give a knife and a shingle, he fits out a fleet, and, on that little mud-puddle over the street, his invention, in purest good faith, will make sail round the globe with a puff of his breath for a gale, will visit in barely ten minutes all climes, and find North-western passages hundreds of times. Or, suppose the young Poet, fresh stored with delights from that Bible of childhood, the Arabian Nights, he will turn to a crony and cry, "Jack, let's play that I am a Genius!" Jacky straightway makes Aladdin's lamp out of a stone, and, for hours, they enjoy each his own supernatural powers. This is all very pretty and pleasant, but then suppose our two urchins have grown into men, and both have turned authors,—one says to his brother, "Let's play we're the American something or other,—say Homer or Sophocles, Goethe or Scott (only let them be big enough, no matter what). Come, you shall be Byron or Pope, which you choose: I'll be Coleridge, and both shall write mutual reviews." So they both (as mere strangers) before many days send each other a cord of anonymous bays. Each, piling his epithets, smiles in his sleeve to see what his friend can be made

to believe; each, reading the other's unbiassed review, thinks—"Here's pretty high praise, but no more than is true." Well, we laugh at them both, and yet make no great fuss when the same farce is acted to benefit us. Even I, who, if asked, scarce a month since, what Fudge meant, should have answered, the dear Public's critical judgment, begin to think sharp-witted Horace spoke sooth when he said that the Public *sometimes* hit the truth.

In reading these lines, you perhaps have a vision of a person in pretty good health and condition, and yet, since I put forth my primary edition, I have been crushed, scorched, withered, used up and put down (by Smith with the cordial assistance of Brown), in all, if you put any faith in my rhymes, to the number of ninety-five several times, and, while I am writing,—I tremble to think of it, for I may at this moment be just on the brink of it,—Molybdostom, angry at being omitted, has begun a critique,—am I not to be pitied?¹

Now I shall not crush *them*, since, indeed, for that matter, no pressure I know of could render them flatter; nor wither, nor scorch them,—no action of fire could make either them or their articles drier; nor waste time in putting them down—I am thinking not their own self-inflation will keep them from sinking; for there's this contradiction about the whole bevy,—though without the least weight, they are awfully heavy. No, my dear honest bore, *surdo fabulam narras*, they are no more to me than a rat in the arras. I can walk with the Doctor, get facts from the Don, or draw out the Lambish quintessence of John, and feel nothing more than a half-comic sorrow, to think that they all will be lying to-morrow tossed carelessly up on the waste-paper shelves, and forgotten by all but their half-dozen selves. Once snug in my attic, my fire in a roar, I leave the whole pack of them outside the door. With Hakluyt or Purchas I wander away to the black northern seas or barbaric Cathay; get *foi* with

¹ The wise Scandinavians probably called their bards by the queer-looking title of Scald, in a delicate way, as it were, just to hint to the world the hot water they always get into.

O'Shanter, and sober me then with that builder of brick-kilnish dramas, rare Ben; snuff Heffert, as holy as a flower on a grave; with Fletcher wax tender, o'er Chapman grow brave; with Marlowe or Kyd take a fine poet-rave; in Very, most Hebrew of Saxons, find peace; with Lycidas welter on vext Irish seas; with Webster grow wild, and climb earthward again, down by mystical Browne's Jacob's-ladder-like brain, to that spiritual Pepys (Cotton's version) Montaigne; find a new depth in Wordsworth undreamed of before,—that divinely inspired, wise, deep, tender, grand—bore. Or, out of my study, the scholar thrown off, Nature holds up her shield 'gainst the sneer and the scoff; the landscape, for ever consoling and kind, pours her wine and her oil on the smarts of the mind. The waterfall, scattering its vanishing gems; the tall grove of hemlocks, with moss on their stems, like splashes of sunlight; the pond in the woods, where no foot but mine and the bittern's intrudes—these are all my kind neighbours, and leave me no wish to say aught to you all, my poor critics, but—pish! I have buried the hatchet: I am twisting an allumette out of one of you now, and relighting my calumet. In your private capacities come when you please, I will give you my hand and a fresh pipe apiece.

As I ran through the leaves of my poor little book, to take a fond author's first tremulous look, it was quite an excitement to hunt the *errata*, sprawled in as birds' tracks are in some kind of strata (only these made things crookeder). Fancy an heir that a father had seen born well-featured and fair, turning suddenly wry-nosed, club-footed, squint-eyed, hair-lipped, wapper-jawed, carrot-haired, from a pride become an aversion,—my case was yet worse. A club-foot

(by way of a change) in a verse, I might have forgiven, an *o's* being wry, a limp in an *e*, or a cock in an *i*,—but to have the sweet babe of my brain served in *pi*! I am not queasy-stomached, but such a Thyestean banquet as that was quite out of the question.

In the edition now issued, no pains are neglected, and my verses, as orators say, stand corrected. Yet some blunders remain of the Public's own make, which I wish to correct for my personal sake. For instance, a character drawn in pure fun and condensing the traits of a dozen in one, has been, as I hear, by some persons applied to a good friend of mine, whom to stab in the side, as we walked along chatting and joking together, would not be *my* way. I can hardly tell whether a question will ever arise in which he and I should by any strange fortune agree, but meanwhile my esteem for him grows as I know him, and, though not the best judge on earth of a poem, he knows what it is he is saying and why, and is honest and fearless, two good points which I have not found so rife. I can easily smother my love for them, whether on my side or i' other.

For my other *anonymi*, you may be sure that I know what is meant by a caricature, and what by a portrait. There *are* those who think it is capital fun to be splattering their ink on quiet, unquarrelsome folk, but the minute the game changes sides and the others begin it, they see something savage and horrible in it. As for me, I respect neither women nor men for their gender, nor own any sex in a pen. I choose just to hint to some causeless unfriends that, as far as I know, there are always two ends (and one of them heaviest, too) to a staff, and two parties also to every good laugh.

A FABLE FOR CRITICS

PHŒBUS, sitting one day in a laurel-
 tree's shade,
 Was reminded of Daphne, of whom
 it was made,
 For the god being one day too warm
 in his wooing,
 She took to the tree to escape his
 pursuing;
 Be the cause what it might, from
 his offer she shrunk,
 And, Ginevra-like, shut herself up
 in a trunk;
 And, though 'twas a step into which
 he had driven her,
 He somehow or other had never
 forgiven her;
 Her memory he nursed as a kind of
 a tonic,
 Something bitter to chew when he'd
 play the Byronic,
 And I can't count the obstinate
 nymphs that he brought over
 By a strange kind of smile he
 put on when he thought of
 her.
 "My case is like Dido's," he some-
 times remarked;
 "When I last saw my love, she was
 fairly embarked—
 In a laurel, as *she* thought—but (ah!
 how Fate mocks!)
 She has found it by this time a very
 bad box;
 Let hunters from me take this saw
 when they need it,—
 You're not always sure of your
 game when you've treed it.
 Just conceive such a change taking
 place in one's mistress!
 What romance would be left?—who
 can flatter or kiss trees?
 And, for mercy's sake, how could
 one keep up a dialogue

With a dull wooden thing that will
 live and will die a log,—
 Not to say that the thought would
 for ever intrude
 That you've less chance to win her
 the more she is wood?
 Ah! it went to my heart, and the
 memory still grieves,
 To see those loved graces all taking
 their leaves;
 Those charms beyond speech, so
 enchanting but now,
 As they left me for ever, each mak-
 ing its bough!
 If her tongue *had* a tang sometimes
 more than was right,
 Her new bark is worse than ten
 times her old bite."

Now, Daphne—before she was
 happily treeified—
 Over all other blossoms the lily had
 deified,
 And when she expected the god on
 a visit
 ('Twas before he had made his in-
 tentions explicit),
 Some buds she arranged with a vast
 deal of care,
 To look as if artlessly twined in her
 hair,
 Where they seemed, as he said, when
 he paid his addresses,
 Like the day breaking through the
 long night of her tresses;
 So whenever he wished to be quite
 irresistible,
 Like a man with eight trumps in his
 hand at a whist-table
 (I feared me at first that the rhyme
 was untwistable,
 Though I might have juggled in an
 allusion to *Cristabel*),—

He would take up a lily, and gloomily
look in it,
As I shall at the —, when they cut
up my book in it.

Well, here, after all the bad rhyme
I've been spinning,
I've got back at last to my story's
beginning:
Sitting there, as I say, in the shade
of his mistress,
As dull as a volume of old Chester
mysteries,
Or as those puzzling specimens which,
in old histories,
We read of his verses—the Oracles,
namely,—
(I wonder the Greeks should have
swallowed them tamely,
For one might bet safely, whatever
he has to risk,
They were laid at his door by some
ancient Miss Asterisk,
And so dull that the men who retailed
them outdoors
Got the ill name of augurs, because
they were bores,—)
First, he mused what the animal
substance or herb is
Would induce a mustache, for you
know he's *imberbis*;
Then he shuddered to think how his
youthful position
Was assailed by the age of his son the
physician;
At some poems he glanced, had been
sent to him lately,
And the metre and sentiment puzzled
him greatly;
“Mehercle! I'd make such proceed-
ing felonious,—
Have they all of them slept in the cave
of Trophonius?
Look well to your seat, 'tis like taking
an airing
On a corduroy road, and that out of
repairing;
It leads one, 'tis true, through the
primitive forest,
Grand natural features, but then one
has no rest; •

You just catch a glimpse of some
ravishing distance,
When a jolt puts the whole of it out
of existence,—
Why not use their ears, if they happen
to have any?”
—Here the laurel-leaves murmured
the name of poor Daphne.

“Oh, weep with me, Daphne,” he
sighed, “for you know it's
A terrible thing to be pestered with
poets!
But, alas! she is dumb, and the pro-
verb holds good,
She never will cry till she's out of the
wood!
What wouldn't I give if I never had
known of her?
'Twere a kind of relief had I some-
thing to groan over:
If I had but some letters of hers, now,
to toss over,
I might turn for the nonce a Byronic
philosopher,
And bewitch all the flats by bemoan-
ing the loss of her.
One needs something tangible,
though, to begin on,—
A loom, as it were, for the fancy to
spin on;
What boots all your grist? it can never
be ground
Till a breeze makes the arms of the
windmill go round;
(Or, if 'tis a water-mill, alter the
metaphor,
And say it won't stir, save the wheel
be well wet afore,
Or lug in some stuff about water 'so
dreamily,'—
It is not a metaphor, though, 'tis a
simile);
A lily, perhaps, would set *my* mill a-
going,
For just at this season, I think, they
are blowing.
Here, somebody, fetch one; not very
far hence
They're in bloom by the score, 'tis but
climbing a fence;

There's a poet hard by, who does
 nothing but fill his
 Whole garden, from one end to t'other,
 with lilies;
 A very good plan, were it not for
 satiety,
 One longs for a weed here and there,
 for variety;
 Though a weed is no more than a
 flower in disguise,
 Which is seen through at once, if love
 give a man eyes."

Now there happened to be among
 Phœbus's followers,
 A gentleman, one of the omnivorous
 swallows,
 Who bolt every book that comes out
 of the press,
 Without the least question of larger
 or less,
 Whose stomachs are strong at the
 expense of their head,—
 For reading new books is like eating
 new bread,
 One can bear it at first, but by gradual
 steps he
 Is brought to death's door of a mental
 dyspepsy.
 On a previous stage of existence, our
 Hero
 Had ridden outside, with the glass
 below zero;
 He had been, 'tis a fact you may safely
 rely on,
 Of a very old stock a most eminent
 scion,—
 A stock all fresh quacks their fierce
 boluses ply on,
 Who stretch the new boots Earth's
 unwilling to try on,
 Whom humbugs of all shapes and sorts
 keep their eye on,
 Whose hair's in the mortar of every
 new Zion,
 Who, when whistles are dear, go
 directly and buy one,
 Who think slavery a crime that we
 must not say fie on,
 Who hunt, if they e'er hunt at all, with
 the lion

(Though they hunt lions also, when-
 ever they spy one),
 Who contrive to make every good
 fortune a wry one,
 And at last choose the hard bed of
 honour to die on,
 Whose pedigree, traced to earth's
 earliest years,
 Is longer than anything else but their
 ears;—
 In short, he was sent into life with the
 wrong key,
 He unlocked the door, and stept forth
 a poor donkey.
 Though kicked and abused by his
 bipedal betters,
 Yet he filled no mean place in the king-
 dom of letters;
 Far happier than many a literary
 hack,
 He bore only paper-mill rags on his
 back
 (For it makes a vast difference which
 side the mill
 One expends on the paper his labour
 and skill);
 So, when his soul waited a new trans-
 migration,
 And Destiny balanced 'twixt this and
 that station,
 Not having much time to expend upon
 bothers,
 Remembering he'd had some con-
 nection with authors,
 And considering his four legs had
 grown paralytic,—
 She set him on two, and he came forth
 a critic.

Through his babyhood no kind of
 pleasure he took
 In any amusement but tearing a
 book;
 For him there was no intermediate
 stage
 From babyhood up to strait-laced
 middle age;
 There were years when he didn't wear
 coat-tails behind,
 But a boy he could never be rightly
 deigned;

Like the Irish Good Folk, though in
length scarce a span,
From the womb he came gravely, a
little old man ;
While other boys' trousers demanded
the toil
Of the motherly fingers on all kinds
of soil,
Red, yellow, brown, black, clayey,
gravelly, loamy,
He sat in the corner and read Viri
Romæ.
He never was known to unbend or to
revel once
In base, marbles, hockey, or kick up
the devil once ;
He was just one of those who excite
the benevolence
Of your old prigs whosound the soul's
depths with a ledger,
And are on the lookout for some young
men to "edger-
cate," as they call it, who won't be too
costly,
And who'll afterward take to the
ministry mostly ;
Who always wear spectacles, always
look bilious,
Always keep on good terms with
each *mater-familias*
Throughout the whole parish, and
manage to rear
Ten boys like themselves, on four
hundred a year :
Who, fulfilling in turn the same
fearful conditions,
Either preach through their noses,
or go upon missions.

In this way our Hero got safely to
college,
Where he bolted alike both his
commons and knowledge ;
A reading-machine, always wound
up and going,
He mastered whatever was not
worth the knowing,
Appeared in a gown, and a vest of
black satin,
To spout such a Gothic oration in
Latin

That Tully could never have made
out a word in it
(Though himself was the model the
author preferred in it),
And grasping the parchment which
gave him in fee
All the mystic and-so-forths con-
tained in A. B.,
He was launched (life is always
compared to a sea)
With just enough learning, and skill
for the using it,
To prove he'd a brain, by for ever
confusing it.
So worthy St. Benedict, piously
burning
With the holiest zeal against secular
learning,
Nesciensque scienter, as writers ex-
press it,
Indoctusque sapienter a Roma recessit.

'Twould be endless to tell you the
things that he knew,
All separate facts, undeniably true,
But with him or each other they'd
nothing to do ;
No power of combining, arranging,
discerning,
Digested the masses he learned into
learning ;
There was one thing in life he had
practical knowledge for
(And this, you will think, he need
scarce go to college for),—
Not a deed would he do, nor a word
would he utter,
Till he'd weighed its relations to
plain bread and butter.
When he left Alma Mater, he prac-
tised his wits
In compiling the journals' historical
bits,—
Of shops broken open, men falling
in fits,
Great fortunes in England bequeathed
to poor printers,
And cold spells, the coldest for many
past winters,—
Then, rising by industry, knack, and
address,
Got notices up for an unbiassed press ;

With a mind so well poised, it
seemed equally made for
Applause or abuse, just which
chanced to be paid for :
From this point his progress was
rapid and sure,
To the post of a regular heavy re-
viewer.

And here I must say he wrote
excellent articles
On Hebraical points or the force of
Greek particles ;
They filled up the space nothing else
was prepared for,
And nobody read that which nobody
cared for ;
If any old book reached a fiftieth
edition,
He could fill forty pages with safe
erudition :
He could gauge the old books by the
old set of rules,
And his very old nothings pleased
very old fools ;
But give him a new book, fresh out
of the heart,
And you put him at sea without
compass or chart,—
His blunders aspired to the rank of
an art ;
For his lore was engraft, some-
thing foreign that grew in
him,
Exhausting the sap of the native and
true in him,
So that when a man came with a
soul that was new in him,
Carving new forms of truth out of
Nature's old granite,
New and old at their birth, like Le
Verrier's planet,
Which, to get a true judgment, them-
selves must create
In the soul of their critic the measure
and weight,
Being rather themselves a fresh
standard of grace,
To compute their own judge, and
assign him his place,
Our reviewer would crawl all about
it and round it,

And, reporting each circumstance
just as he found it,
Without the least malice,—his record
would be
Profoundly æsthetic as that of a flea,
Which, supping on Wordsworth,
should print, for our sakes,
Recollections of nights with the
Bard of the Lakes,
Or, lodged by an Arab guide, ven-
tured to render a
General view of the ruins at Denderah.

As I said, he was never precisely
unkind,
The defect in his brain was just
absence of mind ;
If he boasted, 'twas simply that he
was self-made,
A position which I, for one, never
gainsaid,
My respect for my Maker supposing
a skill
In His works which our Hero would
answer but ill ;
And I trust that the mould which he
used may be cracked, or he,
Made bold by success, may enlarge
his phylactery,
And set up a kind of a man-manu-
factory,—
An event which I shudder to think
about, seeing
That Man is a moral, accountable
being.

He meant well enough, but was
still in the way,
As a dunce always is, let him be
where he may ;
Indeed, they appear to come into
existence
To impede other folks with their
awkward assistance ;
If you set up a dunce on the very
North pole
All alone with himself, I believe, on
my soul,
He'd manage to get betwixt some-
body's shins,
And pitch him down bodily, all in
his sins,

To the grave polar bears sitting
 round on the ice,
 All shortening their grace, to be in
 for a slice;
 Or, if he found nobody else there to
 pother,
 Why, one of his legs would just trip
 up the other,
 For there's nothing we read of in
 torture's inventions
 Like a well-meaning dunce with the
 best of intentions.

A terrible fellow to meet in society,
 Not the toast that he buttered was
 ever so dry at tea;
 There he'd sit at the table and stir
 in his sugar,
 Crouching close for a spring, all the
 while, like a cougar;
 Be sure of your facts, of your mea-
 sures and weights,
 Of your time,—he's as fond as an
 Arab of dates;—
 You'll be telling, perhaps, in your
 comical way,
 Of something you've seen in the
 course of the day;
 And, just as you're tapering out the
 conclusion,
 You venture an ill-fated classic
 allusion,—
 The girls have all got their laughs
 ready, when, whack!
 The cougar comes down on your
 thunder-struck back!
 You had left out a comma,—your
 Greek's put in joint,
 And pointed at cost of your story's
 whole point.
 In the course of the evening, you
 venture on certain
 Soft speeches to Anne, in the shade
 of the curtain:
 You tell her your heart can be likened
 to one flower,
 "And that, O most charming of
 women, 's the sunflower,
 Which turns"—here a clear nasal
 voice, to your terror,
 From outside the curtain, says,
 "That's all an error"

As for him, he's—no matter, he never
 grew tender,
 Sitting after a ball, with his feet on
 the fender,
 Shaping somebody's sweet features
 out of cigar smoke
 (Though he'd willingly grant you that
 such doings are smoke);
 All women he damns with *mutabile*
semper,
 And if ever he felt something like
 love's distemper,
 'Twas tow'rd a young lady who
 spoke ancient Mexican,
 And assisted her father in making a
 lexicon;
 Though I recollect hearing him get
 quite ferocious
 About Mary Clausum, the mistress
 of Grotius,
 Or something of that sort,—but, no
 more to bore ye
 With character-painting, I'll turn to
 my story.

Now, Apollo, who finds it con-
 venient sometimes
 To get his court clear of the makers
 of rhymes,
 The *genus*, I think it is called, *irritabile*,
 Every one of whom thinks himself
 treated most shabbily,
 And nurses a—what is it?—*immedi-*
cabile,
 Which keeps him at boiling-point,
 hot for a quarrel,
 As bitter as wormwood, and sourer
 than sorrel,
 If any poor devil but look at a
 laurel;—
 Apollo, I say, being sick of their
 rioting
 (Though he sometimes acknowledged
 their verse had a quieting
 Effect after dinner, and seemed to
 suggest a
 Retreat to the shrine of a tranquil
 siesta),
 Kept our Hero at hand, who, by
 means of a bray,
 Which he gave to the life, drove the
 rabble away;

And if that wouldn't do, he was sure
to succeed
If he took his review out and offered
to read ;
Or, failing in plans of this milder
description,
He would ask for their aid to get up
a subscription,
Considering that authorship wasn't
a rich craft,
To print the "American Drama of
Witchcraft."
"Stay, I'll read you a scene,"—but
he hardly began,
Ere Apollo shrieked "Help!" and
the authors all ran :
And once, when these purgatives
acted with less spirit,
And the desperate case asked a
remedy desperate,
He drew from his pocket a foolscap
epistle
As calmly as if 'twere a nine-
barrelled pistol,
And threatened them all with the
judgment to come,
Of "A Wandering Star's" first impres-
sions of Rome."
"Stop! stop!" with their hands
o'er their ears, screamed the
Muses,
"He may go off and murder himself,
if he chooses ;
'Twas a means self-defence only
sanctioned his trying,
'Tis mere massacre now that the
enemy's flying ;
If he's forced to't again, and we
happen to be there,
Give us each a large handkerchief
soaked in strong ether."

I called this a "Fable for Critics ;"
you think it's
More like a display of my rhythmical
trinkets ;
My plot, like an icicle, 's slender and
slippery,
Every moment more slender, and
likely to slip awry,
And the reader unwilling *in loco desi-*
pere,

Is free to jump over as much of my
frillery
As he fancies, and, if he's a provi-
dent skipper, he
May have, like Odysseus, sway of the
gales,
And get safe to port ere his patience
quite fails ;
Moreover, although 'tis a slender
return
For your toil and expense, yet my
paper will burn,
And, if you have manfully struggled
thus far with me,
You may e'en twist me up, and just
light your cigar with me :
If too angry for that, you can tear
me in pieces,
And my *membra disjecta* consign to
the breezes,
A fate like great Ratzau's, whom one
of those bores,
Who befleaded with bad verses poor
Louis Quatorze,
Describes (the first verse somehow
ends with *victoire*),
As *dispersant partout et ses membres et*
sa gloire ;
Or, if I were over-desirous of earning
A repute among noodles for classical
learning,
I could pick you a score of allusions,
i-wis,
As new as the jests of *Didaskalos tis* ;
Better still, I could make out a good
solid list
From recondite authors who do not
exist,—
But that would be naughty: at least,
I could twist
Something out of Absyrtus, or turn
your inquiries
After Milton's prose metaphor drawn
from Osiris ;
But, as Cicero says he won't say this
or that
(A fetch, I must say, most trans-
parent and flat),
After saying whate'er he could pos-
sibly think of,—
I simply will state that I pause on
the brink of

A mire, ankle-deep, of deliberate
confusion,
Made up of old jumbles of classic
allusion :
So, when you were thinking your-
selves to be pitied,
Just conceive how much harder your
teeth you'd have gritted,
An 'twere not for the dulness I've
kindly omitted.

I'd apologise here for my many
digressions,
Were it not that I'm certain to trip
into fresh ones
('Tis so hard to escape if you get in
their mesh once);
Just reflect, if you please, how 'tis
said by Horatius,
That Mæonides nods now and then,
and, my gracious !
It certainly does look a little bit
ominous
When he gets under way with *ton d'*
apameibomenos.
(Here a something occurs which I'll
just clap a rhyme to,
And say it myself, ere a Zoilus have
time to,—
Any author a nap like Van Winkle's
may take,
If he only contrive to keep readers
awake,
But he'll very soon find himself laid
on the shelf
If *they* fall a-nodding when he nods
himself.)

Once for all, to return, and to stay,
will I, nill I—
When Phœbus expressed his desire
for a lily,
Our hero, whose homœopathic saga-
city
With an ocean of zeal mixed his drop
of capacity,
Set off for the garden as fast as the
wind
(Or, to take a comparison more to
my mind,
As a sound politician leaves con-
science behind), .

And leaped the low fence, as a party
hack jumps
O'er his principles, when something
else turns up trumps.

He was gone a long time, and
Apollo, meanwhile,
Went over some sonnets of his with
a file,
For, of all compositions, he thought
that the sonnet
Best repaid all the toil you expended
upon it ;
It should reach with one impulse the
end of its course,
And for one final blow collect all of
its force ;
Not a verse should be salient, but
each one should tend
With a wave-like up-gathering to
break at the end ;
So, condensing the strength here,
there smoothing a wry kink,
He was killing the time, when up
walked Mr. — ;
At a few steps behind him, a small
man in glasses
Went dodging about, muttering,
" Murderers ! asses !"
From out of his pocket a paper he'd
take,
With the proud look of martyrdom
tied to its stake,
And, reading a squib at himself, he'd
say, " Here I see
'Gainst American letters a bloody
conspiracy ;
They are all by my personal enemies
written :
I must post an anonymous letter to
Britain,
And show that this gall is the merest
suggestion
Of spite at my zeal on the Copyright
question ;
For, on this side the water, 'tis
prudent to pull
O'er the eyes of the public their
national wool,
By accusing of slavish respect to
John Bull

All American authors who have more
or less
Of that anti-American humbug—
success,
While in private we're always embracing the knees
Of some twopenny editor over the
seas,
And licking his critical shoes, for
you know 'tis
The whole aim of our lives to get
one English notice;
My American puffs I would willingly
burn all
(They're all from one source, monthly,
weekly, diurnal)
To get but a kick from a transmarine
journal!"

So, culling the gibes of each critical scornee
As if they were plums, and himself
were Jack Horner,
He came cautiously on, peeping round
every corner,
And into each hole where a weasel
might pass in,
Expecting the knife of some critic
assassin,
Who stabs to the heart with a caricature,
Not so bad as those daubs of the
Sun, to be sure,
Yet done with a dagger-o'-type,
whose vile portraits
Disperse all one's good and condense
all one's poor traits.

Apollo looked up, hearing footsteps
approaching,
And slipped out of sight the new
rhymes he was broaching.
"Good day, Mr. —; I'm happy to
meet
With a scholar so ripe, and a critic
so neat,
Who through Grub Street the soul
of a gentleman carries;
What news from that suburb of
London and Paris

Which latterly makes such shrill
claims to monopolise
The credit of being the New World's
metropolis?"

"Why, nothing of consequence,
save this attack
On my friend there behind, by some
pitiful hack,
Who thinks every national author a
poor one
That isn't a copy of something that's
foreign,
And assaults the American Dick—"

"Nay, 'tis clear
That your Damon there's fond of a
flea in his ear,
And, if no one else furnished them
gratis, on tick
He would buy some himself, just to
hear the old click;
Why, I honestly think, if some fool
in Japan
Should turn up his nose at the 'Poems
on Man,'
Your friend there by some inward
instinct would know it,
Would get it translated, reprinted,
and show it;
As a man might take off a high stock
to exhibit
The autograph round his own neck
of the gibbet;
Nor would let it rest so, but fire
column after column,
Signed Cato, or Brutus, or something
as solemn,
By way of displaying his critical
crosses,
And tweaking that poor transatlantic
proboscis,
His broadsides resulting (this last
there's no doubt of)
In successively sinking the craft
they're fired out of.
Now nobody knows when an author is
hit,
If he don't have a public hysterical
fit."

Let him only keep close in his snug
garret's dim ether,
And nobody 'd think of his foes—or
him either;
If an author have any least fibre of
worth in him,
Abuse would but tickle the organ of
mirth in him;
All the critics on earth cannot crush
with their ban
One word that's in tune with the
nature of man."

"Well, perhaps so; meanwhile I
have brought you a book,
Into which if you'll just have the
goodness to look,
You may feel so delighted (when
you have got through it)
As to think it not unworth your
while to review it,
And I think I can promise your
thoughts, if you do,
A place in the next *Democratic
Review*."

"The most thankless of gods you
must surely have thought me,
For this is the forty-fourth copy
you've brought me,
I have given them away, or at least
I have tried,
But I've forty-two left, standing all
side by side
(The man who accepted that one
copy died),—
From one end of a shelf to the other
they reach,
'With the author's respects' neatly
written in each.
The publisher, sure, will proclaim a
Te Deum
When he hears of that order the
British Museum
Has sent for one set of what books
were first printed
In America, little or big,—for 'tis
hinted
That this is the first truly tangible
hope he
Has ever had raised for the sale of a
copy.

I've thought very often 'twould be a
good thing
In all public collections of books, if
a wing
Were set off by itself, like the seas
from the dry lands,
Marked *Literature suited to desolate
islands*,
And filled with such books as could
never be read
Save by readers of proofs, forced to
do it for bread,—
Such books as one's wrecked on in
small country taverns,
Such as hermits might mortify over
in caverns,
Such as Satan, if printing had then
been invented,
As the climax of woe would to Job
have presented,
Such as Crusoe might dip in, al-
though there are few so
Outrageously cornered by fate as
poor Crusoe;
And since the philanthropists just
now are banging
And gibbeting all who're in favour of
hanging
(Though Cheever has proved that
the Bible and Altar
Were let down from Heaven at the
end of a halter,
And that vital religion would dull
and grow callous,
Unrefreshed, now and then, with a
sniff of the gallows),
And folks are beginning to think it
looks odd
To choke a poor scamp for the glory
of God;
And that He who esteems the
Virginia reel
A bait to draw saints from their
spiritual weal,
And regards the quadrille as a far
greater knavery
Than crushing His African children
with slavery,—
Since all who take part in a waltz or
cotillon
Are mounted for hell on the Devil's
own pillion,

Who, as every true orthodox Christian
 well knows,
 Approaches the heart through the
 door of the toes,—
 That He, I was saying, whose judg-
 ments are stored
 For such as take steps in despite of
 His word,
 Should look with delight on the
 agonised prancing
 Of a wretch who has not the least
 ground for his dancing,
 While the State, standing by,
 sings a verse from the
 Psalter
 About offering to God on His
 favourite halter,
 And, when the legs droop from their
 twitching divergence,
 Sells the clothes to a Jew, and the
 corpse to the sur-
 geons ;—
 Now, instead of all this, I think I
 can direct you all
 To a criminal code both humane and
 effectual ;—
 I propose to shut up every doer of
 wrong
 With these desperate books, for such
 term, short or long,
 As by statute in such cases made
 and provided,
 Shall be by your wise legislators
 decided :
 Thus : Let murderers be shut, to
 grow wiser and cooler,
 At hard labour for life on the works
 of Miss — ;
 Petty thieves, kept from flagrant
 crimes by their fears,
 Shall peruse Yankee Doodle a blank
 term of years,—
 That American *Punch*, like the
 English, no doubt,—
 Just the sugar and lemons and spirit
 left out.

“But stay, here comes Tityrus
 Griswold, and leads on
 The flocks whom he first plucks alive
 and then feeds on,—

A loud-cackling swarm, in whose
 feathers warm-drest,
 He goes for as perfect a — swan as
 the rest.

“There comes Emerson first,
 whose rich words, every one,
 Are like gold nails in temples to
 hang trophies on,
 Whose prose is grand verse, while
 his verse, the Lord knows,
 Is some of it pr— No, 'tis not even
 prose ;
 I'm speaking of metres : some poems
 have welled
 From those rare depths of soul that
 have ne'er been excelled :
 They're not epics, but that doesn't
 matter a pin ;
 In creating, the only hard thing's
 to begin ;
 A grass-blade's no easier to make
 than an oak ;
 If you've once found the way, you've
 achieved the grand stroke ;
 In the worst of his poems are mines
 of rich matter,
 But thrown in a heap with a crush
 and a clatter.
 Now, it is not one thing nor another
 alone
 Makes a poem, but rather the general
 tone,
 The something pervading, uniting
 the whole,
 The before unconceived, unconceiv-
 able soul,
 So that just in removing this trifle
 or that, you
 Take away, as it were, a chief limb
 of the statue ;
 Roots, wood, bark, and leaves singly
 perfect may be,
 But, clapt hodge-podge together,
 they don't make a tree.

“But, to come back to Emerson
 (whom, by the way,
 I believe we left waiting),—his is,
 we may say,

A Greek head on right Yankee
shoulders, whose range
Has Olympus for one pole, for t'other
the Exchange ;
He seems, to my thinking (although
I'm afraid
The comparison must, long ere this,
have been made),
A Plotinus-Montaigne, where the
Egyptian's gold mist
And the Gascon's shrewd wit cheek-
by-jowl coexist ;
All admire, and yet scarcely six
converts he's got
To I don't (nor they either) exactly
know what ;
For though he builds glorious
temples, 'tis odd
He leaves never a doorway to get in
a god.
'Tis refreshing to old-fashioned
people like me
To meet such a primitive Pagan
as he,
In whose mind all creation is duly
respected
As parts of himself—just a little pro-
jected ;
And who's willing to worship the
stars and the sun,
A convert to—nothing but Emer-
son.
So perfect a balance there is in his
head,
That he talks of things sometimes as
if they were dead ;
Life, nature, love, God, and affairs
of that sort,
He looks at as merely ideas ; in
short,
As if they were fossils stuck round
in a cabinet,
Of such vast extent that our earth's
a mere dab in it ;
Composed just as he is inclined to
conjecture her,
Namely, one part pure earth, ninety-
nine parts pure lecturer ;
You are filled with delight at his
clear demonstration,
Each figure, word, gesture, just fits
the occasion,

With the quiet precision of science
he'll sort 'em,
But you can't help suspecting the
whole a *post-mortem*.

“There are persons, mole-blind
to the soul's make and style,
Who insist on a likeness 'twixt him
and Carlyle ;
To compare him with Plato would
be vastly fairer,
Carlyle's the more burly, but E. is
the rarer ;
He sees fewer objects, but clearer,
truelier ;
If C.'s as original, E.'s more peculiar ;
That he's more of a man you might
say of the one,
Of the other he's more of an Emer-
son ;
C.'s the Titan, as shaggy of mind as
of limb,—
E. the clear-eyed Olympian, rapid
and slim ;
The one's two-thirds Norseman, the
other half Greek,
Where the one's most abounding, the
other's to seek ;
C.'s generals require to be seen in
the mass,—
E.'s specialties gain if enlarged by
the glass ;
C. gives nature and God his own
fits of the blues,
And rims common-sense things with
mystical hues,—
E. sits in a mystery calm and in-
tense,
And looks coolly around him with
sharp common-sense ;
C. shows you how every-day matters
unite
With the dim transdiurnal recesses
of night,—
While E., in a plain, preternatural
way,
Makes mysteries matters of mere
every day ;
C. draws all his characters quite *à la*
Fuseli,—
He don't sketch their bundles of
muscles and thews illy,

But he paints with a brush so untamed and profuse,
 They seem nothing but bundles of muscles and thews;
 E. is rather like Flaxman, lines strait and severe,
 And a colourless outline, but full, round, and clear;—
 To the men he thinks worthy he frankly accords
 The design of a white marble statue in words.
 C. labours to get at the centre, and then
 Take a reckoning from there of his actions and men;
 E. calmly assumes the said centre as granted,
 And, given himself, has whatever is wanted.

“He has imitators in scores, who omit
 No part of the man but his wisdom and wit,—
 Who go carefully o’er the sky-blue of his brain,
 And when he has skimmed it once, skim it again;
 If at all they resemble him, you may be sure it is
 Because their shoals mirror his mists and obscurities,
 As a mud-puddle seems deep as heaven for a minute,
 While a cloud that floats o’er is reflected within it.

“There comes —, for instance;
 to see him’s rare sport,
 Tread in Emerson’s tracks with legs painfully short;
 How he jumps, how he strains, and gets red in the face,
 To keep step with the mystagogue’s natural pace!
 He follows as close as a stick to a rocket,
 His fingers exploring the prophet’s each pocket.
 Fie, for shame, brother bard; with good fruit of your own,

Can’t you let Neighbour Emerson’s orchards alone?
 Besides, ’tis no use, you’ll not find e’en a core,—
 — has picked up all the windfalls before.
 They might strip every tree, and E. never would catch ’em,
 His Hesperides have no rude dragon to watch ’em;
 When they send him a dishful, and ask him to try ’em,
 He never suspects how the sly rogues came by ’em;
 He wonders why ’tis there are none such his trees on,
 And thinks ’em the best he has tasted this season.

“Yonder, calm as a cloud, Alcott stalks in a dream,
 And fancies himself in thy groves, Academe,
 With the Parthenon nigh, and the olive-trees o’er him,
 And never a fact to perplex him or bore him,
 With a snug room at Plato’s, when night comes, to walk to,
 And people from morning till mid-night to talk to,
 And from midnight till morning, nor snore in their listening;—
 So he muses, his face with the joy of it glistering,
 For his highest conceit of a happiest state is
 Where they’d live upon acorns, and hear him talk gratis;
 And indeed, I believe, no man ever talked better,—
 Each sentence hangs perfectly poised to a letter;
 He seems piling words, but there’s royal dust hid
 In the heart of each sky-piercing pyramid.
 While he talks he is great, but goes out like a taper,
 I bear shut him up closely with pen, w^e. and paper;

Yet his fingers itch for 'em from
morning till night,
And he thinks he does wrong if he
don't always write;
In this, as in all things, a lamb
among men,
He goes to sure death when he goes
to his pen.

"Close behind him is Brownson,
his mouth very full
With attempting to gulp a Gregorian
bull;
Who contrives, spite of that, to pour
out as he goes
A stream of transparent and forcible
prose;
He shifts quite about, then proceeds
to expound
That 'tis merely the earth, not him-
self, that turns round,
And wishes it clearly impressed on
your mind
That the weathercock rules and not
follows the wind;
Proving first, then as deftly confut-
ing each side,
With no doctrine pleased that's not
somewhere denied,
He lays the denier away on the
shelf,
And then—down beside him lies
gravely himself.
He's the Salt River boatman, who
always stands willing
To convey friend or foe without
charging a shilling,
And so fond of the trip that, when
leisure's to spare,
He'll row himself up, if he can't get
a fare.
The worst of it is, that his logic's so
strong,
That of two sides he commonly
chooses the wrong;
If there is only one, why, he'll split
it in two,
And first pummel this half, then
that, black and blue.
That white's white needs no proof,
but it takes a deep fellow

To prove it jet-black, and that jet-
black is yellow.
He offers the true faith to drink in
a sieve,—
When it reaches your lips there's
naught left to believe
But a few silly- (syllable, I mean,)—
-gisms that squat 'em
Like tadpoles, o'erjoyed with the
mud at the bottom.

"There is Willis, all natty and
jaunty and gay,
Who says his best things in so
foppish a way,
With conceits and pet phrases so
thickly o'erlaying 'em,
That one hardly knows whether to
thank him for saying 'em;
Over-ornament ruins both poem and
prose;
Just conceive of a Muse with a ring
in her nose!
His prose has a natural grace of his
own,
And enough of it, too, if he'd let it
alone;
But he twitches and jerks so, one
fairly gets tired,
And is forced to forgive where he
might have admired;
Yet whenever it slips away free and
unlaced,
It runs like a stream with a musical
waste,
And gurgles along with the liquidest
sweep;—
'Tis not deep as a river, but who'd
have it deep?
In a country where scarcely a village
is found
That has not its author sublime and
profound,
For some one to be slightly shoal is
a duty,
And Willis's shallowness makes half
his beauty.
His prose winds along with a blithe,
gurgling error,
And reflects all of Heaven it can see
in its mirror:

'Tis a narrowish strip, but it is not
 an artifice;
 'Tis the true out-of-doors with its
 genuine hearty phiz;
 It is Nature herself, and there's
 something in that,
 Since most brains reflect but the
 crown of a hat.
 Few volumes I know to read under
 a tree
 More truly delicious than his A
 l'Abri,
 With the shadows of leaves flowing
 over your book,
 Like ripple-shades netting the bed
 of a brook;
 With June coming softly your
 shoulder to look over,
 Breezes waiting to turn every leaf
 of your book over,
 And Nature to criticise still as you
 read,—
 The page that bears that is a rare
 one indeed.

"He's so innate a cockney, that
 had he been born
 Where plain bare-skin's the only
 full-dress that is worn,
 He'd have given his own such an
 air that you'd say
 'T had been made by a tailor to
 lounge in Broadway.
 His nature's a glass of champagne
 with the foam on't,
 As tender as Fletcher, as witty as
 Beaumont;
 So his best things are done in the
 flush of the moment;
 If he wait, all is spoiled; he may
 stir it and shake it,
 But, the fixed air once gone, he can
 never remake it.
 He might be a marvel of easy de-
 lightfulness,
 If he would not sometimes leave the
 r out of sprightfulness;
 And he ought to let Scripture alone
 —'tis self-slaughter,
 For nobody likes inspiration-and-
 water.

He'd have been just the fellow to
 sup at the Mermaid,
 Cracking jokes at rare Ben, with an
 eye to the barmaid,
 His wit running up as Canary ran
 down,—
 The topmost bright bubble on the
 wave of The Town.

"Here comes Parker, the Orson of
 parsons, a man
 Whom the Church undertook to put
 under her ban
 (The Church of Socinus, I mean),—
 his opinions
 Being So-(ultra)-cinian, they shocked
 the Socinians;
 They believed—faith, I'm puzzled—
 I think I may call
 Their belief a believing in nothing
 at all,
 Or something of that sort; I know
 they all went
 For a general union of total dis-
 sent:
 He went a step farther; without
 cough or hem,
 He frankly avowed he believed not
 in them;
 And, before he could be jumbled up
 or prevented,
 From their orthodox kind of dissent
 he dissented.
 There was heresy here, you perceive,
 for the right
 Of privately judging means simply
 that light
 Has been granted to *me* for deciding
 on *you*;
 And in happier times, before Atheism
 grew,
 The deed contained clauses for
 cooking you too:
 Now at Xerxes and Knut we all laugh,
 yet our foot
 With the same wave is wet that
 mocked Xerxes and Knut,
 And we all entertain a sincere pri-
 vate notion
 That our *Thus far!* will have a great
 weight with the ocean.

'Twas so with our liberal Christians :
 they bore
 With sincerest conviction their chairs
 to the shore ;
 They brandished their worn theo-
 logical birches,
 Bade natural progress keep out of
 the Churches,
 And expected the lines they had
 drawn to prevail
 With the fast-rising tide to keep out
 of their pale ;
 They had formerly dammed the
 Pontifical Sec,
 And the same thing, they thought,
 would do nicely for P. ;
 But he turned up his nose at their
 mummering and shamming,
 And cared (shall I say ?) not a d—
 for their damming ;
 So they first read him out of their
 Church, and next minute
 Turned round and declared he had
 never been in it.
 But the ban was too small or the
 man was too big,
 For he recks not their bells, books,
 and candles a fig
 (He don't look like a man who would
stay treated shabbily,
 Sophroniscus' son's head o'er the
 features of Rabelais) ;—
 He bangs and bethwacks them,—
 their backs he salutes
 With the whole tree of knowledge
 torn up by the roots ;
 His sermons with satire are plen-
 teously verjuiced,
 And he talks in one breath of Con-
 futzee, Cass, Zerduscht,
 Jack Robinson, Peter the Hermit,
 Strap, Dathan,
 Cush, Pitt (not the bottomless, *that*
 he's no faith in),
 Pan, Pillicock, Shakspeare, Paul,
 Toots, Monsieur Tonson,
 Aldebaran, Alcander, Ben Khorat,
 Ben Jonson,
 Thoth, Richter, Joe Smith, Father
 Paul, Judah Monis,
 Musæus, Muretus, *hem*, — μ Scorpi-
 onis, •

Maccabee, Maccaboy, Mac—Mac—
 ah ! Machiavelli,
 Condorcet, Count d'Orsay, Conder,
 Say, Ganganelli,
 Orion, O'Connell, the Chevalier D'O,
 (See the Memoirs of Sully,) *το παν*,
 the great toe
 Of the statue of Jupiter, now made
 to pass
 For that of Jew Peter by good
 Romish brass,—
 (You may add for yourselves, for I
 find it a bore.
 All the names you have ever, or not,
 heard before,
 And when you've done that—why,
 invent a few more.)
 His hearers can't tell you on Sunday
 beforehand,
 If in that day's discourse they'll be
 Bibled or Koraned,
 For he's seized the idea (by his
 martyrdom fired)
 That all men (not orthodox) *may be*
 inspired ;
 Yet though wisdom profane with his
 creed he may weave in,
 He makes it quite clear what he
doesn't believe in,
 While some, who decry him, think
 all Kingdom Come
 Is a sort of a, kind of a, species of Hum,
 Of which, as it were, so to speak,
 not a crumb
 Would be left, if we didn't keep
 carefully mum,
 And, to make a clean breast, that
 'tis perfectly plain
 That *all* kinds of wisdom are some-
 what profane ;
 Now P.'s creed than this may be
 lighter or darker,
 But in one thing, 'tis clear, he has
 faith, namely—Parker ;
 And this is what makes him the
 crowd-drawing preacher,
 There's a background of god to each
 hard-working feature,
 Every word that he speaks has been
 fiercely furnace'd
 In the blast of a life that has
 struggled in earnest :

There he stands, looking more like
 a ploughman than priest,
 If not dreadfully awkward, not
 graceful at least,
 His gestures all downright and same,
 if you will,
 As of brown-fisted Hobnail in hoe-
 ing a drill;
 But his periods fall on you, stroke
 after stroke,
 Like the blows of a lumberer felling
 an oak,
 You forget the man wholly, you're
 thankful to meet
 With a preacher who smacks of the
 field and the street,
 And to hear, you're not over-parti-
 cular whence,
 Almost Taylor's profusion, quite
 Latimer's sense.

"There is Bryant, as quiet, as
 cool, and as dignified,
 As a smooth, silent iceberg, that
 never is ignified,
 Save when by reflection 'tis kindled
 o' nights
 With a semblance of flame by the
 chill Northern Lights.
 He may rank (Griswold says so) first
 bard of your nation
 (There's no doubt that he stands in
 supreme ice-olation),
 Your topmost Parnassus he may set
 his heel on,
 But no warm applauses come, peal
 following peal on,—
 He's too smooth and too polished to
 hang any zeal on:
 Unqualified merits, I'll grant, if you
 choose, he has 'em,
 But he lacks the one merit of kind-
 ling enthusiasm;
 If he stir you at all, it is just, on my
 soul,
 Like being stirred up with the very
 North Pole.

"He is very nice reading in sum-
 mer, but *inter*
Nos, we don't want *extra* freezing in
 winter;

Take him up in the depth of July,
 my advice is,
 When you feel an Egyptian devotion
 to ices.
 But, deduct all you can, there's
 enough that's right good in him,
 He has a true soul for field, river,
 and wood in him;
 And his heart, in the midst of brick
 walls, or where'er it is,
 Glows, softens, and thrills with the
 tenderest charities—
 To you mortals that delve in this
 trade-ridden planet?
 No, to old Berkshire's hills, with
 their limestone and granite.
 If you're one who *in loco* (add *foco*
 here) *desipis*,
 You will get of his outermost heart
 (as I guess) a piece;
 But you'd get deeper down if you
 came as a precipice,
 And would break the last seal of its
 inwardest fountain,
 If you only could palm yourself off
 for a mountain.
 Mr. Quivis, or somebody quite as
 discerning,
 Some scholar who's hourly expecting
 his learning,
 Calls B. the American Wordsworth;
 but Wordsworth
 Is worth near as much as your whole
 tuneful herd's worth.
 No, don't be absurd; he's an excel-
 lent Bryant;
 But, my friends, you'll endanger the
 life of your client
 By attempting to stretch him up
 into a giant:
 If you choose to compare him, I
 think there are two per-
 sons fit for a parallel—Thompson
 and Cowper;¹
 I don't mean exactly,—there's some-
 thing of each,

¹ To demonstrate quickly and easily how per-
 versely absurd 'tis to sound this name
Cowper,

As people in general call him named *super*,
 I remark that he rhymes it himself with
 horse-trooper.

There's T.'s love of nature, C.'s pen-
chant to preach;
Just mix up their minds so that C.'s
spice of craziness
Shall balance and neutralise T.'s
turn for laziness,
And it gives you a brain cool, quite
frictionless, quiet,
Whose internal police nips the buds
of all riot,—
A brain like a permanent strait-
jacket put on
The heart that strives vainly to burst
off a button,—
A brain which, without being slow
or mechanic,
Does more than a larger less drilled,
more volcanic;
He's a Cowper condensed, with no
craziness bitten,
And the advantage that Wordsworth
before him had written.

"But, my dear little bardlings,
don't prick up your ears,
Nor suppose I would rank you and
Bryant as peers;
If I call him an iceberg, I don't
mean to say
There is nothing in that which is
grand in its way;
He is almost the one of your poets
that knows
How much grace, strength, and
dignity lie in Repose;
If he sometimes fall short, he is too
wise to mar
His thought's modest fulness by
going too far;
'Twould be well if your authors
should all make a trial
Of what virtue there is in severe
self-denial,
And measure their writings by
Hesiod's staff,
Which teaches that all has less value
than half.

"There is Whittier, whose swell-
ing and vehement heart
Strains the strait-breasted drab of
the Quaker apart, •

And reveals the live Man, still
supreme and erect,
Underneath the bemummying wrap-
pers of sect;
There was ne'er a man born
who had more of the
swing
Of the true lyric bard and all that
kind of thing;
And his failures arise (though per-
haps he don't know it)
From the very same cause that has
made him a poet,—
A fervour of mind which knows no
separation
'Twixt simple excitement and pure
inspiration,
As my Pythoness erst sometimes
erred from not knowing
If 'twere I or mere wind through her
tripod was blowing;
Let his mind once get head in its
favourite direction,
And the torrent of verse bursts the
dams of reflection,
While, borne with the rush of the
metre along,
The poet may chance to go right or
go wrong,
Content with the whirl and delirium
of song;
Then his grammar's not always
correct, nor his rhymes,
And he's prone to repeat his own
lyrics sometimes,
Not his best, though, for those
are struck off at white-
heats,
When the heart in his breast like a
trip-hammer beats,
And can ne'er be repeated again
any more
Than they could have been carefully
plotted before:
Like old what's-his-name there at
the battle of Hastings
(Who, however, gave more than
mere rhythmical bastings),
Our Quaker leads off metaphorical
fights
For reform and whatever they call
human rights,

Both singing and striking in front
 of the war,
 And hitting his foes with the mallet
 of Thor ;
Anne hacc, one exclaims, on behold-
 ing his knocks,
Vestis filii tui, O leather-clad Fox ?
 Can that be thy son, in the battle's
 mid din,
 Preaching brotherly love and then
 driving it in
 To the brain of the tough old Goliath
 of sin,
 With the smoothest of pebbles from
 Castaly's spring
 Impressed on his hard moral sense
 with a sling ?

"All honour and praise to the
 right-hearted bard
 Who was true to The Voice when
 such service was hard,
 Who himself was so free he dared
 sing for the slave
 When to look but a protest in silence
 was brave ;
 All honour and praise to the women
 and men
 Who spoke out for the dumb and
 the down-trodden then !
 I need not to name them, already
 for each
 I see History preparing the statue
 and niche ;
 They were harsh, but shall *you* be
 so shocked at hard words
 Who have beaten your pruning-hooks
 up into swords,
 Whose rewards and hurrahs men are
 surer to gain
 By the reaping of men and of women
 than grain ?
 Why should *you* stand aghast at their
 fierce wordy war, if
 You scalp one another for Bank or
 for Tariff ?
 Your calling them cut-throats and
 knaves all day long
 Don't prove that the use of hard
 language is wrong ;
 While the World's heart beats quicker
 to think of such men

As signed Tyranny's doom with a
 bloody steel-pen,
 While on Fourth-of-July beardless
 orators fright one
 With hints at Harmodius and Aristo-
 geiton,
 You need not look shy at your sisters
 and brothers
 Who stab with sharp words for the
 freedom of others ;—
 No, a wreath, twine a wreath for the
 loyal and true,
 Who, for sake of the many, dared
 stand with the few,
 Not of blood-spattered laurel for
 enemies braved,
 But of broad, peaceful oak-leaves for
 citizens saved !

"Here comes Dana, abstractedly
 loitering along,
 Involved in a paulo-post-future of
 song,
 Who'll be going to write what'll never
 be written
 Till the Muse, ere he think of it,
 gives him the mitten,—
 Who is so well aware of how things
 should be done,
 That his own works displease him
 before they're begun,—
 Who so well all that makes up good
 poetry knows,
 That the best of his poems is written
 in prose.
 Allsaddled and bridled stood Pegasus
 waiting,
 He was bootéd and spurred, but he
 loitered debating ;
 In a very grave question his soul
 was immersed,—
 Which foot in the stirrup he ought
 to put first ;
 And, while this point and that he
 judicially dwelt on,
 He, somehow or other, had written
 Paul Felton,
 Whose beauties or faults, whichso-
 ever you see there,
 You'll allow only genius could hit
 upon either.

That he once was the Idle Man none
will deplore,
But I fear he will never be anything
more ;
The ocean of song heaves and glitters
before him,
The depth and the vastness and
longing sweep o'er him,
He knows every breaker and shoal
on the chart,
He has the Coast Pilot and so on by
heart,
Yet he spends his whole life, like the
man in the fable,
In learning to swim on his library-
table.

“ There swaggers John Neal, who
has wasted in Maine
The sinews and cords of his pugilist
brain,
Who might have been poet, but that,
in its stead, he
Preferred to believe that he was so
already ;
Too hasty to wait till Art's ripe fruit
should drop,
He must pelt down an unripe and
colicky crop ;
Who took to the law, and had this
sterling plea for it,
It required him to quarrel, and paid
him a fee for it ;
A man who's made less than he might
have, because
He always has thought himself more
than he was,—
Who, with very good natural gifts as
a bard,
Broke the strings of his lyre out by
striking too hard,
And cracked half the notes of a
truly fine voice,
Because song drew less instant at-
tention than noise.
Ah! men do not know how much
strength is in poise,
That he goes the farthest who goes
far enough,
And that all beyond that is just
bother and stuff. •

No vain man matures, he makes too
much new wood ;
His blooms are too thick for the fruit
to be good ;
'Tis the modest man ripens, 'tis he
that achieves,
Just what's needed of sunshine and
shade he receives ;
Grapes, to mellow, require the cool
dark of their leaves ;
Neal wants balance ; he throws his
mind always too far,
Whisking out flocks of comets, but
never a star ;
He has so much muscle, and loves
so to show it,
That he strips himself naked to prove
he's a poet,
And, to show he could leap
Art's wide ditch, if he
tried,
Jumps clean o'er it, and into the
hedge t'other side.
He has strength, but there's no-
thing about him in keep-
ing ;
One gets surelier onward by walking
than leaping ;
He has used his own sinews himself
to distress,
And had done vastly more had he
done vastly less ;
In letters, too soon is as bad as too
late ;
Could he only have waited he might
have been great ;
But he plumped into Helicon up to
the waist,
And muddled the stream ere he took
his first taste.

“ There is Hawthorne, with genius
so shrinking and rare
That you hardly at first see the
strength that is there ;
A frame so robust, with a nature so
sweet,
So earnest, so graceful, so solid, so
fleet,
Is worth a descent from Olympus to
meet ;

'Tis as if a rough oak that for ages
 had stood,
 With his gnarled bony branches like
 ribs of the wood,
 Should bloom, after cycles of struggle
 and scathe,
 With a single anemone trembly and
 rathe;
 His strength is so tender, his wild-
 ness so meek,
 That a suitable parallel sets one to
 seek,—
 He's a John Bunyan Fouqué, a Puri-
 tan Tieck;
 When Nature was shaping him, clay
 was not granted
 For making so full-sized a man as
 she wanted,
 So, to fill out her model, a little she
 spared
 From some finer-grained stuff for a
 woman prepared,
 And she could not have hit a more
 excellent plan
 For making him fully and perfectly
 man.
 The success of her scheme gave her
 so much delight,
 That she tried it again, shortly after,
 in Dwight;
 Only, while she was kneading and
 shaping the clay,
 She sang to her work in her sweet
 childish way,
 And found, when she'd put the last
 touch to his soul,
 That the music had somehow got
 mixed with the whole.

“Here's Cooper, who's written six
 volumes to show
 He's as good as a lord: well, let's
 grant that he's so;
 If a person prefer that description
 of praise,
 Why, a coronet's certainly cheaper
 than bays;
 But he need take no pains to con-
 vince us he's not
 (As his enemies say) the American
 Scott.

Choose any twelve men, and let C.
 read aloud
 That one of his novels of which he's
 most proud,
 And I'd lay any bet that, without
 ever quitting
 Their box, they'd be all, to a man,
 for acquitting.
 He has drawn you one character,
 though, that is new,
 One wildflower he's plucked that is
 wet with the dew
 Of this fresh Western world, and,
 the thing not to mince,
 He has done naught but copy it ill
 ever since;
 His Indians, with proper respect be
 it said,
 Are just Natty Bumppo, daubed over
 with red,
 And his very Long Toms are the
 same useful Nat,
 Rigged up in duck pants and a sou'-
 wester hat
 (Though once in a Coffin, a good
 chance was found
 To have slipped the old fellow away
 underground).
 All his other men-figures are clothes
 upon sticks,
 The *dernière chemise* of a man in a
 fix
 (As a captain besieged, when his
 garrison's small,
 Sets up caps upon poles to be seen
 o'er the wall);
 And the women he draws from one
 model don't vary,
 All sappy as maples and flat as a
 prairie.
 When a character's wanted, he goes
 to the task
 As a cooper would do in composing
 a cask;
 He picks out the staves, of their
 qualities heedful,
 Just hoops them together as tight
 as is needful,
 And, if the best fortune should crown
 the attempt, he
 Has made at the most something
 wooden and empty.

"Don't suppose I would underrate
Cooper's abilities ;
If I thought you'd do that, I should
feel very ill at ease ;
The men who have given to *one*
character life
And objective existence are not very
rife ;
You may number them all, both
prose-writers and singers,
Without overrunning the bounds of
your fingers,
And Natty won't go to oblivion
quicker
Than Adams the parson or Primrose
the vicar.

"There is one thing in Cooper I
like, too, and that is
That on manners he lectures his
countrymen gratis ;
Not precisely so either, because, for
a rarity,
He is paid for his tickets in unpopu-
larity.
Now he may overcharge his American
pictures,
But you'll grant there's a good deal
of truth in his strictures ;
And I honour the man who is willing
to sink
Half his present repute for the
freedom to think,
And, when he has thought, be his
cause strong or weak,
Will risk t'other half for the freedom
to speak,
Caring naught for what vengeance
the mob has in store,
Let that mob be the upper ten
thousand or lower.

"There are truths you Americans
need to be told,
And it never'll refute them to swagger
and scold ;
John Bull, looking o'er the Atlantic,
in choler
At your aptness for trade, says you
worship the dollar ;
But to scorn such i-dollar-try's what
very few do,

And John goes to that church as
often as you do.
No matter what John says, don't try
to outcrow him,
'Tis enough to go quietly on and
outgrow him ;
Like most fathers, Bull hates to see
Number One
Displacing himself in the mind of
his son,
And detests the same faults in him-
self he'd neglected
When he sees them again in his
child's glass reflected ;
To love one another you're too like
by half ;
If he is a bull, you're a pretty stout
calf,
And tear your own pasture for
naught but to show
What a nice pair of horns you're
beginning to grow.

"There are one or two things I
should just like to hint,
For you don't often get the truth
told you in print ;
The most of you (this is what strikes
all beholders)
Have a mental and physical stoop
in the shoulders ;
Though you ought to be free as the
winds and the waves,
You've the gait and the manners of
runaway slaves ;
Though you brag of your New World,
you don't half believe in
it ;
And as much of the Old as is possible
weave in it ;
Your goddess of freedom, a tight,
buxom girl,
With lips like a cherry and teeth like
a pearl,
With eyes bold as Herè's, and hair
floating free,
And full of the sun as the spray of
the sea,
Who can sing at a husking or romp
at a shearing,
Who can trip through the forests
alone without fearing,

Who can drive home the cows with
 a song through the grass,
 Keeps glancing aside into Europe's
 cracked glass,
 Hides her red hands in gloves,
 pinches up her lithe waist,
 And makes herself wretched with
 transmarine taste;
 She loses her fresh country charm
 when she takes
 Any mirror except her own rivers
 and lakes.

"You steal Englishmen's books and
 think Englishmen's thought,
 With their salt on her tail your wild
 eagle is caught;
 Your literature suits its each whisper
 and motion
 To what will be thought of it over
 the ocean;
 The cast clothes of Europe your
 statesmanship tries
 And mumbles again the old blarneys
 and lies;—
 Forget Europe wholly, your veins
 throb with blood,
 To which the dull current in hers is
 but mud;
 Let her sneer, let her say your
 experiment fails,
 In her voice there's a tremble e'en
 now while she rails,
 And your shore will soon be in the
 nature of things
 Covered thick with gilt drift-wood
 of runaway kings,
 Where alone, as it were in a Long-
 fellow's Waif,
 Her fugitive pieces will find them-
 selves safe.
 Oh, my friends, thank your God, if
 you have one, that He
 'Twixt the Old World and you set
 the gulf of a sea;
 Be strong-backed, brown-handed,
 upright as your pines,
 By the scale of a hemisphere shape
 your designs;
 Be true to yourselves and this new
 nineteenth age,

As a statue by Powers or a picture
 by Page;
 Plough, sail, forge, build, carve,
 paint, all things make new,
 To your own New-World instincts
 contrive to be true,
 Keep your ears open wide to the
 Future's first call,
 Be whatever you will, but yourselves
 first of all;
 Stand fronting the dawn on Toil's
 heaven-scaling peaks,
 And become my new race of more
 practical Greeks.—
 Hem! your likeness at present, I
 shudder to tell o't,
 Is that you have your slaves, and
 the Greek had his helot."

Here a gentleman present, who
 had in his attic
 More pepper than brains, shrieked—
 "The man's a fanatic;
 I'm a capital tailor with warm tar
 and feathers,
 And will make him a suit that'll
 serve in all weathers;
 But we'll argue the point first, I'm
 willing to reason't,
 Palaver before condemnation's but
 decent;
 So, through my humble person,
 Humanity begs
 Of the friends of true freedom a
 loan of bad eggs."
 But Apollo let one such a look of
 his show forth
 As when *ἦεν ὅτε* *ἐκούσας*, and so forth,
 And the gentleman somehow slunk
 out of the way,
 But, as he was going, gained courage
 to say,—
 "At slavery in the abstract my
 whole soul rebels,
 I am as strongly opposed to't as
 any one else."
 "Ay, no doubt, but whenever I've
 happened to meet
 With a wrong or a crime, it is
 always concrete,"
 Answered Phœbus severely; then
 turning to us,

"The mistake of such fellows as
just made the fuss
Is only in taking a great busy nation
For a part of their pitiful cotton-
plantation.—
But there comes Miranda, Zeus!
where shall I flee to?
She has such a penchant for bother-
ing me too!
She always keeps asking if I don't
observe a
Particular likeness 'twixt her and
Minerva;
She tells me my efforts in verse are
quite clever;—
She's been travelling now, and will
be worse than ever;
One would think, though, a sharp-
sighted noter she'd be
Of all that's worth mentioning over
the sea,
For a woman must surely see well,
if she try,
The whole of whose being's a capital I:
She will take an old notion, and
make it her own,
By saying it o'er in her Sibylline tone.
Or persuade you 'tis something tre-
mendously deep,
By repeating it so as to put you to
sleep;
And she well may defy any mortal
to see through it
When once she has mixed up her
infinite *me* through it.
There is one thing she owns in her
own single right,
It is native and genuine—namely,
her spite;
Though, when acting as censor, she
privately blows
A censor of vanity 'neath her own
nose."

Here Miranda came up, and said,
"Phœbus! you know
That the Infinite Soul has its in-
finite woe,
As I ought to know, having lived
cheek by jowl,
Since the day I was born, with the
Infinite Soul; •

I myself introduced, I myself, I
alone,
To my Land's better life authors
solely my own,
Who the sad heart of earth on their
shoulders have taken,
Whose works sound a depth by Life's
quiet unshaken,
Such as Shakspeare, for instance,
the Bible, and Bacon,
Not to mention my own works;
Time's nadir is fleet,
And, as for myself, I'm quite out of
conceit——"

"Quite out of conceit! I'm en-
chanted to hear it,"
Cried Apollo aside. "Who'd have
thought she was near it?
To be sure, one is apt to exhaust
those commodities
One uses too fast, yet in this case
as odd it is
As if Neptune should say to his
turbots and whittings,
'I'm as much out of salt as Miranda's
own writings'
(Which, as she in her own happy
manner has said,
Sound a depth, for 'tis one of the
functions of lead).
She often has asked me if I could
not find
A place somewhere near me that
suited her mind:
I know but a single one vacant,
which she,
With her rare talent that way, would
fit to a T.
And it would not imply any pause
or cessation
In the work she esteems her peculiar
vocation,—
She may enter on duty to-day if she
chooses,
And remain Tiring-woman for life to
the Muses."

Miranda meanwhile has succeeded
in driving
Up into a corner, in spite of their
striving,

A small flock of terrified victims, and there,
 With an I-turn-the-crank-of-the-Uni-verse air
 And a tone which, at least to *my* fancy, appears
 Not so much to be entering as boxing your ears,
 Is unfolding a tale (of herself, I surmise,
 For 'tis dotted as thick as a peacock's with I's).
Apropos of Miranda, I'll rest on my oars
 And drift through a trifling digression on bores,
 For, though not wearing earrings *in more majorum*,
 Our ears are kept bored just as if we still wore 'em.
 There was one feudal custom worth keeping, at least,
 Roasted bores made a part of each well-ordered feast,
 And of all quiet pleasures the very *ne plus*
 Was in hunting wild bores as the tame ones hunt us.
 Archaeologists, I know, who have personal fears
 Of this wise application of hounds and of spears,
 Have tried to make out, with a zeal more than wanted,
 'Twas a kind of wild swine that our ancestors hunted;
 But I'll never believe that the age which has strewn
 Europe o'er with cathedrals, and otherwise shown
 That it knew what was what, could by chance not have known
 (Spending, too, its chief time with its buff on, no doubt)
 Which beast 'twould improve the world most to thin out.
 I divide bores myself, in the manner of rifles,
 Into two great divisions, regardless of trifles;—
 There's your smooth-bore and screw-bore, who do not much vary

In the weight of cold lead they respectively carry.
 The smooth-bore is one in whose essence the mind
 Not a corner nor cranny to cling by can find;
 You feel as in nightmares sometimes, when you slip
 Down a steep slated roof, where there's nothing to grip;
 You slide and you slide, the blank horror increases,—
 You had rather by far be at once smashed to pieces;
 You fancy a whirlpool below white and frothing,
 And finally drop off and light upon—nothing.
 The screw-bore has twists in him, faint predilections
 For going just wrong in the tritest directions;
 When he's wrong he is flat, when he's right he can't show it;
 He'll tell you what Snooks said about the new poet,¹
 Or how Fogrum was outraged by Tennyson's Princess;
 He has spent all his spare time and intellect since his
 Birth in perusing, on each art and science,
 Just the books in which no one puts any reliance,
 And though *nemo*, we're told, *horis omnibus sapit*,
 The rule will not fit him, however you shape it,
 For he has a perennial foison of sappiness;
 He has just enough force to spoil half your day's happiness,
 And to make him a sort of mosquito to be with,
 But just not enough to dispute or agree with.

¹ (If you call Snooks an owl, he will show by his looks
 That he's morally certain you're jealous of Snooks.)

These sketches I made (not to be too explicit)
 From two honest fellows who made me a visit,
 And broke, like the tale of the Bear and the Fiddle,
 My reflections on Halleck short off by the middle;
 I shan't now go into the subject more deeply,
 For I notice that some of my readers look sleep'y;
 I will barely remark that, 'mongst civilised nations,
 There's none that displays more exemplary patience
 Under all sorts of boring, at all sorts of hours,
 From all sorts of desperate persons, than ours.
 Not to speak of our papers, our State legislatures,
 And other such trials for sensitive natures,
 Just look for a moment at Congress, —appalled,
 My fancy shrinks back from the phantom it called;
 Why, there's scarcely a member unworthy to frown
 'Neath what Fourier nicknames the Boreal crown;
 Only think what that infinite bore-pow'r could do
 If applied with a utilitarian view;
 Suppose, for example, we shipped it with care
 To Sahara's great desert and let it bore there;
 If they held one short session and did nothing else,
 They'd fill the whole waste with Artesian wells.
 But 'tis time now with pen phonographic to follow
 Through some more of his sketches our laughing Apollo:—

“There comes Harry Franco, and, as he draws near,
 You'll find that's a smile which you took for a sneer; •

One half of him contradicts t'other; his wont
 Is to say very sharp things and do very blunt;
 His manner's as hard as his feelings are tender,
 And a *sortie* he'll make when he means to surrender;
 He's in joke half the time when he seems to be sternest,
 When he seems to be joking, be sure he's in earnest;
 He has common-sense in a way that's uncommon,
 Hates humbug and cant, loves his friends like a woman,
 Builds his dislikes of cards and his friendships of oak,
 Loves a prejudice better than aught but a joke,
 Is half upright Quaker, half downright Come-outer,
 Loves Freedom too well to go stark mad about her;
 Quite artless himself, is a lover of Art,
 Shuts you out of his secrets and into his heart;
 And though not a poet, yet all must admire
 In his letters of Pinto his skill on the liar.

“There comes Poe, with his raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
 Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge,
 Who talks like a book of iambs and pentameters,
 In a way to make people of common sense damn metres,
 Who has written some things quite the best of their kind,
 But the heart somehow seems all squeezed out by the mind,
 Who— But hey-day! What's this? Messieurs Mathews and Poe,
 You mustn't fling mud-balls at Long-fellow so;
 Does it make a man worse that his character's such
 As to make his friends love him (as you think) too much?

Why, there is not a bard at this
 moment alive
 More willing than he that his fellows
 should thrive ;
 While you are abusing him thus,
 even now
 He would help either one of you out
 of a slough ;
 You may say that he's smooth and
 all that till you're hoarse,
 But remember that elegance also is
 force ;
 After polishing granite as much as
 you will,
 The heart keeps its tough old per-
 sistency still ;
 Deduct all you can, *that* still keeps
 you at bay ;
 Why, he'll live till men weary of
 Collins and Gray.
 I'm not over-fond of Greek metres
 in English,
 To me rhyme's a gain, so it be not
 too jinglish,
 And your modern hexameter verses
 are no more
 Like Greek ones than sleek Mr. Pope
 is like Homer ;
 As the roar of the sea to the coo of
 a pigeon is,
 So, compared to your moderns,
 sounds old Melesigenes ;
 I may be too partial, the reason,
 perhaps, o't is
 That I've heard the old blind man
 recite his own rhapsodies,
 And my ear with that music impreg-
 nate may be,
 Like the poor exiled shell with the
 soul of the sea,
 Or as one can't bear Strauss when
 his nature is cloven
 To its deeps within deeps by the
 stroke of Beethoven.
 But set that aside, and 'tis truth
 that I speak,
 Had Theocritus written in English,
 not Greek,
 I believe that his exquisite sense
 would scarce change a line
 In that rare, tender, virgin-like pas-
 toral Evangeline.

That's not ancient nor modern ; its
 place is apart,
 Where time has no sway, in the realm
 of pure Art ;
 'Tis a shrine of retreat from Earth's
 hubbub and strife
 As quiet and chaste as the author's
 own life.

"There comes Philothea, her face
 all aglow,
 She has just been dividing some poor
 creature's woe,
 And can't tell which pleases her
 most, to relieve
 His want, or his story to hear and
 believe ;
 No doubt against many deep griefs
 she prevails,
 For her ear is the refuge of destitute
 tales ;
 She knows well that silence is
 sorrow's best food,
 And that talking draws off from the
 heart its black blood ;
 So she'll listen with patience, and
 let you unfold
 Your bundle of rags as 'twere pure
 cloth of gold,
 Which, indeed, it all turns to as soon
 as she's touched it,
 And (to borrow a phrase from the
 nursery) *mucked* it ;
 She has such a musical taste, she
 will go
 Any distance to hear one who draws
 a long bow ;
 She will swallow a wonder by mere
 might and main,
 And thinks it Geometry's fault if
 she's fain
 To consider things flat, inasmuch as
 they're plain ;
 Facts with her are accomplished, as
 Frenchmen would say—
 They will prove all she wishes them
 to—either way,
 And, as fact lies on this side or that,
 we must try,
 If we're seeking the truth, to find
 where it don't lie.

I was telling her once of a marvellous
 aloe,
 That for thousands of years had
 looked spindling and sawlow,
 And, though nursed by the fruit-
 fullest powers of mud,
 Had never vouchsafed e'en so much
 as a bud,
 Till its owner remarked (as a sailor,
 you know,
 Often will in a calm) that it never
 would blow,
 For he wished to exhibit the plant,
 and designed
 That its blowing should help him in
 raising the wind;
 At last it was told him that if he
 should water
 Its roots with the blood of his un-
 married daughter
 (Who was born, as her mother, a
 Calvinist, said,
 With a Baxter's effectual caul on her
 head),
 It would blow as the obstinate
 breeze did when by a
 Like decree of her father died Iphi-
 genia;
 At first he declared he himself would
 be blowed
 Ere his conscience with such a foul
 crime he would load,
 But the thought, coming oft, grew
 less dark than before,
 And he mused, as each creditor
 knocked at his door,
 If *this* were but done they would
 dun me no more.
 I told Philothea his struggles and
 doubts,
 And how he considered the ins and
 the outs
 Of the visions he had, and the
 dreadful dyspepsy,
 How he went to the seer that lives
 at Po'keepsie,
 How the seer advised him to sleep
 on it first,
 And to read his big volume in case
 of the worst,
 And further advised he should pay
 him five dollars •

For writing *Dum, Dum*, on his wrist-
 bands and collars;
 Three years and ten days these dark
 words he had studied,
 When the daughter was missed and
 the aloe had budded;
 I told how he watched it grow large
 and more large,
 And wondered how much for the
 show he should charge,—
 She had listened with utter indiffer-
 ence to this, till
 I told how it bloomed, and, dis-
 charging its pistil
 With an aim the Eumenides dictated,
 shot
 The botanical filicide dead on the
 spot;
 It had blown, but he reaped not his
 horrible gains,
 For it blew with such force as to
 blow out his brains;
 And the crime was blown also, be-
 cause on the wad,
 Which was paper, was writ 'Visita-
 tion of God,'
 As well as a thrilling account of the
 deed,
 Which the coroner kindly allowed
 me to read.

"Well, my friend took this story
 up just, to be sure,
 As one might a poor foundling that's
 laid at one's door;
 She combed it and washed it and
 clothed it and fed it,
 And as if 'twere her own child most
 tenderly bred it,
 Laid the scene (of the legend, I
 mean) far away a-
 mong the green vales underneath
 Himalaya,
 And by artist-like touches, laid on
 here and there,
 Made the whole thing so touching,
 I frankly declare
 I have read it all thrice, and, per-
 haps I am weak,
 But I found every time there were
 tears on my cheek.

"The pole, science tells us, the
 magnet controls,
 But she is a magnet to emigrant
 Poles,
 And folks with a mission that no-
 body knows
 Throng thickly about her as bees
 round a rose;
 She can fill up the *carets* in such,
 make their scope
 Converge to some focus of rational
 hope,
 And, with sympathies fresh as the
 morning, their gall
 Can transmute into honey,—but this
 is not all;
 Not only for those she has solace,
 oh say,
 Vice's desperate nursling adrift in
 Broadway,
 Who clingest, with all that is left of
 thee human,
 To the last slender spar from the
 wreck of the woman,
 Hast thou not found one shore
 where those tired drooping
 feet
 Could reach firm mother-earth,
 one full heart on whose
 beat
 The soothed head in silence reposing
 could hear
 The chimes of far childhood throb
 back on the ear?
 Ah! there's many a beam from the
 fountain of day
 That, to reach us unclouded, must
 pass, on its way,
 Through the soul of a woman, and
 hers is wide ope
 To the influence of Heaven as the
 blue eyes of Hope;
 Yes, a great heart is hers, one that
 dares to go in
 To the prison, the slave-hut, the
 alleys of sin,
 And to bring into each, or to find
 there, some line
 Of the never completely out-trampled
 divine;
 If her heart at high floods swamps
 her brain now and then,

'Tis but richer for that when the tide
 ebbs agen,
 As, after old Nile has subsided, his
 plain
 Overflows with a second broad
 deluge of grain;
 What a wealth would it bring to the
 narrow and sour
 Could they be as a Child but for one
 little hour!

"What! Irving? thrice welcome,
 warm heart and fine brain,
 You bring back the happiest spirit
 from Spain,
 And the gravest sweet humour, that
 ever were there
 Since Cervantes met death in his
 gentle despair;
 Nay, don't be embarrassed, nor look
 so beseeching,
 I shan't run directly against my own
 preaching,
 And, having just laughed at their
 Raphaels and Dantes,
 Go to setting you up beside match-
 less Cervantes;
 But allow me to speak what I
 honestly feel,—
 To a true poet-heart add the fun of
 Dick Steele,
 Throw in all of Addison *minus* the
 chill,
 With the whole of that partnership's
 stock and good-will,
 Mix well, and while stirring, hum
 o'er, as a spell,
 The fine *old* English Gentleman,
 simmer it well,
 Sweeten just to your own private
 liking, then strain,
 That only the finest and clearest
 remain,
 Let it stand out of doors till a soul
 it receives
 From the warm lazy sun loiter-
 ing down through green
 leaves,
 And you'll find a choice nature, not
 wholly deserving
 A name either English or Yankee,—
 just Irving.

"There goes, — but *stet nominis umbra*,—his name
 You'll be glad enough, some day or other, to claim,
 And will all crowd about him and swear that you knew him,
 If some English critic should chance to review him.
 The old *porcos ante ne projiciatis*
 MARGARITAS, for him you have verified gratis;
 What matters his name? Why, it may be Sylvester,
 Judd, Junior, or Junius, Ulysses, or Nestor,
 For aught I know or care; 'tis enough that I look
 On the author of 'Margaret,' the first Yankee book
 With the *soul* of Down East in't, and things farther East,
 As far as the threshold of morning, at least,
 Where awaits the fair dawn of the simple and true,
 Of the day that comes slowly to make all things new.
 'T has a smack of pine woods, of bare field and bleak hill,
 Such as only the breed of the *May-flower* could till;
 The Puritan's shown in it, tough to the core,
 Such as prayed, smiting Agag on red Marston Moor:
 With an unwilling humour, half choked by the drouth
 In brown hollows about the inhospitable mouth;
 With a soul full of poetry, though it has qualms
 About finding a happiness out of the Psalms;
 Full of tenderness, too, though it shrinks in the dark,
 Hamadryad-like, under the coarse, shaggy bark;
 That sees visions, knows wrestlings of God with the Will,
 And has its own Sinais and thunderings still."

Here, "Forgive me, Apollo!" I cried, "while I pour
 My heart out to my birthplace: O loved more and more
 Dear Bay State, from whose rocky bosom thy sons
 Should suck milk, strong-will-giving, brave, such as runs
 In the veins of old Graylock—who is it that dares
 Call thee peddler, a soul wrapped in bank-books and shares?
 It is false! She's a Poet! I see, as I write,
 Along the far railroad the steam-snake glide white,
 The cataract-throb of her mill-hearts I hear,
 The swift strokes of trip-hammers weary my ear,
 Sledges ring upon anvils, through logs the saw screams,
 Blocks swing to their place, beetles drive home the beams:—
 It is songs such as these that she croons to the din
 Of her fast-flying shuttles, year out and year in,
 While from earth's farthest corner there comes not a breeze
 But wafts her the buzz of her gold-gleaning bees.
 What though those horn hands have as yet found small time
 For painting and sculpture and music and rhyme?
 These will come in due order; the need that pressed sorest
 Was to vanquish the seasons, the ocean, the forest,
 To bridle and harness the rivers, the steam,
 Making that whirl her mill-wheels, this tug in her team,
 To vassalise old tyrant Winter, and make
 Him delve surlily for her on river and lake;—
 When this New World was parted, she strove not to shirk
 Her lot in the heirdom, the tough, silent Work,

The hero-share ever, from Herakles
 down
 To Odin, the Earth's iron sceptre and
 crown.
 Yes, thou dear, noble Mother! if
 ever men's praise
 Could be claimed for creating heroical
 lays,
 Thou hast won it; if ever the laurel
 divine
 Crowned the Maker and Builder, that
 glory is thine!
 Thy songs are right epic, they tell
 how this rude
 Rock-rib of our earth here was tamed
 and subdued;
 Thou hast written them plain on the
 face of the planet
 In brave, deathless letters of iron
 and granite;
 Thou hast printed them deep for all
 time; they are set
 From the same runic type-fount and
 alphabet
 With thy stout Berkshire hills and
 the arms of thy Bay,—
 They are staves from the burly old
Mayflower lay.
 If the drones of the Old World, in
 querulous ease,
 Ask thy Art and thy Letters, point
 proudly to these,
 Or, if they deny these are Letters and
 Art,
 Toil on with the same old invincible
 heart;
 Thou art rearing the pedestal, broad-
 based and grand,
 Whereon the fair shapes of the Artist
 shall stand,
 And creating, through labours un-
 daunted and long,
 The theme for all Sculpture and
 Painting and Song!

“But my good mother Bay State
 wants no praise of mine;
 She learned from *her* mother a pre-
 cept divine
 About something that butters no
 parsnips; her *forte*

In another direction lies—work is
 her sport
 (Though she'll courtesy and set her
 cap straight, that she will,
 If you talk about Plymouth and red
 Bunker's hill).
 Dear, notable goodwife! by this time
 of night,
 Her hearth is swept clean, and her
 fire burning bright,
 And she sits in a chair (of home plan
 and make) rocking,
 Musing much, all the while, as she
 darns on a stocking,
 Whether turkeys will come pretty
 high next Thanksgiving,
 Whether flour'll be so dear, for, as
 sure as she's living,
 She will use rye-and-injun then;
 whether the pig
 By this time ain't got pretty toler-
 able big,
 And whether to sell it outright will
 be best,
 Or to smoke hams and shoulders and
 salt down the rest;
 At this minute, she'd swop all my
 verses, ah, cruel!
 For the last patent stove that is
 saving of fuel;
 So I'll just let Apollo go on, for his
 phiz
 Shows I've kept him awaiting too
 long as it is.”

“If our friend, there, who seems
 a reporter, is done
 With his burst of emotion, why, *I*
 will go on,”
 Said Apollo; some smiled, and,
 indeed, I must own
 There was something sarcastic,
 perhaps, in his tone;—

“There's Holmes, who is match-
 less among you for wit;
 A Leyden-jar always full-charged,
 from which flit
 The electrical tingles of hit after
 hit;

In long poems 'tis painful sometimes,
 and invites
 A thought of the way the new Tele-
 graph writes,
 Which pricks down its little sharp
 sentences spitefully,
 As if you got more than you'd title
 to rightfully,
 And you find yourself hoping its
 wild father Lightning
 Would flame in for a second and
 give you a fright'ning.
 He has perfect sway of what I call
 a sham metre,
 But many admire it, the English
 pentameter,
 And Campbell, I think, wrote most
 commonly worse,
 With less nerve, swing, and fire in
 the same kind of verse,
 Nor e'er achieved aught in't so
 worthy of praise
 As the tribute of Holmes to the
 grand *Marseillaise*.
 You went crazy last year over
 Bulwer's New Timon ;—
 Why, if B. to the day of his dying
 should rhyme on,
 Heaping verses on verses and tomes
 upon tomes,
 He could ne'er reach the best point
 and vigour of Holmes :
 His are just the fine hands, too, to
 weave you a lyric
 Full of fancy, fun, feeling, or spiced
 with satiric
 In a measure so kindly, you doubt
 if the toes
 That are trodden upon are your own
 or your foe's.

"There is Lowell, who's striving
 Parnassus to climb
 With a whole bale of *isms* tied to-
 gether with rhyme ;
 He might get on alone, spite of
 brambles and boulders,
 But he can't with that bundle he
 has on his shoulders ;
 The top of the hill he will ne'er
 come nigh reaching •

Till he learns the distinction 'twixt
 singing and preaching ;
 His lyre has some chords that would
 ring pretty well,
 But he'd rather by half make a drum
 of the shell,
 And rattle away till he's old as
 Methusalem
 At the head of a march to the last
 New Jerusalem.

"There goes Halleck, whose
 Fanny's a pseudo Don Juan,
 With the wickedness out that gave
 salt to the true one ;
 He's a wit, though, I hear, of the
 very first order,
 And once made a pun on the words
 soft Recorder ;
 More than this, he's a very great
 poet, I'm told,
 And has had his works published in
 crimson and gold,
 With something they call ' Illustra-
 tions,' to wit,
 Like those with which Chapman
 obscured Holy Writ,¹
 Which are said to illustrate, because,
 as I view it,
 Like *lucus a non*, they precisely don't
 do it ;
 Let a man who can write what him-
 self understands
 Keep clear, if he can, of designing
 men's hands,
 Who bury the sense, if there's any
 worth having,
 And then very honestly call it en-
 graving.
 But, to quit *badinage*, which there
 isn't much wit in,
 Halleck's better, I doubt not, than
 all he has written ;
 In his verse a clear glimpse you will
 frequently find,
 If not of a great, of a fortunate
 mind,

¹ (Cuts rightly called wooden, as all must admit.)

Which contrives to be true to its
 natural loves
 In a world of back-offices, ledgers,
 and stoves.
 When his heart breaks away from
 the brokers and banks,
 And kneels in his own private shrine
 to give thanks,
 There's a genial manliness in him
 that earns
 Our sincerest respect (read, for in-
 stance, his 'Burns'),
 And we can't but regret (seek excuse
 where we may)
 That so much of a man has been
 peddled away.

"But what's that? a mass-meet-
 ing? No, there come in
 lots
 The American Bulwers, Disraelis,
 and Scotts,
 And, in short, the American every-
 thing else,
 Each charging the others with envies
 and jealousies;—
 By the way, 'tis a fact that displays
 what profusions
 Of all kinds of greatness bless free
 institutions,
 That while the Old World has pro-
 duced barely eight
 Of such poets as all men agree to
 call great,
 And of other great characters hardly
 a score
 (One might safely say less than that
 rather than more),
 With you every year a whole crop is
 begotten,
 They're as much of a staple as corn
 is, or cotton;
 Why, there's scarcely a huddle of
 log-huts and shanties
 That has not brought forth its own
 Miltons and Dantes;
 I myself know ten Byrons, one
 Coleridge, three Shelleys,
 Two Raphaels, six Titians, (I think)
 one Apelles,
 Leonardos and Rubenses plenty as
 lichens,

One (but that one is plenty) American
 Dickens,
 A whole flock of Lambs, any number
 of Tennysons,—
 In short, if a man has the luck to
 have any sons,
 He may feel pretty certain that one
 out of twain
 Will be some very great person over
 again.
 There is one inconvenience in all
 this, which lies
 In the fact that by contrast we esti-
 mate size,¹
 And where there are none except
 Titans, great stature
 Is only a simple proceeding of
 nature.
 What puff the strained sails of
 your praise will you furl
 at, if
 The calmest degree that you know
 is superlative?
 At Rome, all whom Charon took into
 his wherry must,
 As a matter of course, be well
issimust and *errimust*,
 A Greek, too, could feel, while in that
 famous boat he tost,
 That his friends would take
 care he was *watrosed* and
watrosed,
 And formerly we, as through grave-
 yards we past,
 Thought the world went from bad
 to worse fearfully fast.
 Let us glance for a moment, 'tis well
 worth the pains,
 And note what an average graveyard
 contains;
 There lie levellers levelled, duns
 done up themselves,
 There are booksellers finally laid on
 their shelves,

¹ That is, in most cases we do, but not all;
 Past a doubt, there are men who are
 innately small,
 Such as Blank, who, without being
 'minished a tittle,
 Might stand for a type of the Absolute
 Tittle.

Horizontally there lie upright politicians,
 Dose-a-dose with their patients sleep faultless physicians,
 There are slave-drivers quietly whipt underground,
 There bookbinders, done up in boards, are fast bound,
 There card-players wait till the last trump be played,
 There all the choice spirits get finally laid,
 There the babe that's unborn is supplied with a berth,
 There men without legs get their six feet of earth,
 There lawyers repose, each wrapped up in his case,
 There seekers of office are sure of a place,
 There defendant and plaintiff get equally cast,
 There shoemakers quietly stick to the last,
 There brokers at length become silent as stocks,
 There stage-drivers sleep without quitting their box,
 And so forth and so forth and so forth and so on,
 With this kind of stuff one might endlessly go on;
 To come to the point, I may safely assert you
 Will find in each yard every cardinal virtue:¹
 Each has six truest patriots: four discoverers of ether,
 Who never had thought on't, nor mentioned it either:
 Ten poets, the greatest who ever wrote rhyme:
 Two hundred and forty first men of their time:
 One person whose portrait just gave the least hint

¹ (And at this just conclusion will surely arrive,
 That the goodness of earth is more dead than alive)

Its original had a most horrible squint:
 One critic, most (what do they call it?) suggestive,
 Who never had used the phrase *ob-* or *subjective* :
 Forty fathers of Freedom, of whom twenty bred
 Their sons for the rice-swamps, at so much a head,
 And their daughters for — laugh ! thirty mothers of Gracchi :
 Non-resistants who gave many a spiritual black-eye :
 Eight true friends of their kind, one of whom was a jailer :
 Four captains almost as astounding as Taylor :
 Two dozen of Italy's exiles, who shoot us his
 Kaisership daily, stern pen-and-ink Brutuses,
 Who, in Yankee back-parlours, with crucified smile,²
 Mount serenely their country's funeral pile :
 Ninety-nine Irish heroes, ferocious rebels
 'Gainst the Saxon in cis-marine garrets and cellars,
 Who shake their dread fists o'er the sea and all that,
 As long as a copper drops into the hat :
 Nine hundred Teutonic republicans stark
 From Vaterland's battles just won — in the Park,
 Who the happy profession of martyrdom take
 Whenever it gives them a chance at a steak :
 Sixty-two second Washingtons : two or three Jacksons :
 And so many everythings else that it racks one's
 Poor memory too much to continue the list,
 Especially now they no longer exist ; —

² Not forgetting their tea and their toast, — though, the while.

I would merely observe that you've
taken to giving
The puffs that belong to the dead
to the living,
And that somehow your trump-of-
contemporary-doom's tones
Is tuned after old dedications and
tombstones."

Here the critic came in and a
thistle presented¹—
From a frown to a smile the god's
features relented,
As he stared at his envoy, who,
swelling with pride,
To the god's asking look, nothing
daunted, replied,—
"You're surprised, I suppose, I was
absent so long,
But your godship respecting the lilies
was wrong ;
I hunted the garden from one end
to t'other,
And got no reward but vexation and
bother,
Till, tossed out with weeds in a
corner to wither,
This one lily I found and made haste
to bring hither."

"Did he think I had given him
a book to review ?
I ought to have known what the
fellow would do,"
Muttered Phœbus aside, "for a
thistle will pass
Beyond doubt for the queen of all
flowers with an ass ;
He has chosen in just the same way
as he'd choose
His specimens out of the books he
reviews ;
And now, as this offers an excellent
text,
I'll give 'em some brief hints on
criticism next."

So, musing a moment, he turned to
the crowd,
And, clearing his voice, spoke as
follows aloud :—

"My friends, in the happier days
of the Muse,
We were luckily free from such things
as reviews ;
Then nought came between with its
fog to make clearer
The heart of the poet to that of his
hearer ;
Then the poet brought heaven to the
people, and they
Felt that they, too, were poets in
hearing his lay ;
Then the poet was prophet, the past
in his soul
Precreated the future, both parts of
one whole ;
Then for him there was nothing too
great or too small,
For one natural deity sanctified all ;
Then the bard owned no clipper and
meter of moods
Save the spirit of silence that hovers
and broods
O'er the seas and the mountains, the
rivers and woods ;
He asked not earth's verdict, for-
getting the clods,
His soul soared and sang to an
audience of gods ;
'Twas for them that he measured the
thought and the line,
And shaped for their vision the per-
fect design,
With as glorious a foresight, a
balance as true,
As swung out the worlds in the in-
finite blue ;
Then a glory and greatness invested
man's heart,
The universal, which now stands
estranged and apart,
In the free individual moulded, was
Art ;
Then the forms of the Artist seemed
thrilled with desire
For something as yet unattained,
fuller, higher,

¹ Turn back now to page—goodness only
knows what,
And take a fresh hold on the thread of
my plot.

As once with her lips, lifted hands,
 and eyes listening,
 And her whole upward soul in her
 countenance glistening,
 Eurydice stood, like a beacon un-
 fired,
 Which, once touched with flame, will
 leap heav'nward inspired,
 And waited with answering kindle to
 mark
 The first gleam of Orpheus that pained
 the red Dark.
 Then painting, song, sculpture did
 more than relieve
 The need that men feel to create and
 believe,
 And as, in all beauty, who listens
 with love
 Hears these words oft repeated—
 'beyond and above,'
 So these seemed to be but the visible
 sign
 Of the grasp of the soul after things
 more divine;
 They were ladders the Artist erected
 to climb
 O'er the narrow horizon of space and
 of time,
 And we see there the footsteps by
 which men had gained
 To the one rapturous glimpse of the
 never-attained,
 As shepherds could erst sometimes
 trace in the sod
 The last spurning print of a sky-
 cleaving god.

"But now, on the poet's dis-
 privacied moods
 With *do this* and *do that* the pert
 critic intrudes;
 While he thinks he's been barely
 fulfilling his duty
 To interpret 'twixt men and their
 own sense of beauty,
 And has striven, while others sought
 honour or pelf,
 To make his kind happy as he was
 himself,
 He finds he's been guilty of horrid
 offences

In all kinds of moods, numbers,
 genders, and tenses;
 He's been *ob-* and *subjective*, what
 Kettle calls Pot,
 Precisely, at all events, what he
 ought not;
 You have done this, says one judge;
done that, says another;
 You should have done this, grumbles
 one; *that*, says t'other;
 Never mind what he touches, one
 shrieks out *Taboo!*
 And while he is wondering what he
 shall do,
 Since each suggests opposite topics
 for song,
 They all shout together *you're right!*
 and *you're wrong!*

"Nature fits all her children with
 something to do;
 He who would write and can't write
 can surely review,
 Can set up a small booth as critic,
 and sell us his
 Petty conceit and his pettier jeal-
 ousies;
 Thus a lawyer's apprentice, just out
 of his teens,
 Will do for the Jeffrey of six
 magazines;
 Having read Johnson's Lives of the
 Poets half through,
 There's nothing on earth he's not
 competent to;
 He reviews with as much nonchalance
 as he whistles,—
 He goes through a book and just
 picks out the thistles;
 It matters not whether he blame or
 commend,
 If he's bad as a foe, he's far worse as
 a friend:
 Let an author but write what's above
 his poor scope,
 He goes to work gravely and twists
 up a rope,
 And, inviting the world to see punish-
 ment done,
 Hangs himself up to bleach in the
 wind and the sun;

'Tis delightful to see, when a man
comes along
Who has anything in him peculiar
and strong,
Every cockboat that swims clear its
fierce (pop) gundeck at him,
And make as he passes its ludicrous
Peck at him——"

Here Miranda came up and began,
"As to that——"
Apollo at once seized his gloves, cane,
and hat,
And seeing the place getting rapidly
cleared,
I too snatched my notes and forth-
with disappeared.

THE BIGLOW PAPERS

NOTICES OF AN INDEPENDENT PRESS

[I HAVE observed, reader (bene- or male-volent, as it may happen), that it is customary to append to the second editions of books, and to the second works of authors, short sentences commendatory of the first, under the title of *Notices of the Press*. These, I have been given to understand, are procurable at certain established rates, payment being made either in money or advertising patronage by the publisher, or by an adequate outlay of servility on the part of the author. Considering these things with myself, and also that such notices are neither intended, nor generally believed, to convey any real opinions, being a purely ceremonial accompaniment of literature, and resembling certificates to the virtues of various morbiferal panaceas, I conceived that it would be not only more economical to prepare a sufficient number of such myself, but also more immediately subservient to the end in view, to prefix them to this our primary edition rather than await the contingency of a second, when they would seem to be of small utility. To delay attaching the *boobs* until the second attempt at flying the kite would indicate but a slender experience in that useful art. Neither has it escaped my notice, nor failed to afford me matter of reflection, that, when a circus or a caravan is about to visit Jaalam, the initial step is to send forward large and highly ornamented bills of performance to be hung in the bar-room and the post-office. These having been sufficiently gazed at, and beginning to lose their attractiveness except for the flies, and, truly, the boys also (in whom I find it impossible to repress, even during school-hours, certain oral and telegraphic communications concerning the expected show), upon some fine morning the band enters in a gaily painted waggon or triumphal chariot, and with noisy advertisement, by means of brass, wood, and sheepskin, makes the circuit of our startled village streets. Then, as the exciting sounds draw nearer and nearer, do I desiderate those eyes of Aristarchus,

“whose looks were as a breeching to a boy.” Then do I perceive, with vain regret of wasted opportunities, the advantage of a pancratic or pantechnic education, since he is most revered by my little subjects who can throw the cleanest summerset or walk most securely upon the revolving cask. The story of the Pied Piper becomes for the first time credible to me (albeit confirmed by the Hameliners dating their legal instruments from the period of his exit), as I behold how those strains, without pretence of magical potency, bewitch the pupillary legs, nor leave to the pedagogic an entire self-control. For these reasons, lest my kingly prerogative should suffer diminution, I prorogue my restless commons, whom I follow into the street, chiefly lest some mischief may chance befall them. After the manner of such a band, I send forward the following notices of domestic manufacture, to make brazen proclamation, not unconscious of the advantage which will accrue, if our little craft, *cymbula subtilis*, shall seem to leave port with a clipping breeze, and to carry, in nautical phrase, a bone in h-r mouth. Nevertheless, I have chosen, as being more equitable, to prepare some also sufficiently oburgatory, that readers of every taste may find a dish to their palate. I have modelled them upon actually existing specimens, preserved in my own cabinet of natural curiosities. One, in particular, I had copied with tolerable exactness from a notice of one of my own discourses, which, from its superior tone and appearance of vast experience, I concluded to have been written by a man at least three hundred years of age, though I recollected no existing instance of such antediluvian longevity. Nevertheless, I afterwards discovered the author to be a young gentleman preparing for the ministry under the direction of one of my brethren in a neighbouring town, and whom I had once instinctively corrected in a Latin quantity. But this I have been forced to omit, from its too great length.—H. W.]

From the Universal Littery Universe.

Full of passages which rivet the attention of the reader. . . . Under a rustic garb, sentiments are conveyed which should be committed to the memory and engraven on the heart of every moral and social being. . . . We consider this a *unique* performance. . . . We hope to see it soon introduced into our common schools. . . . Mr. Wilbur has performed his duties as editor with excellent taste and judgment. . . . This is a vein which we hope to see successfully prosecuted. . . . We hail the appearance of this work as a long stride toward the formation of a purely aboriginal, indigenous, native, and American literature. We rejoice to meet with an author national enough to break away from the slavish deference, too common among us, to English grammar and orthography. . . . Where all is so good, we are at a loss how to make extracts. . . . On the whole, we may call it a volume which no library, pretending to entire completeness, should fail to place upon its shelves.

From the Higginbottomopolis Snapping-turtle.

A collection of the merest balderdash and doggerel that it was ever our bad fortune to lay eyes on. The author is a vulgar buffoon, and the editor a talkative, tedious old fool. We use strong language, but should any of our readers peruse the book, (from which calamity Heaven preserve them!) they will find reasons for it thick as the leaves of Valumbroze, or, to use a still more expressive comparison, as the combined heads of author and editor. The work is wretchedly got up. . . . We should like to know how much *British gold* was pocketed by this libeller of our country and her purest patriots.

From the Oldfogrumville Mentor.

We have not had time to do more than glance through this handsomely printed volume, but the name of its respectable editor, the Rev. Mr. Wilbur, of Jaalam, will afford a sufficient guaranty for the

worth of its contents. . . . The paper is white, the type clear, and the volume of a convenient and attractive size. . . . In reading this elegantly executed work, it has seemed to us that a passage or two might have been retrenched with advantage, and that the general style of diction was susceptible of a higher polish. . . . On the whole, we may safely leave the ungrateful task of criticism to the reader. We will barely suggest, that in volumes intended, as this is, for the illustration of a provincial dialect and turns of expression, a dash of humour or satire might be thrown in with advantage. . . . The work is admirably got up. . . . This work will form an appropriate ornament to the centre-table. It is beautifully printed, on paper of an excellent quality.

From the Dekay Bulwark.

We should be wanting in our duty as the conductor of that tremendous engine, a public press, as an American, and as a man, did we allow such an opportunity as is presented to us by "The Biglow Papers" to pass by without entering our earnest protest against such attempts (now, alas! too common) at demoralising the public sentiment. Under a wretched mask of stupid drollery, slavery, war, the social glass, and, in short, all the valuable and time-honoured institutions justly dear to our common humanity and especially to republicans, are made the butt of coarse and senseless ribaldry by this low-minded scribbler. It is time that the respectable and religious portion of our community should be aroused to the alarming inroads of foreign Jacobinism, sans-culottism, and infidelity. It is a fearful proof of the widespread nature of this contagion, that these secret stabs at religion and virtue are given from under the cloak (*credite posteri!*) of a clergyman. It is a mournful spectacle indeed to the patriot and Christian to see liberality and new ideas (falsely so called,—they are as old as Eden) invading the sacred precincts of the pulpit. . . . On the whole, we consider this volume as one of the first shocking results which we predicted would spring out of the late French "Revolution" (!).

From the Bungtown Copper and Comprehensive Tocsin (a try-weakly family journal).

Altogether an admirable work. . . . Full of humour, boisterous, but delicate,—of wit withering and scorching, yet combined with a pathos cool as morning dew,—of satire ponderous as the mace of Richard, yet keen as the scymitar of Saladin. . . . A work full of "mountain-mirth," mischievous as Puck, and light-some as Ariel. . . . We know not whether to admire most the genial, fresh, and discursive concinnity of the author, or his playful fancy, weird imagination, and compass of style, at once both objective and subjective. . . . We might indulge in some criticisms, but, were the author other than he is, he would be a different being. As it is, he has a wonderful *pose*, which flits from flower to flower, and bears the reader irresistibly along on its eagle pinions (like Ganymede) to the "highest heaven of invention." . . . We love a book so purely objective. . . . Many of his pictures of natural scenery have an extraordinary subjective clearness and fidelity. . . . In fine, we consider this as one of the most extraordinary volumes of this or any age. We know of no English author who could have written it. It is a work to which the proud genius of our country, standing with one foot on the Aroostook and the other on the Rio Grande, and holding up the star-spangled banner amid the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds, may point with bewildering scorn of the punier efforts of enslaved Europe. . . . We hope soon to encounter our author among those higher walks of literature in which he is evidently capable of achieving enduring fame. Already we should be inclined to assign him a high position in the bright galaxy of our American bards.

*From the
Saltriver Pilot and Flag of Freedom.*

A volume in bad grammar and worse taste. . . . While the pieces here collected were confined to their appropriate sphere in the corners of obscure news-

papers, we considered them wholly beneath contempt, but, as the author has chosen to come forward in this public manner, he must expect the lash he so richly merits. . . . Contemptible slanders. . . . Vilest Billingsgate. . . . Has raked all the gutters of our language. . . . The most pure, upright, and consistent politicians not safe from his malignant venom. . . . General Cushing comes in for a share of his vile calumnies. . . . The *Reverend* Homer Wilbur is a disgrace to his cloth. . . .

*From the
World-Harmonic-Æolian-Attachment.*

Speech is silver: silence is golden. No utterance more Orphic than this. While, therefore, as highest author, we reverence him whose works continue heroically unwritten, we have also our hopeful word for those who with pen (from wing of goose loud-cackling, or seraph God-commissioned) record the thing that is revealed. . . . Under mask of quaintest irony, we detect here the deep, storm-tost (high shipwrecked) soul, thunder-scarred, semi-articulate, but ever climbing hopefully toward the peaceful summits of an Infinite Sorrow. . . . Yes, thou poor, forlorn Hosea, with Hebrew fire-flaming soul in thee, for thee also this life of ours has not been without its aspects of heavenliest pity and laugh- ingest mirth. Conceivable enough! Through coarse Thersites-cloak, we have revelation of the heart, wild-glowing, world-clasping, that is in him. Bravely he grapples with the life-problem as it presents itself to him, uncombed, shaggy, careless of the "nicer proprieties," inexpert of "elegant diction," yet with voice audible enough to whoso hath ears, up there on the gravelly side-hills, or down on the splashy indiarubber-like salt-marshes of native Jaalam. To this soul also the *Necessity of Creating* somewhat has unveiled its awful front. If not *Edipuses* and *Electras* and *Alcestises*, then in God's name *Birdofredum Sawins*! These also shall get born into the world, and filch (if so need) a Zingali subsistence therein, these lank, omnivorous Yankees of his. He shall paint the Seen, since the Unseen will not sit to him. Yet in him

also are Nibelungen-lays, and Iliads, and Ulysses-wanderings, and Divine Comedies,—if only once he could come at them! Therein lies much, nay all; for what truly is this which we name *All*, but that which we do *not* possess? . . . Glimpses also are given us of an old father Ezekiel, not without paternal pride, as is the wont of such. A brown, parchment-hided old man of the geoponic or bucolic species, gray-eyed, we fancy, *queued* perhaps, with much weather-cunning and plentiful September-gale memories, bidding fair in good time to become the Oldest Inhabitant. After such hasty apparition, he vanishes and is seen no more. . . . Of "Rev. Homer Wilbur, A. M., Pastor of the First Church in Jaalam," we have small care to speak here. Spare touch in him of his Melesigenes namesake, save, haply, the—blindness! A tolerably caliginose, nephelegeretous elderly gentleman, with infinite faculty of sermonising, muscularised by long practice, and excellent digestive apparatus, and, for the rest, well-meaning enough, and with small private illuminations (somewhat tallowy, it is to be feared) of his own. To him, there, "Pastor of the First Church in Jaalam," our Hosea presents himself as a quite inexplicable Sphinx-riddle. A rich poverty of Latin and Greek,—so far is clear enough, even to eyes peering myopic through horn-lensed editorial spectacles,—but naught farther? O purblind, well-meaning, altogether fuscous Melesigenes-Wilbur, there are things in him incommunicable by stroke of birch! Did it ever enter that old bewildered head of thine that there was the *Possibility of the Infinite* in him? To thee, quite wingless (and even featherless) biped, has not so much even as a dream of wings ever come? "Talented young parishioner"? Among the Arts whereof thou art *Magister*, does that of *seeing* happen to be one? Unhappy *Artium Magister*! Somehow a Nemean lion, fulvous, torrid-eyed, dry-nursed in broad-howling sand-wildernesses of a sufficiently rare spirit-Libya (it may be supposed) has got whelped among the sheep. Already he stands wild-glaring, with feet clutching the ground as with oak-roots, gathering for a Remus-spring over the walls of thy little fold. In Heaven's name, go not near him with

that flybite crook of thine! In good time, thou painful preacher, thou wilt go to the appointed place of departed Artillery-Election Sermons, Right-Hands of Fellowship, and Results of Councils, gathered to thy spiritual fathers with much Latin of the Epitaphial sort; thou, too, shalt have thy reward; but on him the Eumenides have looked, not Xantippes of the pit, snake-tressed, finger-threatening, but radiantly calm as on antique gems; for him paws impatient the winged courser of the gods, champing unwelcome bit; him the starry deeps, the empyrean glooms, and far-flashing splendours await.

From the Onion Grove Phoenix.

A talented young townsman of ours, recently returned from a Continental tour, and who is already favourably known to our readers by his sprightly letters from abroad which have graced our columns, called at our office yesterday. We learn from him, that, having enjoyed the distinguished privilege, while in Germany, of an introduction to the celebrated Von Humbug, he took the opportunity to present that eminent man with a copy of the "Biglow Papers." The next morning he received the following note, which he has kindly furnished us for publication. We prefer to print it *verbatim*, knowing that our readers will readily forgive the few errors into which the illustrious writer has fallen, through ignorance of our language.

"HIGH-WORTHY MISTER!

"I shall also now especially happy starve, because I have more or less a work of one those aboriginal Red-Men seen in which have I so deaf an interest ever taken full-worthy on the self shelf with our Gottsched to be upset.

"Pardon my in the English-speech unpractice! VON HUMBUG."

He also sent with the above note a copy of his famous work on "Cosmetics," to be presented to Mr. Biglow; but this was taken from our friend by the English custom-house officers, probably through a petty national spite. No doubt, it has by this time found its way into the British

Museum. We trust this outrage will be exposed in all our American papers. We shall do our best to bring it to the notice of the State Department. Our numerous readers will share in the pleasure we experience at seeing our young and vigorous national literature thus encouragingly patted on the head by this venerable and world-renowned German. We love to see these reciprocations of good-feeling between the different branches of the great Anglo-Saxon race.

[The following genuine "notice" having met my eye, I gladly insert a portion of it here, the more especially as it contains one of Mr. Biglow's poems not elsewhere printed.—H. W.]

*From the Jaalam Independent
Blunderbuss.*

. . . But, while we lament to see our young townsman thus mingling in the heated contests of party politics, we think we detect in him the presence of talents which, if properly directed, might give an innocent pleasure to many. As a proof that he is competent to the production of other kinds of poetry, we copy for our readers a short fragment of a pastoral by him, the manuscript of which was loaned us by a friend. The title of it is "The Courtin'."

ZFKLE crep' up, quite unbeknown,
An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'ith no one nigh to hender.

Agin' the chimibly crooknecks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
Fetched back frum Concord busted.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle fires danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, coz she wuz in,
Looked warm frum floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez th' apples she wuz peekin'.

She heerd a foot, an' knowed it tu,
Araspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelins flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtle o' the seekle;
His heart kep' goin' pitypat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yet she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him furder;
An' on her apples kep' to work
Ez ef a wager spurred her.

"You want to see my Pa, I spose?"
"Wal, no; I come designin'—"
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrow's i'nin'."

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye, nuther.

Sez he, "I'd better call agin;"
Sez she, "Think likely, *Alister*;"
The last word pricked him like a pin,
An'—wal, he up and kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kind o' smily round the lips
An' teary round the lashes.

Her blood riz quick, though, like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they wuz cried
In meetin' come nex Sunday.

SATIS multis sese emptores futuros
libri professis, Georgius Nichols, Cantabrigiensis, opus emittet de parte gravi
sed adhuc neglecta historiae naturalis,
cum titulo sequente, videlicet:

*Conatus ad Delineationem naturalem
non-nihil perfectiorem Scarabaei Bombi-
latoris, vulgo dicti HUMBUG, ab HOMERO
WILBUR, Artium Magistro, Societatis
historico-naturalis Jaalamensis Praeside
(Secretario, Socioque (ehen!) singulo),
multarumque aliarum Societatum erudi-
tarum (sive ineruditatum) tam domesti-
carum quam transmarinarum Socio—
forsitan futuro.*

PROEMIUM

LECTORI BENEVOLO S.

Toga scholastica nondum deposita, quum systemata varia entomologica, a viris ejus scientiæ cultoribus studiosissimis summa diligentia ædificata, penitus indagasset, non fuit quin luctuose omnibus in iis, quamvis aliter laude dignissimis, hiatum magni momenti perciperem. Tunc, nescio quo motu superiore impulsus, aut qua captus dulcedine operis, ad eum implendum (Curtius alter) me solemniter devovi. Nec ab isto labore, *δαμονίως* imposito, abstinui antequam tractatulum sufficienter inconcinnum lingua vernacula perfeceram. Inde, juveniliter tumefactus, et barathro ineptiæ τῶν βιβλιοπωλῶν (necon "Publici Legentis") nusquam explorato, me composuisse quod quasi placentas præfervidas (ut sic dicam) homines ingurgitare credidi. Sed, quum huic et alio bibliopolæ MSS. mea submissem et nihil solidius responsione valde negativa in Musæum meum retulissem, horror ingens atque misericordia, ob crassitudinem Lambertianam in cerebris homunculorum istius muneris cœlesti quadam ira infixam, me invasere. Extemplo mei solius impensis librum edere decrevi, nihil omnino dubitans quin "Mundus Scientificus" (ut aiunt) crumenam meam ampliter repleret. Nullam, attamen, ex agro illo meo parvulo segetem demessui, præter gaudium vacuum bene de Republica merendi. Iste panis meus pretiosus super aquas literarias fæculentas præferenter jactus, quasi Harpyiarum quarundam (scilicet bibliopolarum istorum facinorosorum supradictorum) tactu rancidus, intra perpaucos dies mihi domum rediit. Et, quum ipse tali victu ali non tolerarem, primum in mentem venit pistori (typographo nempe) nihilominus solvendum esse. Animum non ideo demisi, imo æque ac pueri naviculas suas penes se lino retinent (eo ut e recto cursu delapsas ad ripam retrahant), sic ego Argô meam chartaceam fluctibus laborantem a quæsitu velleris aurei, ipse potius tonsus pelleque exutus, mente solida revocavi. Metaphoram ut mutem, *boomarangam* meam a scopo aberrantem retraxi, dum majore vi, occasione minis-

trante, adversus Fortunam intorquerem. Ast mihi, talia volenti, et, sicut Saturnus ille *παιδοβόπος*, liberos intellectus mei depascere fidenti, casus miserandus, nec antea inauditus, supervenit. Nam, ut ferunt Scythas pietatis causa et parsimoniæ, parentes suos mortuos devorasse, sic filius hic meus primogenitus, Scythis ipsis minus mansuetus, patrem vivum totum et calcitrantem exsorbere enixus est. Nec tamen hac de causa sobolem meam esurientem exheredavi. Sed famem istam pro valido testimonio virilitatis roborisque potius habui, cibumque ad eam satiandam, salva paterna mea carne, petii. Et quia bilem illam scaturientem ad æs etiam concoquendum idoneam esse estimabam, unde æs alienum, ut minoris pretii, haberem, circumspexi. Rebus ita se habentibus, ab avunculo meo Johanne Doolittle, Armigero, impetravi ut pecunias necessarias suppeditaret, ne opus esset mihi universitatem relinquendi antequam ad gradum primum in artibus pervenissem. Tunc ego, salvum facere patronum meum munificum maxime cupiens, omnes libros primæ editionis operis mei non venditos una cum privilegio in omne ævum ejusdem imprimendi et edendi avunculo meo dicto pigneravi. Ex illo die, atro lapide notando, curæ vociferantes familiæ singulis annis crescentis eo usque insultabant ut nunquam tam carum pignus et vinculis istis aheneis solvere possem.

Avunculo vero nuper mortuo, quum inter alios consanguineos testamenti ejus lectionem audiendi causa advenissem, erectis auribus verba talia sequentia accepi: "Quoniam persuasum habeo meum dilectum nepotem Homerum, longa et intima rerum angustiarum domi experientia, aptissimum esse qui divitiis tueatur, beneficenterque ac prudenter iis divinis creditis utatur,—ergo, motus hisce cogitationibus, exque amore meo in illum magno, do, legoque nepoti caro meo supranominato omnes singularesque istas possessiones nec ponderabiles nec computabiles meas quæ sequuntur, scilicet: quingentos libros quo smihi pigneravit dictus Homerus, anno lucis 1792, cum privilegio edendi et repetendi opus istud 'scientificum' (quod dicunt) suum, si sic elegerit. Tamen D. O. M. precor oculos Homeri nepotis mei ita aperiat eumque

moveat, ut libros istos in bibliotheca unius e plurimis castellis suis Hispaniensibus tuto abscondat."

His verbis (vix credibilibus) auditis, cor meum in pectore exsultavit. Deinde, quoniam tractatus Anglice scriptus spem auctoris fefellerat, quippe quum studium Historiæ Naturalis in Republica nostra inter factionis strepitum languescat, Latine versum edree statui, et eo potius quia nescio quomodo disciplina academica et duo diplomata proficiant, nisi quod peritos linguarum omnino mortuarum (et damnandarum, ut dicebat iste *πρωτοπυρος* Guilielmus Cobbett) nos faciant.

Et mihi adhuc superstes est tota illa editio prima, quam quasi crepitaculum per quod dentes caninos dentibam retineo.

OPERIS SPECIMEN

(*Ad exemplum Johnnis Physiophili specimenis Monachologiae.*)

12. S. B. *Militaris*, WILBUR. *Carnifex*, JABLONSK. *Profanus*, DESFONT.

[Male hancce speciem *Cyclopem* Fabricius vocat, ut qui singulo oculo ad quod sui interest distinguitur. Melius vero Isaacus Outis nullum inter S. milit. S. que Belzebul (Fabric. 152) discrimen esse defendit.]

Habitat civitat. Americ. austral.

Aureis lineis splendidus; plerumque tamen sordidus, utpote lanienas valde

frequentans, foetore sanguinis allectus. Amat quoque insuper septa apricari, neque inde, nisi maxima conatione detruditur. *Candidatus* ergo populariter vocatus. Caput cristam quasi pennarum ostendit. Pro cibo vaccam publicam callide mulget; abdomen enorme; facultas suctus haud facile estimanda. Otiosus, fatuus; ferox nihilominus, semperque dimicare paratus. Tortuose repit.

Capite sæpe maxima cum cura dissecto, ne illud rudimentum etiam cerebri commune omnibus prope insectis detegere poteram.

Unam de hoc S. milit. rem singularem notavi; nam S. Guineens. (Fabric. 143) servos facit, et idcirco a multis summa in reverentia habitus, quasi scintillas rationis pæne humanæ demonstrans.

24. S. B. *Criticus*, WILBUR. *Zoilus*, FABRIC. *Pygmæus*, CARLSEN.

[Stultissime Johannes Stryx cum S. punctato (Fabric. 64-109) confundit. Specimina quamplurima scrutationi microscopice subjeci, nunquam tamen unum ulla indicia puncti cujusvis prorsus ostendentem inveni.]

Præcipue formidolosus, insectatusque, in proxima rima anonyma sese abscondit, *we, we*, creberrime stridens. Ineptus, segnipes.

Habitat ubique gentium; in sicco; nidum suum terebratione indefessa ædificans. Cibum. Libros depascit; siccis præcipue, seligens, et forte succidum.

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MELIBŒUS-HIPPONAX.

THE

Biglow Papers,

EDITED,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION, NOTES, GLOSSARY, AND
COPIOUS INDEX,

BY

HOMER WILBUR, A.M.,

PASTOR OF THE FIRST CHURCH IN JAALAM, AND (PROSPECTIVE) MEMBER OF MANY
LITERARY, LEARNED, AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES,

(for which see page 191).

The ploughman's whistle, or the trivial flute,
Finds more respect than great Apollo's lute.

—*Quarles's Emblems*, B. ii. E. 8.

Margarita, munde porcine, calcâsti : en, siliquas accipe.

—*Jac. Car. Fil. ad Pub. Leg.* § 1

NOTE TO TITLE-PAGE

It will not have escaped the attentive eye, that I have, on the title-page, omitted those honorary appendages to the editorial name which not only add greatly to the value of every book, but whet and exacerbate the appetite of the reader. For not only does he surmise that an honorary membership of literary and scientific societies implies a certain amount of necessary distinction on the part of the recipient of such decorations, but he is willing to trust himself more entirely to an author who writes under the fearful responsibility of involving the reputation of such bodies as the *S. Archaeol. Dahom.* or the *Acad. Lit. et Scient. Kamtschat.* I cannot but think that the early editions

of Shakspeare and Milton would have met with more rapid and general acceptance, but for the barrenness of their respective title-pages; and I believe that, even now, a publisher of the works of either of those justly distinguished men would find his account in procuring their admission to the membership of learned bodies on the Continent,—a proceeding no whit more incongruous than the reversal of the judgment against Socrates, when he was already more than twenty centuries beyond the reach of antidotes, and when his memory had acquired a deserved respectability. I conceive that it was a feeling of the importance of this precaution which induced Mr. Locke to style himself "Gent." on the title-page of his Essay, as who should say to his

readers that they could receive his metaphysics on the honour of a gentleman.

Nevertheless, finding that, without descending to a smaller size of type than would have been compatible with the dignity of the several societies to be named, I could not compress my intended list within the limits of a single page, and thinking, moreover, that the act would carry with it an air of decorous modesty, I have chosen to take the reader aside, as it were, into my private closet, and there not only exhibit to him the diplomas which I already possess, but also to furnish him with a prophetic vision of those which I may, without undue presumption, hope for, as not beyond the reach of human ambition and attainment. And I am the rather induced to this from the fact that my name has been unaccountably dropped from the last triennial catalogue of our beloved *Alma Mater*. Whether this is to be attributed to the difficulty of Latinising any of those honorary adjuncts (with a complete list of which I took care to furnish the proper persons nearly a year beforehand), or whether it had its origin in any more culpable motives, I forbear to consider in this place, the matter being in course of painful investigation. But, however this may be, I felt the omission the more keenly, as I had, in expectation of the new catalogue, enriched the library of the Jalaam *Athenaeum* with the old one then in my possession, by which means it has come about that my children will be deprived of a never-wearying winter evening's amusement in looking out the name of their parent in that distinguished roll. Those harmless innocents had at least committed no — but I forbear, having intrusted my reflections and animadversions on this painful topic to the safe keeping of my private diary, intended for posthumous publication. I state this fact here, in order that certain nameless individuals, who are, perhaps, overmuch congratulating themselves upon my silence, may know that a rod is in pickle which the vigorous hand of a justly incensed posterity will apply to their memories.

The careful reader will note that, in the list which I have prepared, I have included the names of several Cisatlantic societies to which a place is not com-

monly assigned in processions of this nature. I have ventured to do this, not only to encourage native ambition and genius, but also because I have never been able to perceive in what way distance (unless we suppose them at the end of a lever) could increase the weight of learned bodies. As far as I have been able to extend my researches among such stuffed specimens as occasionally reach America, I have discovered no generic difference between the antipodal *Fogrum Japonicum* and the *F. Americanum* sufficiently common in our own immediate neighbourhood. Yet, with a becoming deference to the popular belief that distinctions of this sort are enhanced in value by every additional mile they travel, I have intermixed the names of some tolerably distant literary and other associations with the rest.

I add here, also, an advertisement, which, that it may be the more readily understood by those persons especially interested therein, I have written in that curtailed and otherwise maltreated canine Latin, to the writing and reading of which they are accustomed.

OMNIB. PER TOT. ORB. TERRAR.
CATALOG. ACADEM. EDD.

Minim. gent. diplom. ab inclitytiss. acad. vest. orans, vir. honorand. operosiss., at sol. ut sciat. quant. glor. nom. meum (dipl. fort. concess.) catal. vest. temp. futur. affer., ill. subjec., addit. omnib. titul. honorar. qu. adh. non tant. opt. quam probab. put.

* * * *Litt. Uncial, distinx. ut Præs. S. Hist. Nat. Jaal.*

HOMERUS WILBUR, Mr., Episc. Jaalam, S. T. D. 1850, et Yal. 1849, et Neo-Cæs. et Brun. et Gulielm. 1852, et Gul. et Mar. et Bowd. et Georgiop. et Viridimont. et Columb. Nov. Ebor. 1853, et Amherst. et Watervill. et S. Jarlath. Hib. et S. Mar. et S. Joseph. et S. And. Scot. 1854, et Nashvill. et Dart. et Dickens. et Concord. et Wash. et Columbian. et Charlest. et Jeff. et Dubl. et Oxon. et Cantab. et cæx. 1855, P. U. N. C. H. et J. U. D. Gott. et Osnab. et Heidelb. 1860, et Acad. BORE US. Berolin. Soc., et SS. RR. Lugd. Bat. et Patav. et Lond. et Edinb. et Ins. Feejee. et Null. Terr. et Pekin. Soc. Hon. et S. H. S. et S. P. A.

et A. A. S. et S. Humb. Univ. et S. Omn. Rer. Quarund. q. Aliar. Promov. Passamaquod. et H. P. C. et I. O. H. et A. D. Φ. et II. K. P. et Φ. B. K. et Peucin. et Erosoph. et Philadelph. et Frat. in Unit. et Σ. T. et S. Archæolog. Athen. et Acad. Scient. et Lit. Panorm. et SS. R. H. Matrit. et Beeloochist. et Caffrar. et Caribb. et M. S. Reg. Paris. et S. Ani. Antiserv. Soc. Hon. et P. D. Gott. et LL. D. 1852, et D. C. L. et Mus. Doc. Oxon. 1860, et M. M. S. S. et M. D. 1854, et Med. Fac. Univ. Harv. Soc. et S. pro Convers. Pollywog. Soc. Hon. et Higgl. Pigg. et LL. B. 1853, et S. pro Christianiz. Moschet. Soc. et SS. Ante-Diluv. ubiq. Gent. Soc. Hon. et Civit. Cleric. Jaalam. et S. pro Diffus. General. Tenebr. Secret. Corr.

INTRODUCTION

WHEN, more than three years ago, my talented young parishioner, Mr. Biglow, came to me and submitted to my animadversions the first of his poems which he intended to commit to the more hazardous trial of a city newspaper, it never so much as entered my imagination to conceive that his productions would ever be gathered into a fair volume, and ushered into the august presence of the reading public by myself. So little are we shortsighted mortals able to predict the event! I confess that there is to me a quite new satisfaction in being associated (though only as sleeping partner) in a book which can stand by itself in an independent unity on the shelves of libraries. For there is always this drawback from the pleasure of printing a sermon, that, whereas the queasy stomach of this generation will not bear a discourse long enough to make a separate volume, those religious and godly-minded children (those Samuels, if I may call them so) of the brain must at first lie buried in an undistinguished heap, and then get such resurrection as is vouchsafed to them, mummy-wrapped with a score of others in a cheap binding, with no other mark of distinction than the word "Miscellaneous" printed upon the back. Far be it from me to claim any credit for the quite unexpected popu-

larity which I am pleased to find these bucolic strains have attained unto. If I know myself, I am measurably free from the itch of vanity; yet I may be allowed to say that I was not backward to recognise in them a certain wild, puckery, acidulous (sometimes even verging toward that point which, in our rustic phrase, is termed *shut-eye*) flavour, not wholly unpleasing, nor unwholesome, to palates cloyed with the sugariness of tamed and cultivated fruit. It may be, also, that some touches of my own, here and there, may have led to their wider acceptance, albeit solely from my larger experience of literature and authorship.¹

I was at first inclined to discourage Mr. Biglow's attempts, as knowing that the desire to poetise is one of the diseases naturally incident to adolescence, which, if the fitting remedies be not at once and with a bold hand applied, may become chronic, and render one, who might else have become in due time an ornament of the social circle, a painful object even to nearest friends and relatives. But thinking, on a further experience, that there was a germ of promise in him which required only culture and the pulling up of weeds from around it, I thought it best to set before him the acknowledged examples of English composition in verse, and leave the rest to natural emulation. With this view, I accordingly lent him some volumes of Pope and Goldsmith, to the assiduous study of which he promised to devote his evenings. Not long afterward he brought me some verses written upon that model, a specimen of which I subjoin, having changed some phrases of less elegance, and a few rhymes objectionable to the cultivated ear. The poem consisted of childish reminiscences, and the sketches which follow will not seem destitute of truth to those whose fortunate education began in a country village. And, first, let us hang up his charcoal portrait of the school-dame.

¹ The reader curious in such matters may refer (if he can find them) to "A Sermon preached on the Anniversary of the Dark Day," "An Artillery Election Sermon," "A Discourse on the Late Eclipse," "Dorcas, a Funeral Sermon on the Death of Madam Submit Tidd, Relict of the late Experience Tidd, Esq.," &c. &c.

"Propped on the marsh, a dwelling now
 I see,
 The humble school-house of my A, B, C,
 Where well-drilled urchins, each behind
 his tire,
 Waited in ranks the wished command
 to fire,
 Then all together, when the signal came,
 Discharged their *a-b abs* against the
 dame.
 Daughter of Danaus, who could daily
 pour
 In treacherous pipkins her Pierian store,
 She, 'mid the volleyed learning firm and
 calm,
 Patted the furloughed ferule on her palm,
 And, to our wonder, could divine at once
 Who flashed the pan, and who was down-
 right dunce.

"There young Devotion learned to climb
 with ease
 The gnarly limbs of Scripture family-
 trees,
 And he was most commended and ad-
 mired
 Who soonest to the topmost twig per-
 spired;
 Each name was called as many various
 ways
 As pleased the reader's ear on different
 days,
 So that the weather, or the ferule's stings,
 Colds in the head, or fifty other things,
 Transformed the helpless Hebrew thrice
 a week
 To guttural Pequot or resounding Greek,
 The vibrant accent skipping here and
 there,
 Just as it pleased invention or despair;
 No controversial Hebraist was the Dame,
 With or without the points pleased her
 the same;
 If any tyro found a name too tough,
 And looked at her, pride furnished skill
 enough;
 She nerved her larynx for the desperate
 thing,
 And cleared the five-barred syllables at
 a spring.

"Ah, dear old times! there once it was
 my hap,
 Perched on a stool, to wear the long-
 eared cap;
 From books degraded, there I sat at ease,
 A drone, the envy of compulsory bees;

Rewards of merit, too, full many a time,
 Each with its woodcut and its moral
 rhyme,
 And pierced half-dollars hung on ribbons
 gay
 About my neck—to be restored next
 day—
 I carried home, rewards as shining
 then
 As those that deck the lifelong pains of
 men,
 More solid than the re-demanded praise
 With which the world be-ribbons later
 days.

"Ah, dear old times! how brightly ye
 return!
 How, rubbed afresh, your phosphor
 traces burn!
 The ramble schoolward through dew-
 sparkling meads,
 The willow-wands turned Cinderella
 steeds,
 The impromptu pin-bent hook, the deep
 remorse
 O'er the chance-captured minnow's inch-
 long corse;
 The pockets, plethoric with marbles
 round,
 That still a space for ball and pegtop
 found,
 Nor satiate yet, could manage to confine
 Horse-chestnuts, flagroot, and the kite's
 wound twine,
 And, like the prophet's carpet, could take
 in,
 Enlarging still, the popgun's magazine;
 The dinner carried in the small tin
 pail,
 Shared with some dog, whose most be-
 seeching tail
 And dripping tongue and eager ears be-
 lied
 The assumed indifference of canine
 pride;
 The caper homeward, shortened if the
 cart
 Of Neighbour Pomeroy, trundling from
 the mart,
 O'ertook me,—then, translated to the
 seat,
 I praised the steed, how stanch he was
 and fleet,
 While the bluff farmer, with superior
 grin,
 Explained where horses should be thick,
 where thin,

And warned me (joke he always had in store)
 To shun a beast that four white stockings wore.
 What a fine natural courtesy was his!
 His nod was pleasure, and his full bow bliss;
 How did his well-thumbed hat, with ardour rapt,
 Its curve decorous to each rank adapt!
 How did it graduate with a courtly ease
 The whole long scale of social differences,
 Yet so gave each his measure running o'er,
 None thought his own was less, his neighbour's more;
 The squire was flattered, and the pauper knew
 Old times acknowledged 'neath the threadbare blue!
 Dropped at the corner of the embowered lane,
 Whistling I waded the knee-deep leaves again,
 While eager Argus, who has missed all day
 The sharer of his condescending play,
 Comes leaping onward with a bark elate
 And boisterous tail to greet me at the gate;
 That I was true in absence to our love
 Let the thick dog's-ears in my primer prove."

I add only one further extract, which will possess a melancholy interest to all such as have endeavoured to glean the materials of revolutionary history from the lips of aged persons, who took a part in the actual making of it, and, finding the manufacture profitable, continued the supply in an adequate proportion to the demand.

"Old Joe is gone, who saw hot Percy goad
 His slow artillery up the Concord road,
 A tale which grew in wonder, year by year,
 As, every time he told it, Joe drew near
 To the main fight, till, faded and grown gray,
 The original scene to bolder tints gave way;
 Then Joe had heard the foe's scared double-quick
 Beat on stove drum with one uncaptured stick,

And, ere death came the lengthening tale to lop,
 Himself had fired, and seen a red-coat drop.
 Had Joe lived long enough, that scrambling fight
 Had squared more nearly with his sense of right,
 And vanquished Percy, to complete the tale,
 Had hammered stone for life in Concord jail."

I do not know that the foregoing extracts ought not to be called my own rather than Mr. Biglow's, as, indeed, he maintained stoutly that my file had left nothing of his in them. I should not, perhaps, have felt entitled to take so great liberties with them had I not more than suspected an hereditary vein of poetry in my nature, and, may be, having written render one, who might else Harvard Graduate, a very near subject even George the first, a Latin poem in the whether not fit, a Latin poem in the approbation of. Suffice it to say, that, bestow, or a satisfied with to say, that, aptitude, certainly I could conscientiously friend could see in a sense of natural limitation further essay it is that my young that it is rather be induced to my young foreign is kind He affirmed the five like writing in a one of fifty a mat Mr. Pope's version could be the regular ticking of, yet kind resources, in which or, tick, was skipping tune, but whistling so fairly, after -stricken, he had using to his eye, as a fox-bait was, or a scrub-oak in a swamp. He adds, please know not what, to the effect that the sweet-water would only be the more disgraced by having its leaves starched and ironed out, and that Pegasus (so he called him) hardly looked right with his mane and tail in curl-papers. These and other such opinions I did not long strive to eradicate, attributing them rather to a defective education and senses untuned by too long familiarity with purely natural objects, than to a perverted moral sense. I was the more inclined to this leniency since sufficient evidence was not to seek that his verses, wanting as they certainly were

in classic polish and point, had somehow taken hold of the public ear in a surprising manner. So, only setting him right as to the quantity of the proper name Pegasus, I left him to follow the bent of his natural genius.

Yet could I not surrender him wholly to the tutelage of the pagan (which, literally interpreted, signifies village) Muse without yet a further effort for his conversion, and to this end I resolved that whatever of poetic fire yet burned in myself, aided by the assiduous bellows of correct models, should be put in requisition. Accordingly, when my ingenious young parishioner brought to my study a copy of verses which he had written touching the acquisition of territory resulting from the Mexican war, and the folly of leaving the question of slavery or freedom to the adjudication of chance, I did myself indite a short fable or apologue after the manner of Gay and Prior, to the end that he might see how easily even such subjects as he treated of were capable of a more refined style and more elegant expression. Mr. Biglow's production was as follows:—

THE TWO GUNNERS

A FABLE

T'wo fellers, Isrel named and Joe,
One Sundy mornin' 'greed to go
Agunnin' soon'z the bells wuz done
And meetin' finally begun,
So'st no one wouldn't be about
Ther Sabbath-breakin' to spy out.

Joe didn't want to go a mite;
He felt ez though 'twarn't skeercely right,

But, when his doubts he went to speak on,
Isrel he up and called him Deacon,
An' kep' apokin' fun like sin
An' then arubbin' on it in,
Till Joe, less skeered o' doin' wrong
Then bein' laughed at, went along.

Past noontime they went trampin' round
An' nary thing to pop at found,
Till, fairly tired o' their spree,
They leaned their guns agin a tree,
An' jest ez they wuz settin' down
To take their noonin', Joe looked
round

And see (acrost lots in a pond
That warn't mor'n twenty rod beyond)
A goose that on the water sot
Ez ef awaitin' to be shot.

Isrel he ups and grabs his gun;
Sez he, "By ginger, here's some fun!"
"Don't fire," sez Joe, "it ain't no
use,
Thet's Deacon Peleg's tame wil'-goose:"
Sez Isrel, "I don't care a cent,
I've sighted an' I'll let her went;"
Bang! went queen's-arm, ole gander
flopped
His wings a spell, an' quorked, an'
dropped.

Sez Joe, "I wouldn't ha' been hired
At that poor critter to ha' fired,
But sence it's clean gin up the ghost,
We'll hev the tallest kind o' roast;
I guess our waistbands 'll be tight
'Fore it comes ten o'clock ternight."

"I won't agree to no such bender,"
Sez Isrel; "keep it tell it's tender;
'Taint wuth a snap afore it's ripe."
Sez Joe, "I'd jest ez lives eat tripe;
You *air* a buster ter suppose
I'd eat what makes me hol' my nose!"

So they disputed to an' fro,
Till cunnin' Isrel sez to Joe,
"Don't le's stay heie an' play the
fool,
Le's wait till both on us git cool;
Jest for a day or two le's hide it,
An' then toss up an' so decide it."
"Agreed!" sez Joe; an' so they did,
An' the ole goose wuz safely hid.

Now 'twuz the hottest kind o' weather,
An' when at last they come together,
It didn't signify which won,
Fer all the mischief hed been done:
The goose wuz there, but, fer his soul,
Joe wouldn't ha' tetchd it with a
pole;
But Isrel kind o' liked the smell on't,
An' made *his* dinner very well on't.

My own humble attempt was in
manner and form following, and I print
it here, I sincerely trust, out of no vain-
glory, but solely with the hope of doing
good.

LEAVING THE MATTER OPEN

A TALE

BY HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

Two brothers once, an ill-matched pair,
Together dwelt (no matter where),
To whom an Uncle Sam, or some one,
Had left a house and farm in common.
The two in principles and habits
Were different as rats from rabbits;
Stout Farmer North, with frugal care,
Laid up provision for his heir,
Not scorning with hard sun-browned
hands

To scrape acquaintance with his lands;
Whatever thing he had to do
He did, and made it pay him, too;
He sold his waste stone by the pound,
His drains made water-wheels spin
round,

His ice in summer-time he sold,
His wood brought profit when 'twas cold;
He dug and delved from morn till night,
Strove to make profit square with right,
Lived on his means, cut no great dash,
And paid his debts in honest cash.

On t'other hand, his brother South
Lived very much from hand to mouth,
Played gentleman, nursed dainty hands,
Borrowed North's money on his lands,
And culled his morals and his graces
From cock-pits, bar-rooms, fights, and
races;

His sole work in the farming line
Was keeping droves of long-legged swine,
Which brought great bothers and ex-
penses

To North in looking after fences,
And, when they happened to break
through,

Cost him both time and temper too,
For South insisted it was plain
He ought to drive them home again,
And North consented to the work
Because he loved to buy cheap pork.

Meanwhile, South's swine increasing fast,
His farm became too small at last;
So, having thought the matter over,
And feeling bound to live in clover
And never pay the clover's worth,
He said one day to Brother North:—

“Our families are both increasing,
And, though we labour without ceasing,

Our produce soon will be too scant
To keep our children out of want;
They who wish fortune to be lasting
Must be both prudent and forecasting;
We soon shall need more land; a lot
I know, that cheaply can be bo't;
You lend the cash, I'll buy the acres,
And we'll be equally partakers.”

Poor North, whose Anglo-Saxon blood
Gave him a hankering after mud,
Wavered a moment, then consented,
And, when the cash was paid, repented;
To make the new land worth a pin,
Thought he, it must be all fenced in,
For, if South's swine once get the run
on't,

No kind of farming can be done on't;
If that don't suit the other side,
'Tis best we instantly divide.

But somehow South could ne'er incline
This way or that to run the line,
And always found some new pretence
'Gainst setting the division fence;
At last he said:—

“For peace's sake,
Liberal concessions I will make;
Though I believe, upon my soul,
I've a just title to the whole,
I'll make an offer which I call
Gen'rous,—we'll have no fence at all;
Then both of us, whene'er we choose,
Can take what part we want to use;
If you should chance to need it first,
Pick you the best, I'll take the worst.”

“Agreed!” cried North; thought he,
“This fall

With wheat and rye I'll sow it all;
In that way I shall get the start,
And South may whistle for his part.”
So thought, so done, the field was sown,
And, winter having come and gone,
Sly North walked blithely forth to spy
The progress of his wheat and rye;
Heavens! what a sight! his brother's
swine

Had asked themselves all out to dine;
Such grunting, munching, rooting, shov-
ing,

The soil seemed all alive and moving;
As for his grain, such work they'd made
on't,

He couldn't spy a single blade on't.

Off in a rage he rushed to South.
 "My wheat and rye"—grief choked his mouth.

"Pray, don't mind me," said South,
 "but plant

All of the new land that you want."

"Yes, but your hogs," cried North.

"The grain
 Won't hurt them," answered South
 again.

"But they destroy my crop."

"No doubt;
 'Tis fortunate you've found it out;
 Misfortunes teach, and only they,
 You must not sow it in their way."
 "Nay, you," says North, "must keep
 them out."

"Did I create them with a snout?"
 Asked South demurely; "as agreed,
 The land is open to your seed,
 And would you fain prevent my pigs
 From running there their harmless rigs?
 God knows I view this compromise
 With not the most approving eyes;
 I gave up my unquestioned rights
 For sake of quiet days and nights;
 I offered then, you know, 'tis true,
 To cut the piece of land in two."
 "Then cut it now," growls North.

"Abate
 Your heat," says South, "'tis now too
 late;

I offered you the rocky corner,
 But you, of your own good the scorner,
 Refused to take it; I am sorry;
 No doubt you might have found a quarry,
 Perhaps a gold-mine, for aught I know,
 Containing heaps of native rhino;
 You can't expect me to resign
 My rights——"

"But where," quoth North, "are
 mine?"
 "Your rights!" says t'other, "well, that's
 funny;
 I bought the land——"

"I paid the money."
 "That," answered South, "is from the
 point;
 The ownership, you'll grant, is joint;
 I'm sure my only hope and trust is
 Not law so much as abstract justice;

Though, you remember, 'twas agreed
 That so and so—consult the deed;
 Objections now are out of date,
 They might have answered once, but
 Fate

Quashes them at the point we've got to;
Obsta principiis, that's my motto."

So saying, South began to whistle
 And looked as obstinate as gristle,
 While North went homeward, each
 brown paw

Clenched like a knot of natural law,
 And all the while, in either ear,
 Heard something clicking wondrous
 clear.

To turn now to other matters, there are
 two things upon which it would seem
 fitting to dilate somewhat more largely
 in this place,—the Yankee character and
 the Yankee dialect. And, first, of the
 Yankee character, which has wanted
 neither open maligners, nor even more
 dangerous enemies in the persons of
 those unskilful painters who have given
 to it that hardness, angularity, and want
 of proper perspective, which, in truth,
 belonged, not to their subject, but to
 their own niggard and unskilful pencil.

New England was not so much the
 colony of a mother country as a Hagar
 driven forth into the wilderness. The
 little self-exiled band which came hither
 in 1620 came, not to seek gold, but to
 found a democracy. They came that
 they might have the privilege to work
 and pray, to sit upon hard benches and
 listen to painful preachers as long as they
 would, yea, even unto thirty-seventhly,
 if the spirit so willed it. And surely, if
 the Greek might boast his Thermopylae,
 where three hundred men fell in resisting
 the Persian, we may well be proud of
 our Plymouth Rock, where a handful of
 men, women, and children not merely
 faced, but vanquished, winter, famine,
 the wilderness, and the yet more in-
 vincible *storge* that drew them back to
 the green island far away. These found
 no lotus growing upon the surly shore,
 the taste of which could make them forget
 their little native Ithaca; nor were they
 so wanting to themselves in faith as to
 burn their ship, but could see the fair
 west wind belly the homeward sail, and
 then turn unrepining to grapple with the
 terrible Unknown.

As Want was the prime foe these hardy exodists had to fortress themselves against, so it is little wonder if that traditional feud be long in wearing out of the stock. The wounds of the old warfare were long a-healing, and an east wind of hard times puts a new ache into every one of them. Thrift was the first lesson in their hornbook, pointed out, letter after letter, by the lean finger of the hard schoolmistress, Necessity. Neither were those plump, rosy-gilled Englishmen that came hither, but a hard-faced, atrabilious, earnest-eyed race, stiff from long wrestling with the Lord in prayer, and who had taught Satan to dread the new Puritan hug. Add two hundred years' influence of soil, climate, and exposure, with its necessary result of idiosyncrasies, and we have the present Yankee, full of expedients, half-master of all trades, inventive in all but the beautiful, full of shifts, not yet capable of comfort, armed at all points against the old enemy Hunger, longaninous, good at patching, not so careful for what is best as for what will *do*, with a clasp to his purse and a button to his pocket, not skilled to build against Time, as in old countries, but against sore-pressing Need, accustomed to move the world with no *ποῦ στῶ* but his own two feet, and no lever but his own long forecast. A strange hybrid, indeed, did circumstance beget here in the New World upon the old Puritan stock, and the earth never before saw such mystic-practicalism, such niggard-geniality, such calculating-fanaticism, such cast-iron-enthusiasm, such sour-faced-humour, such close-fisted-generosity. This new *Graculus esuriens* will make a living out of anything. He will invent new trades as well as tools. His brain is his capital, and he will get education at all risks. Put him on Juan Fernandez, and he would make a spelling-book first, and a salt-pan afterward. *In cælum, jussuris, ibit*,—or the other way either,—it is all one, so anything is to be got by it. Yet, after all, thin, speculative Jonathan is more like the Englishman of two centuries ago than John Bull himself is. He has lost somewhat in solidity, has become fluent and adaptable, but more of the original groundwork of character remains. He

feels more at home with Fulke Greville, Herbert of Cherbury, Quarles, George Herbert, and Browne, than with his modern English cousins. He is nearer than John, by at least a hundred years, to Naseby, Marston Moor, Worcester, and the time when, if ever, there were true Englishmen. John Bull has suffered the idea of the Invisible to be very much fattened out of him. Jonathan is conscious still that he lives in the world of the Unseen as well as of the Seen. To move John you must make your fulcrum of solid beef and pudding; an abstract idea will do for Jonathan.

* * TO THE INDULGENT READER

MY friend, the Rev. Mr. Wilbur, having been seized with a dangerous fit of illness, before this Introduction had passed through the press, and being incapacitated for all literary exertion, sent to me his notes, memoranda, &c., and requested me to fashion them into some shape more fitting for the general eye. This, owing to the fragmentary and disjointed state of his manuscripts, I have felt wholly unable to do; yet, being unwilling that the reader should be deprived of such parts of his lucubrations as seemed more finished, and not well discerning how to segregate these from the rest, I have concluded to send them all to the press precisely as they are.

COLUMBUS NYE,
*Pastor of a Church in Newtown
Corner.*

It remains ^{to} speak of the Yankee dialect. And ^{if} it may be premised, in a general way, that any one much read in the writings of the early colonists need not be told that the far greater share of the words and phrases now esteemed peculiar to New England, and local there, were brought from the mother-country. A person familiar with the dialect of certain portions of Massachusetts will not fail to recognise, in ordinary discourse, many words now noted in English vocabularies as archaism, the greater part of which were in common use about the time of the King James

translation of the Bible. Shakspeare stands less in need of a glossary to most New-Englanders than to many a native of the Old Country. The peculiarities of our speech, however, are rapidly wearing out. As there is no country where reading is so universal and newspapers are so multitudinous, so no phrase remains long local, but is transplanted in the mail-bags to every remotest corner of the land. Consequently our dialect approaches nearer to uniformity than that of any other nation.

The English have complained of us for coining new words. Many of those so stigmatised were old ones by them forgotten, and all make now an unquestioned part of the currency, wherever English is spoken. Undoubtedly, we have a right to make new words, as they are needed by the fresh aspects under which life presents itself here in the New World; and, indeed, wherever a language is alive, it grows. It might be questioned whether we could not establish a stronger title to the ownership of the English tongue than the mother-landers themselves. Here, past all question, is to be its great home and centre. And not only is it already spoken here by greater numbers, but with a far higher popular average of correctness than in Britain. The great writers of it, too, we might claim as ours, were ownership to be settled by the number of readers and lovers.

As regards the provincialisms to be met with in this volume, I may say that the reader will not find one which is not (as I believe) either native or imported with the early settlers, nor one which I have not, with my own ears, heard in familiar use. In the metrical portion of the book, I have endeavoured to adapt the spelling as nearly as possible to the ordinary mode of pronunciation. Let the reader who deems me over-particular remember this caution of Martial:—

"*Quem recitas, meus est, O Fidentine, libellus;
Sed male cum recitas, incipit esse tuus.*"

A few further explanatory remarks will not be impertinent.

I shall barely lay down a few general rules for the reader's guidance,

1. The genuine Yankee never gives the rough sound to the *r* when he can help it, and often displays considerable ingenuity in avoiding it even before a vowel.

2. He seldom sounds the final *g*, a piece of self-denial, if we consider his partiality for nasals. The same of the final *d*, as *han'* and *stan'* for *hand* and *stand*.

3. The *h* in such words as *while*, *when*, *where*, he omits altogether.

4. In regard to *a*, he shows some inconsistency, sometimes giving a close and obscure sound, as *hev* for *have*, *hendy* for *handy*, *ez* for *as*, *thet* for *that*, and again giving it the broad sound it has in *father*, as *hânsome* for *handsome*.

5. To the sound *ou* he prefixes an *e* (hard) to exemplify otherwise than orally).

The following passage in Shakspeare he would recite thus:—

"Neow is the winta uv eour discontent
Med glorious summa by this sun o' Yock,
An' all the cleouds thet leowered upun
eour heouse
In the deep buzzum o' the oshin buried;
Neow air eour brews bound 'ith victor-
ious wreaths;
Eour breused arms hung up fer moni-
munce;
Four starn alarums changed to merry
meetins,
Eour drefle marches to delighflemasures.
Grim-visaged war heth smeuthed his
wrinkled front,
An' neow, instid o' mountin' barebid
steeds
To fright the souls o' ferfle edverseries,
He capers nimly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasin' uv a loot."

6. *Au*, in such words as *daughter* and *slaughter*, he pronounces *ah*.

7. To the dish thus seasoned add a drawl *ad libitum*.

[Mr. Wilbur's notes here become entirely fragmentary.—C. N.]

a. Unable to procure a likeness of Mr. Biglow, I thought the curious reader might be gratified with a sight of the editorial effigies. And here a choice between two was offered,—the one a profile (entirely black) cut by Doyle, the other

a portrait painted by a native artist of much promise. The first of these seemed wanting in expression, and in the second a slight obliquity of the visual organs has been heightened (perhaps from an over-desire of force on the part of the artist) into too close an approach to actual *strabismus*. This slight divergence in my optical apparatus from the ordinary model—however I may have been taught to regard it in the light of a mercy rather than a cross, since it enabled me to give as much of directness and personal application to my discourses as met the wants of my congregation, without risk of offending any by being supposed to have him or her in my eye (as the saying is)—seemed yet to Mrs. Wilbur a sufficient objection to the engraving of the aforesaid painting. We read of many who either absolutely refused to allow the copying of their features, as especially did Plotinus and Agesi-laus among the ancients, not to mention the more modern instances of Scio-ppius, Palæottus, Pinellus, Velserus, Gataker, and others, or were indifferent thereto, as Cromwell.

β. Yet was Cæsar desirous of concealing his baldness. *Per contra*, my Lord Protector's carefulness in the matter of his wart might be cited. Men generally more desirous of being *improved* in their portraits than characters. Shall probably find very unflattered likenesses of ourselves in Recording Angel's gallery.

γ. Whether any of our national peculiarities may be traced to our use of stoves, as a certain closeness of the lips in pronunciation, and a smothered smoulderingness of disposition seldom roused to open flame? An unrestrained intercourse with fire probably conducive to generosity and hospitality of soul. Ancient Mexicans used stoves, as the friar Augustin Ruiz reports, Hakluyt, iii. 468,—but Popish priests not always reliable authority.

To-day picked my Isabella grapes. Crop injured by attacks of rose-bug in the spring. Whether Noah was justifiable in preserving this class of insects?

δ. Concerning Mr. Biglow's pedigree. Tolerably certain that there was never

a poet among his ancestors. An ordination hymn attributed to a maternal uncle, but perhaps a sort of production not demanding the creative faculty.

His grandfather a painter of the grandiose or Michael Angelo school. Seldom painted objects smaller than houses or barns, and these with uncommon expression.

ε. Of the Wilburs no complete pedigree. The crest said to be a *wild boar*, whence, perhaps, the name (?). A connection with the Earls of Wilbraham (*quasi* wild boar ham) might be made out. This suggestion worth following up. In 1677, John W. m. Expect —, had issue, 1. John, 2. Haggai, 3. Expect, 4. Ruhamah, 5. Desire.

"Hear lyes y^e bodye of Mrs. Expect Wilber,
Y^e crewell salvages they kil'd her
Together wth other Christian soles
eleaven,

October y^e ix daye, 1707.

Y^e stream of Jordan sh' as crost ore
And now expects me on y^e other shore :
I live in hope her soon to join ;
Her earthlye yeeres were forty and nine."

*From Gravestone in Pekusett
North Parish.*

This is unquestionably the same John who afterward (1711) married Tabitha Hagg or Ragg.

But if this were the case, she seems to have died early; for only three years after, namely, 1714, we have evidence that he married Winifred, daughter of Lieutenant Tipping.

He seems to have been a man of substance, for we find him in 1696 conveying "one undivided eightieth part of a salt-meadow" in Yabbok, and he commanded a sloop in 1702.

Those who doubt the importance of genealogical studies *juste potius quam argumento erudiendi*.

I trace him as far as 1723, and there lose him. In that year he was chosen selectman.

No gravestone. Perhaps overthrown when new hearse-house was built, 1802.

He was probably the son of John, who came from Bilham Comit. Salop. circa 1642.

This first John was a man of considerable importance, being twice mentioned with the honourable prefix of *Mr.* in the town records. Name spelt with two *l*-s.

"Hear lyeth y^e bod [*stone unhappily broken.*]

Mr. Ihon Willber [Esq.] [*I inclose this in brackets as doubtful. To me it seems clear.*]

Ob't die [*illegible; looks like xviii.*]
 iii [*prob. 1693.*]

. paynt
 deseased seinte:

A friend and [fath]er untoe all y^e
 opreast,

Hee gave y^e wicked familists noe
 reast,

When Sat[an bl]ewe his Antinomian
 blaste,

Wee clong to [Willber as a steadf]ast
 maste.

[A]gaynst y^e horrid Qua[kers] . . ."

It is greatly to be lamented that this curious epitaph is mutilated. It is said that the sacrilegious British soldiers made a target of this stone during the war of Independence. How odious an animosity which pauses not at the grave! How brutal that which spares not the monuments of authentic history! This is not improbably from the pen of Rev. Moody Pyram, who is mentioned by Hubbard as having been noted for a silver vein of poetry. If his papers be still extant, a copy might possibly be recovered.

THE BIGLOW PAPERS

No. I.

A LETTER.

FROM MR. EZEKIEL BIGLOW OF JAALAM
TO THE HON. JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM,
EDITOR OF THE BOSTON COURIER, IN-
CLOSING A POEM OF HIS SON, MR.
HOSEA BIGLOW

JAYLEM, june 1846.

MISTER EDDYTER:—Our Hosea wuz down to Boston last week, and he see a cruetin Sarjunt a struttin round as popler as a hen with 1 chicking, with 2 fellers a drummin and fifin arter him like all nater. the sarjunt he thout Hosea hedn't gut his i teeth cut cos he looked a kindo's though he'd jest com down, so he cal'lated to hook him in, but Hosity woodn't take none o' his sarse for all he hed much as 20 Rooster's tales stuck onto his hat and eenamost enuf brass a bobbin up and down on his shoulders and figureed onto his coat and trousis, let alone wut nater hed sot in his featers, to make a 6 pounder out on.

wal, Hosea he com home considerabal riled, and arter I'd gone to bed I heern Him a thrashin round like a short-tailed Bull in fli-time. The old Woman ses she to me ses she, Zekle, ses she, our Hosee's gut the chollery or suthin anuther ses she, don't you Bee skeered, ses I, he's oney amakin pottery¹ ses i, he's ollers on hand at that ere busynes like Da & martin, and shure enuf, cum mornin, Hosity he cum down stares full chizzle, hare on eend and

cote tales flyin, and sot rite of to go reed his varses to Parson Wilbur, bein he haint aney grate shows o' book larnin himself, bimeby he cum back and sed the parson wuz dreffle tickled with 'em as i hoop you will Be, and said they wuz True grit.

Hosea ses taunt hardly fair to call 'em hisn now, cos the parson kind o' slicked off sum o' the last varses, but he told Hosee he didn't want to put his ore in to tetch to the Rest on 'em, bein they wuz verry well As thay wuz, and then Hosity ses he sed suthin a nuther about Simplex Mundishes or sum sech feller, but I guess Hosea kind o' didn't hear him, for I never hearn o' nobody o' that name in this villadge, and I've lived here man and boy 76 year cum next tater diggin, and thair aint no wheres a kitting spryer'n I be.

If you print 'em I wish you'd jest let folks know who hosity's father is, cos my ant Keziah used to say it's nater to be curus ses she, she aint livin though and he's a likely kind o' lad.

EZEKIEL BIGLOW.

THRASH away, you'll hev to rattle

On them kittle-drums o' yourn,—
"Taint a knowin' kind o' cattle

That is ketched with mouldy
corn;

Put in stiff, you fifer feller,

Let folks see how spry you be,—
Guess you'll toot till you are yellor
'Fore you git ahold o' me!

Thet air flag's a leetle rotten,

Hope it aint your Sunday's best;—
Fact! it takes a sight o' cotton

To stuff out a soger's chest:

¹ *Aut insanit, aut versos facit.*—H. W.

Sence we farmers hev to pay fer't,
 Ef you must wear humps like
 these,
 S'posin' you should try salt hay fer't,
 It would du ez slick ez grease.

'Twouldn't suit them Southun fellers,
 They're a drefle graspin' set,
 We must ollers blow the bellers
 Wen they want their irons het ;
 May be it's all right ez preachin',
 But *my* narves it kind o' grates,
 Wen I see the over-reachin'
 O' them nigger-drivin' States.

Them thet rule us, them slave-
 traders,
 Haint they cut a thunderin' swarth
 (Helped by Yankee renegaders),
 Thru the vartu o' the North !
 We begin to think it's nater
 To take sarse an' not be riled ;—
 Who'd expect to see a tater
 All on eend at bein' biled ?

Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
 There you hev it plain an' flat ;
 I don't want to go no furdur
 Than my Testyment fer that ;
 God hez sed so plump an' fairly,
 It's ez long ez it is broad.
 An' you've gut to git up airy
 Ef you want to take in God.

'Taint your eppyletts an' feathers
 Make the thing a grain more
 right ;
 'Taint afollerin' your bell-wethers
 Will excuse ye in His sight ;
 Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
 An' go stick a feller thru,
 Guv'ment aint to answer for it,
 God'll send the bill to you.

Wut's the use o' meetin'-goin'
 Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
 Ef it's right to go amowin'
 Feller-men like oats an' rye ?
 I dunno but wut it's pooty
 Trainin' round in bobtail coats,—
 But it's curus Christian dooty
 This 'ere cuttin' folks's throats.

They may talk o' Freedom's airy
 Tell they're pupple in the face,—
 It's a grand gret cemetary
 Fer the barthrights of our race ;
 They jest want this Californy
 So's to lug new slave-states in
 To abuse ye, an' to scorn ye,
 An' to plunder ye like sin.

Aint it cute to see a Yankee
 Take sech everlastin' pains,
 All to git the Devil's thankee
 Helpin' on 'em weld their chains ?
 Wy, it's jest ez clear ez figgers,
 Clear ez one an' one make two,
 Chaps thet make black slaves o'
 niggers
 Want to make wite slaves o' you.

Tell ye jest the eend I've come to
 Arter cipherin' plaguy smart,
 An' it makes a handy sum, tu,
 Any gump could larn by heart ;
 Labourin' man an' labourin' woman
 Hev one glory an' one shame,
 Ev'y thin' thet's done inhuman
 Injers all on 'em the same.

'Taint by turnin' out to hack folks
 You're agoin' to git your right,
 Nor by lookin' down on black folks
 Coz you're put upon by wite ;
 Slavery aint o' nary colour,
 'Taint the hide thet makes it
 wus,
 All it keers fer in a feller
 'S jest to make him fill its pus.

Want to tackle *me* in, du ye ?
 I expect you'll hev to wait ;
 Wen cold lead puts daylight thru ye
 You'll begin to kal'late ;
 S'pose the crows won't fall to
 pickin'
 All the carkiss from your bones,
 Coz you helped to give a lickin'
 To them poor half-Spanish drones ?

Jest go home an' ask our Nancy
 Wether I'd be sech a goose
 Ez to jine ye,—guess you'd fancy
 The eternal bung wuz loose !

She wants me fer home consump-
tion,

Let alone the hay's to mow,—
Ef you're arter folks o' gumption,
You've a darned long row to hoe.

Take them editors thet's crowin'
Like a cockerel three months old,—
Don't ketch any on 'em goin',
Though they be so blasted bold;
Aint they a prime lot o' fellers?
'Fore they think on't they will
sprout
(Like a peach thet's got the yellers),
With the meanness bustin' out.

Wal, go 'long to help 'em stealin'
Bigger pens to cram with slaves,
Help the men thet's ollers dealin'
Insults on your fathers' graves;
Help the strong to grind the feeble,
Help the many agin the few,
Help the men thet call your people
Witewashed slaves an' peddlin'
crew!

Massachusetts, God forgive her,
She's akneelin' with the rest,
She, thet ough' to ha' clung fer ever
In her grand old eagle-nest;
She thet ough' to stand so fearless
While the wracks are round her
hurled,
Holdin' up a beacon peerless
To the oppressed of all the world!

Hain't they sold your coloured sea-
men?
Hain't they made your env'y's
wiz?

Wut'll make ye act like freemen?
Wut'll git your dander riz?
Come, I'll tell ye wut I'm thinkin'
Is our dooty in this fix,
They'd ha' done't ez quick ez winkin'
In the days o' seventy-six.

Clang the bells in every steeple,
Call all true men to disown
The tradoccers of our people,
The enslavers o' their own;

Let our dear old Bay State proudly
Put the trumpet to her mouth,
Let her ring this messidge loudly
In the ears of all the South :—

"I'll return ye good fer evil
Much ez we frail mortils can,
But I wun't go help the Devil
Makin' man the cus o' man;
Call me coward, call me traider,
Jest ez suits your mean ideas,—
Here I stand a tyrant-hater,
An' the friend o' God an' Peace!"

Ef I'd my way I hed ruther
We should go to work an' part,
They take one way, we take t'other,
Guess it wouldn't break my heart;
Man hed ough' to put asunder
Them thet God has noways jined;
An' I shouldn't gretly wonder
Ef there's thousands o' my mind.

[The first recruiting sergeant on record I conceive to have been that individual who is mentioned in the Book of Job as *going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it*. Bishop Latimer will have him to have been a bishop, but to me that other calling would appear more congenial. The sect of Cainites is not yet extinct, who esteemed the first-born of Adam to be the most worthy, not only because of that privilege of primogeniture, but inasmuch as he was able to overcome and slay his younger brother. That was a wise saying of the famous Marquis Pescara to the Papal Legate, that *it was impossible for men to serve Mars and Christ at the same time*. Yet in time past the profession of arms was judged to be *κατ' ἐξοχήν*, that of a gentleman, nor does this opinion want for strenuous upholders even in our day. Must we suppose, then, that the profession of Christianity was only intended for losels, or, at best, to afford an opening for plebeian ambition? Or shall we hold with that nicely metaphysical Pomeranian, Captain Vratz, who was Count Königsmark's chief instrument in the murder of Mr. Thynne, that the Scheme of Salvation has been arranged with an especial eye to the necessities of the upper

classes, and that "God would consider a gentleman and deal with him suitably to the condition and profession he had placed him in?" It may be said of us all, *Exemplo plus quam ratione vivimus*.—H. W.]

No. II.

A LETTER

FROM MR. HOSEA BIGLOW TO THE HON.
J. T. BUCKINGHAM, EDITOR OF THE
BOSTON COURIER, COVERING A LETTER
FROM MR. B. SAWIN, PRIVATE IN THE
MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT

[This letter of Mr. Sawin's was not originally written in verse. Mr. Biglow, thinking it peculiarly susceptible of metrical adornment, translated it, so to speak, into his own vernacular tongue. This is not the time to consider the question, whether rhyme be a mode of expression natural to the human race. If leisure from other and more important avocations be granted, I will handle the matter more at large in an appendix to the present volume. In this place I will barely remark, that I have sometimes noticed in the unlanguage prattlings of infants a fondness for alliteration, assonance, and even rhyme, in which natural predisposition we may trace the three degrees through which our Anglo-Saxon verse rose to its culmination in the poetry of Pope. I would not be understood as questioning in these remarks that pious theory which supposes that children, if left entirely to themselves, would naturally discourse in Hebrew. For this the authority of one experiment is claimed, and I could, with Sir Thomas Browne, desire its establishment, inasmuch as the acquirement of that sacred tongue would thereby be facilitated. I am aware that Herodotus states the conclusion of Psammeticus to have been in favour of a dialect of the Phrygian. But, beside the chance that a trial of this importance would hardly be blessed to a Pagan monarch whose only motive was curiosity, we have on the Hebrew side the comparatively recent investigation of James the Fourth of Scotland. I will add to this prefatory remark, that Mr.

Sawin, though a native of Jaalam, has never been a stated attendant on the religious exercises of my congregation. I consider my humble efforts prospered in that not one of my sheep hath ever indued the wolf's clothing of war, save for the comparatively innocent diversion of a militia training. Not that my flock are backward to undergo the hardships of defensive warfare. They serve cheerfully in the great army which fights even unto death *pro aris et focis*, accounted with the spade, the axe, the plane, the sledge, the spelling-book, and other such effectual weapons against want and ignorance and unthrift. I have taught them (under God) to esteem our human institutions as but tents of a night, to be stricken whenever Truth puts the bugle to her lips and sounds a march to the heights of wider-viewed intelligence and more perfect organisation.—H. W.]

MISTER BUCKINUM, the follerin Billet was writ hum by a Yung feller of our town that wuz cussed fool enuff to goe atrottin inter Miss Chiff arter a Drum and fife. it ain't Nater for a feller to let on that he's sick o' any bizness that He went intu off his own free will and a Cord, but I rather cal'late he's middlin tired o' voluntearin By this Time. I bleeve u may put dependunts on his state-mence. For I never heered nothin bad on him let Alone his havin what Parson Wilbur calls a *pong shong* for cocktales, and he ses it wuz a soshilashun of idees sot him agoin arter the Crootin Sargent cos he wore a cocktale onto his hat.

his Folks gin the letter to me and i shew it to parson Wilbur and he ses it ougter Bee printed. send it to mister Buckinum, ses he, i don't ollers agree with him, ses he, but by Time,¹ ses he, I *du* like a feller that aint a Feared.

¹ In relation to this expression, I cannot but think that Mr. Biglow has been too hasty in attributing it to me. Though Time be a comparatively innocent personage to swear by, and though Longinus in his discourse Περὶ Ὑψους has commended timely oaths as not

I have intusspussed a Few re-
fleckshuns hear and thair. We're
kind o' prest with Hayin.

Ewers respectfly

HOSEA BIGLOW.

THIS kind o' sogerin' aint a mite like
our October trainin',

A chap could clear right out from
there eft' only looked like
rainin',

An' th' Cunnles, tu, could kiver up
their shappoes with bandan-
ners,

An' send the insines skootin' to the
bar-room with their banners

(Fear o' gittin' on 'em spotted), an' a
feller could cry quarter

Ef he fired away his ramrod arter tu
much rum an' water.

Recollect wut fun we hed, you'n' I
an' Ezry Hollis,

Up there to Waltham plain last fall,
along o' the Cornwallis?¹

This sort o' thing aint *jest* like
thet,—I wish thet I wuz
further,²—

Nimepunce a day fer killin' folks
comes kind o' low fer murder,

(Wy I've worked out to slarterin' some
fer Deacon Cephas Billins,

An' in the hardest times there wuz I
ollers tetched ten shillins,)

There's sutthin' gits into my throat
thet makes it hard to swaller,

It comes so nateral to think about a
hempen collar;

It's glory,—but, in spite o' all my
tryin' to git callous,

I feel a kind o' in a cart, aridin' to
the gallus.

But wen it comes to *bein'* killed,—I
tell ye I felt streaked

only a useful but sublime figure of speech, yet
I have always kept my lips free from that
abomination. *Odi profanum vulgus*, I hate
your swearing and hectoring fellows.—H. W.

¹ I hait the Site of a feller with a muskit as
I du p n But their *is* fun to a cornwallis I
aint agoin' to deny it.—H. B.

² he means Not quite so fur I guess.—H. B.

The fust time't ever I found out wy
baggonets wuz peaked;

Here's how it wuz: I started out to
go to a fandango,

The sentinul he ups an' sez, "Thet's
further an' you can go."

"None o' your sarse," sez I; sez he,
"Stan' back!" "Aint you a
buster?"

Sez I, "I'm up to all thet air, I guess
I've ben to muster;

I know wy sentinuls air sot; you
aint agoin' to eat us;

Caleb haint no monopoly to court the
seenoreetas;

My folks to hum air full ez good ez
hishn be, by golly!"

An' so ez I wuz goin' by, not thinkin'
wut would folly,

The everlastin' cus he stuck his one-
pronged pitchfork in me,

An' made a hole right thru my close
ez ef I wuz an in'my.

Wal, it beats all how big I felt hoor-
awin' in ole Funnel

Wen Mister Bolles he gin the sword
to our Leftenant Cunnle,

(It's Mister Secondary Bolles,³ thet
writ the prize peace essay;

Thet's wy he didn't list himself along
o' us, I dessay,)

An' Rantoul, tu, talked pooty loud,
but don't put *his* foot in it,

Coz human life's so sacred thet he's
principled agin it,—

Though I myself can't rightly see it's
any wuz achokin' on 'em,

Than puttin' bullets thru their lights,
or with a bagnet pokin' on 'em;

How drestle slick he reeled it off (like
Blitz at our lyceum

Ahaulin' ribbins from his chops so
quick you skeercely see 'em),

About the Anglo-Saxon race (an'
saxons would be handy

To du the buryin' down here upon the
Rio Grandy),

³ the ignerant creeter means Sekketary;
but he ollers stuck to his books like cobbler's
wax to an ile-stone.—H. B.

About our patriotic pas an' our star-spangled banner,
Our country's bird alookin' on an'
singin' out hosanner,
An' how he (Mister B. himself) wuz
happy fer Ameriky,—
I felt, ez sister Patience sez, a leetle
mite histericky.
I felt, I swon, ez though it wuz a
dreffle kind o' privilege
Atrampin' round thru Boston streets
among the gutter's drivelage;
I act'lly thought it wuz a treat to hear
a little drummin',
An' it did bonyfidy seem millanyum
wuz acomin'
Wen all on us got suits (darned like
them wore in the state prison)
An' every feller felt ez though all
Mexico wuz hisn.¹

This 'ere's about the meanest place a
skunk could wal diskiver
(Saltillo's Mexican, I b'lieve, fer wut
we call Salt-river);
The sort o' trash a feller gits to eat
doos beat all nater,
I'd give a year's pay fer a smell o' one
good blue-nose tater;
The country here thet Mister Bolles
declared to be so charmin'
Throughout is swarmin' with the most
alarmin' kind o' varmin.
He talked about delishis froot, but
then it wuz a wopper all,
'The holl on't's mud an' prickly pears,
with herean' there a chapparal;
You see a feller peekin' out, an', fust
you know, a lariat
Is round your throat an' you a copse,
'fore you can say, "Wut air ye
at?"²

¹ it must be aloud that there's a streak of nater in lovin' sho, but it sartainly is 1 of the curusest things in nater to see a rispecktable dri goods dealer (deekon off a chutch maybe) a riggin' himself out in the Weigh they du and struttin' round in the Reign aspillin' his trowis and makin' wet goods of himself. Ef any thin's foolisher and moor dicklus than military gloary it is milishy gloary.—H. B.

² these fellers are verry poppilly called Rank Heroes, and the more tha kill the ranker and more Herowick tha bekum.—H. B.

You never see sech darned gret bugs
(it may not be irrelevant
To say I've seen a *scarabæus pilularius*³ big ez a year old
elephant),
Therigiment come up one day in time
to stop a red bug
From runnin' off with Cunnle Wright,
—'twuz jest a common *cimex*
lectularius.

One night I started up on eend
an' thought I wuz to hum
agin,
I heern a horn, thinks I it's Sol the
fisherman hez come agin,
His bellowses is sound enough,—ez
I'm a livin' creeter,
I felt a thing go thru my leg,—'twuz
nothin' more'n a skeeter!
Then there's the yaller fever, tu, they
call it here el vomito,—
(Come, thet wun't du, you landcrab
there, I tell ye to le' go my
toe!
My gracious! it's a scorpion thet's
took a shine to play with't,
I darsn't skeer the tarnal thing
fer fear he'd run away
with't.)
Afore I come away from hum I hed
a strong persuasion
Thet Mexicans worn't human beans,⁴
—an ourang-outang nation,
A sort o' folks a chap could kill an'
never dream on't arter,
No more'n a feller'd dream o'
pigs thet he hed hed to
slarter;
I'd an idee thet they were built arter
the darkie fashion all,
An' kickin' coloured folks about, you
know, 's a kind o' national;

³ it wuz "tumblebug" as he Writ it, but the parson put the Latten instid. I sed t'other maid better meeter, but he said tha wuz eddykated peepl to Boston and tha wouldn't stan' it no how. idnow as tha wood and idnow as tha wood.—H. B.

⁴ he means human beins, that's wut he means. I spose he kinder thought tha wuz human beans ware the Xi-le Poles comes from.—H. B.

But wen I jined I worn't so wise ez
 that air queen o' Sheby,
 Fer, come to look at 'em, they aint
 much diff'rent from wut we be,
 An' here we air ascrougin' 'em out o'
 thir own dominions,
 Ashelterin' 'em, ez Caleb sez, under
 our eagle's pinions,
 Wich means to take a feller up jest
 by the slack o' 's trowsis
 An' walk him Spanish clean right
 out o' all his homes an'
 houses;
 Wal, it doos seem a curus way, but
 then hooraw fer Jackson!
 It must be right, fer Caleb sez it's
 reg'lar Anglosaxon.
 The Mex'cans don't fight fair, they
 say, they piz'n all the water,
 An' du amazin' lots o' things thet
 isn't wut they ough' to;
 Bein' they haint no lead, they
 make their bullets out o'
 copper
 An' shoot the darned things at
 us, tu, wich Caleb sez aint
 proper;
 He sez they'd ough' to stan' right up
 an' let us pop 'em fairly
 (Guess wen he ketches 'em at thet
 he'll hev to get up airy),
 Thet our nation's bigger'n theirn an'
 so its rights air bigger,
 An' thet it's all to make 'em free thet
 we air pullin' trigger,
 Thet Anglo Saxondom's idee's a-
 breakin' 'em to pieces,
 An' thet idee's thet every man doos
 jest wut he damn pleases;
 Ef I don't make his meanin' clear,
 perhaps in some respec I can,
 I know thet "every man" don't mean
 a nigger or a Mexican;
 An' there's another thing I know, an'
 thet is, ef these creeturs,
 Thet stick an Anglosaxon mask onto
 State-prison feeturs,
 Should come to Jaalam Centre fer to
 argify an' spout on't,
 The gals'ould count the silver spoons
 the minnit they cleared out
 on't.

This goin' ware glory waits ye haint
 one agreeable feetur,
 An' ef it worn't fer wakin' snakes, I'd
 home agin short meter;
 O, wouldn't I be off, quick time, ef't
 worn't thet I wuz sartin
 They'd let the daylight intome to pay
 me fer desartin!
 I don't approve o' tellin' tales, but
 jest to you I may state
 Our ossifers aint wut they wuz afore
 they left the Bay State;
 Then it wuz "Mister Sawin, sir, you're
 middlin' well now, be ye?
 Step up an' take a nipper, sir; I'm
 drefle glad to see ye;"
 But now it's "Ware's my eppylet?
 here, Sawin, step an' fetch
 it!
 An' mind your eye, be thund'rin'
 spy, or damn ye, you shall
 ketch it!"
 Wal, ez the Doctor sez, some pork
 will bile so, but by mighty,
 Ef I hed some on 'em to hum, I'd
 give 'em linkum vity,
 I'd play the rogue's march on their
 hides an' other music foller-
 in'—
 But I must close my letter here, fer
 one on 'em's ahollerin',
 These Anglosaxon ossifers—wal, taint
 no use ajawin',
 I'm safe enlisted fer the war,
 Yourn,
 BIRD OF FREEDOM SAWIN.

[Those have not been wanting (as, indeed, when hath Satan been to seek for attorneys?) who have maintained that our late inroad upon Mexico was undertaken not so much for the avenging of any national quarrel, as for the spreading of free institutions and of Protestantism. *Capita vix duabus Anticyris medenda!* Verily I admire that no pious sergeant among these new Crusaders beheld Martin Luther riding at the front of the host upon a tamed pontifical bull, as, in that former invasion of Mexico, the zealous Gomara (spawn though he were of the Scarlet Woman) was favoured with a vision of St. James of Compostella,

skewering the infidels upon his apostolical lance. We read, also, that Richard of the lion heart, having gone to Palestine on a similar errand of mercy, was divinely encouraged to cut the throats of such Paynims as refused to swallow the bread of life (doubtless that they might be thereafter incapacitated for swallowing the filthy gobbets of Mahound) by angels of heaven, who cried to the king and his knights,—*Seigneurs, tuez! tuez!* providentially using the French tongue, as being the only one understood by their auditors. This would argue for the pantoglossism of these celestial intelligences, while, on the other hand, the Devil, *teste* Cotton Mather, is unversed in certain of the Indian dialects. Yet must he be a semeiologist the most expert, making himself intelligible to every people and kindred by signs; no other discourse, indeed, being needful than such as the mackerel-fisher holds with his finned quarry, who, if other bait be wanting, can by a bare bit of white rag at the end of a string captivate those foolish fishes. Such piscatorial oratory is Satan cunning in. Before one he trails a hat and feather, or a bare feather without a hat; before another, a Presidential chair or a tide-waiter's stool, or a pulpit in the city, no matter what. To us, dangling there over our heads, they seem junkets dropped out of the seventh heaven, sops dipped in nectar, but, once in our mouths, they are all one, bits of fuzzy cotton.

This, however, by the way. It is time now *revocare gradum*. While so many miracles of this sort, vouched by eyewitnesses, have encouraged the arms of Papists, not to speak of Echelæus at Marathon and those *Dioscuri* (whom we must conclude imps of the pit) who sundry times captained the pagan Roman soldiery, it is strange that our first American crusade was not in some such wise also signalised. Yet it is said that the Lord hath manifestly prospered our armies. This opens the question, whether, when our hands are strengthened to make great slaughter of our enemies, it be absolutely and demonstratively certain that this might is added to us from above, or whether some Potentate from an opposite quarter may not have a finger in it, as there are few

pies into which his meddling digits are not thrust. Would the Sanctifier and Setter-apart of the seventh day have assisted in a victory gained on the Sabbath, as was one in the late war? Or has that day become less an object of His especial care since the year 1697, when so manifest a providence occurred to Mr. William Trowbridge, in answer to whose prayers, when he and all on shipboard with him were starving, a dolphin was sent daily, "which was enough to serve 'em; only on *Saturdays* they still caught a couple, and on the *Lord's Days* they could catch none at all"? Haply they might have been permitted, by way of mortification, to take some few sculpins (those banes of the salt-water angler), which unseemly fish would, moreover, have conveyed to them a symbolical reproof for their breach of the day, being known in the rude dialect of our mariners as *Cape Cod Clergymen*.

It has been a refreshment to many nice consciences to know that our Chief Magistrate would not regard with eyes of approval the (by many esteemed) sinful pastime of dancing, and I own myself to be so far of that mind, that I could not but set my face against this Mexican Polka, though danced to the Presidential piping with a Gubernatorial second. If ever the country should be seized with another such mania *pro propaganda fide*, I think it would be wise to fill our bombshells with alternate copies of the Cambridge Platform and the Thirty-nine Articles, which would produce a mixture of the highest explosive power, and to wrap every one of our cannon-balls in a leaf of the New Testament, the reading of which is denied to those who sit in the darkness of Popery. Those iron evangelists would thus be able to disseminate vital religion and Gospel truth in quarters inaccessible to the ordinary missionary. I have seen lads, unimpregnate with the more sublimated punctiliousness of Walton, secure pickerel, taking their unwary *siesta* beneath the lily-pads too high the surface, with a gun and small shot. Why not, then, since gunpowder was unknown in the time of the Apostles (not to enter here upon the question whether it were discovered before that period by the

Chinese), suit our metaphor to the age in which we live, and say *shooters* as well as *fishers* of men?

I do much fear that we shall be seized now and then with a Protestant fervour, as long as we have neighbour Naboths whose wallowings in Papistical mire excite our horror in exact proportion to the size and desirableness of their vineyards. Yet I rejoice that some earnest Protestants have been made by this war, —I mean those who protested against it. Fewer they were than I could wish, for one might imagine America to have been colonised by a tribe of those nondescript African animals the Aye-Ayes, so difficult a word is *No* to us all. There is some malformation or defect of the vocal organs, which either prevents our uttering it at all, or gives it so thick a pronunciation as to be unintelligible. A mouth filled with the national pudding, or watering in expectation thereof, is wholly incompetent to this refractory monosyllable. An abject and herpetical Public Opinion is the Pope, the Anti-Christ, for us to protest against *e corde cordium*. And by what College of Cardinals is this our God's-vicar, our binder and looser, elected? Very like, by the sacred conclave of Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, in the gracious atmosphere of the grog-shop. Yet it is of this that we must all be puppets. This thumps the pulpit-cushion, this guides the editor's pen, this wags the senator's tongue. This decides what Scriptures are canonical, and shuffles Christ away into the Apocrypha. According to that sentence fathered upon Solon, *Οὐτω δημόσιον κακὸν ἔρχεται ἀκαθ' ἑκάστῳ*. This unclean spirit is skilful to assume various shapes. I have known it to enter my own study and nudge my elbow of a Saturday, under the semblance of a wealthy member of my congregation. It were a great blessing if every particular of what in the sum we call popular sentiment could carry about the name of its manufacturer stamped legibly upon it. I gave a stab under the fifth rib to that pestilent fallacy, —“Our country, right or wrong,” —by tracing its original to a speech of Ensign Cilley at a dinner of the Bungtown Fencibles.—H. W.]

NO. III.

WHAT MR. ROBINSON¹ THINKS

[A few remarks on the following verses will not be out of place. The satire in them was not meant to have any personal, but only a general, application. Of the gentleman upon whose letter they were intended as a commentary Mr. Biglow had never heard till he saw the letter itself. The position of the satirist is oftentimes one which he would not have chosen, had the election been left to himself. In attacking bad principles, he is obliged to select some individual who has made himself their exponent, and in whom they are impersonate, to the end that what he says may not, through ambiguity, be dissipated *tenuis in auras*. For what says Seneca? *Longum iter per praecepta, breve et efficace per exempla*. A bad principle is comparatively harmless while it continues to be an abstraction, nor can the general mind comprehend it fully till it is printed in that large type which all men can read at sight, namely, the life and character, the sayings and doings, of particular persons. It is one of the cunningest fetches of Satan, that he never exposes himself directly to our arrows, but, still dodging behind this neighbour or that acquaintance, compels us to wound him through them, if at all. He holds our affections as hostages, the while he patches up a truce with our conscience.

Meanwhile, let us not forget that the aim of the true satirist is not to be severe upon persons, but only upon falsehood, and, as Truth and Falsehood start from the same point, and sometimes even go along together for a little way, his business is to follow the path of the latter after it diverges, and to show her floundering in the bog at the end of it. Truth is quite beyond the reach of satire. There is so brave a simplicity in her, that she can no more be made ridiculous than an oak or a pine. The danger of the satirist is, that continual use may deaden

¹ A lawyer who represented the town of Lowell in the American Senate. He spoke in favour of the Mexican war.—(Ed.)

his sensibility to the force of language. He becomes more and more liable to strike harder than he knows or intends. He may be careful to put on his boxing-gloves, and yet forget that, the older they grow, the more plainly may the knuckles inside be felt. Moreover, in the heat of contest, the eye is insensibly drawn to the crown of victory, whose tawdry tinsel glitters through that dust of the ring which obscures Truth's wreath of simple leaves. I have sometimes thought that my young friend, Mr. Biglow, needed a monitory hand laid on his arm,—*aliquid sufflaminandus erat*. I have never thought it good husbandry to water the tender plants of reform with *aqua fortis*, yet, where so much is to do in the beds, he were a sorry gardener who should wage a whole day's war with an iron scuffle on those ill weeds that make the garden-walks of life unsightly, when a sprinkle of Attic salt will wither them up. *Est ars etiam maledicendi*, says Scaliger, and truly it is a hard thing to say where the graceful gentleness of the lamb merges in downright sheepishness. We may conclude with worthy and wise Dr. Fuller, that "one may be a lamb in private wrongs, but in hearing general affronts to goodness, they are asses which are not lions."—H. W.]

GUVERNER B.¹ is a sensible man ;
 He stays to his home an' looks
 arter his folks ;
 He draws his furrer ez straight ez he
 can,
 An' into nobody's tater-patch
 pokes ;
 But John P.
 Robinson he
 Sez he wunt vote fer Guverner B.

My! aint it terrible? Wut shall we
 du ?
 We can't never choose him o'
 course,—thet's flat ;
 Guess we shall hev to come round,
 (don't you ?)

¹ George W. Briggs, governor of Massachusetts from 1844 to 1851.—(ED.)

An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an'
 all that ;

Fer John P.

Robinson he

Sez he wunt vote fer Guverner B.

General C. is a drefle smart man :

He's ben on all sides thet give
 places or pelf ;

But consistency still wuz a part of
 his plan,—

He's ben true to *one* party,—an'
 thet is himself ;—

So John P.

Robinson he

Sez he shall vote fer General C.

General C. he goes in fer the war ;

He don't vally principle more'n
 an old cud ;

Wut did God make us raytional creetur
 fer,

But glory an' gunpowder, plunder
 an' blood ?

So John P.

Robinson he

Sez he shall vote fer General C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to
 our village,

With good old ideas o' wut's right
 an' wut aint,

We kind o' thought Christ went agin
 war an' pillage,

An' thet eppyletts worn't the best
 mark of a saint ;

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez this kind o' thing's an ex-
 ploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers
 be took,

An' Presidunt Polk, you know, *he*
 is our country,

An' the angel thet writes all our sins
 in a book

Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the
per contry ;

An' John P.

Robinson he

Sez this is his view o' the thing
 to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argi-
munts lies ;
Sez they're nothin' on airth but
jest *fee, faw, fum* ;
An' thet all this big talk of our
destinies
Is half on it ign'ance, an' t'other
half rum ;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez it aint no sech thing ; an', of
course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in
his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in
their swaller-tail coats,
An' marched round in front of a
drum an' a fife,
To git some on 'em office, an' some
on 'em votes ;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know everythin'
down in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to
tell us
The rights an' the wrongs o' these
matters, I vow,—
God sends country lawyers, an' other
wise fellers,
To start the world's team wen it
gits in a slough ;
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez the world'll go right, ef he
hollers out Gee !

[The attentive reader will doubtless have perceived in the foregoing poem an allusion to that pernicious sentiment,—“Our country, right or wrong.” It is an abuse of language to call a certain portion of land, much more, certain personages, elevated for the time being to high station, our country. I would not sever nor loosen a single one of those ties by which we are united to the spot of our birth, nor minish by a tittle the

respect due to the Magistrate. I love our own Bay State too well to do the one, and as for the other, I have myself for nigh forty years exercised, however unworthily, the function of Justice of the Peace, having been called thereto by the unsolicited kindness of that most excellent man and upright patriot, Caleb Strong. *Patriæ fumus igne alieno luculentior* is best qualified with this,—*Ubi libertas, ibi patria*. We are inhabitants of two worlds, and owe a double, but not a divided, allegiance. In virtue of our clay, this little ball of earth exacts a certain loyalty of us, while, in our capacity as spirits, we are admitted citizens of an invisible and holier fatherland. There is a patriotism of the soul whose claim absolves us from our other and terrene fealty. Our true country is that ideal realm which we represent to ourselves under the names of religion, duty, and the like. Our terrestrial organisations are but far-off approaches to so fair a model, and all they are verily traitors who resist not any attempt to divert them from this their original intentment. When, therefore, one would have us to fling up our caps and shout with the multitude,—“*Our country, however bounded !*” he demands of us that we sacrifice the larger to the less, the higher to the lower, and that we yield to the imaginary claims of a few acres of soil our duty and privilege as liegemen of Truth. Our true country is bounded on the north and the south, on the east and the west, by Justice, and when she oversteps that invisible boundary-line by so much as a hair's-breadth, she ceases to be our mother, and chooses rather to be looked upon *quasi noverca*. That is a hard choice when our earthly love of country calls upon us to tread one path and our duty points us to another. We must make as noble and becoming an election as did Penelope between Icarus and Ulysses. Veiling our faces, we must take silently the hand of Duty to follow her.

Shortly after the publication of the foregoing poem, there appeared some comments upon it in one of the public prints which seemed to call for animadversion. I accordingly addressed to Mr. Buckingham, of the Boston Courier, the following letter.

"JAALAM, November 4, 1847.

"To the Editor of the Courier :

"RESPECTED SIR,—Calling at the post-office this morning, our worthy and efficient postmaster offered for my perusal a paragraph in the Boston Morning Post of the 3d instant, wherein certain effusions of the pastoral muse are attributed to the pen of Mr. James Russell Lowell. For aught I know or can affirm to the contrary, this Mr. Lowell may be a very deserving person and a youth of parts (though I have seen verses of his which I could never rightly understand); and if he be such, he, I am certain, as well as I, would be free from any proclivity to appropriate to himself whatever of credit (or discredit) may honestly belong to another. I am confident, that, in penning these few lines, I am only forestalling a disclaimer from that young gentleman, whose silence hitherto, when rumour pointed to himward, has excited in my bosom mingled emotions of sorrow and surprise. Well may my young parishioner, Mr. Biglow, exclaim with the poet,

'Sic vos non vobis,' &c. ;

though, in saying this, I would not convey the impression that he is a proficient in the Latin tongue,—the tongue, I might add, of a Horace and a Tully.

"Mr. B. does not employ his pen, I can safely say, for any lucre of worldly gain, or to be exalted by the carnal plaudits of men, *digito monstrari*, &c. He does not wait upon Providence for merces, and in his heart mean *merces*. But I should esteem myself as verily deficient in my duty (who am his friend and in some unworthy sort his spiritual *fidus Achates*, &c.), if I did not step forward to claim for him whatever measure of applause might be assigned to him by the judicious.

"If this were a fitting occasion, I might venture here a brief dissertation touching the manner and kind of my young friend's poetry. But I dubitate whether this abstruser sort of speculation (though enlivened by some apposite instances from Aristophanes) would sufficiently interest your oppidan readers. As regards their satirical tone and their

plainness of speech, I will only say, that, in my pastoral experience, I have found that the Arch-Enemy loves nothing better than to be treated as a religious, moral, and intellectual being, and that there is no *apage Sathanas*! so potent as ridicule. But it is a kind of weapon that must have a button of good-nature on the point of it.

"The productions of Mr. B. have been stigmatised in some quarters as unpatriotic; but I can vouch that he loves his native soil with that hearty, though discriminating attachment which springs from an intimate social intercourse of many years' standing. In the ploughing season, no one has a deeper share in the well-being of the country than he. If Dean Swift were right in saying that he who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before confers a greater benefit on the state than he who taketh a city, Mr. B. might exhibit a fairer claim to the Presidency than General Scott himself. I think that some of those disinterested lovers of the hard-handed democracy, whose fingers have never touched anything rougher than the dollars of our common country, would hesitate to compare palms with him. It would do your heart good, respected Sir, to see that young man mow. He cuts a cleaner and wider swath than any in this town.

"But it is time for me to be at my Post. It is very clear that my young friend's shot has struck the lintel, for the Post is shaken (Amos ix. 1). The editor of that paper is a strenuous advocate of the Mexican war, and a colonel, as I am given to understand. I presume that, being necessarily absent in Mexico, he has left his journal in some less judicious hands. At any rate, the Post has been too swift on this occasion. It could hardly have cited a more incontrovertible line from any poem than that which it has selected for animadversion, namely,—

'We kind o' thought Christ went agin war
an' pillage.'

"If the Post maintains the converse of this proposition, it can hardly be considered as a safe guide-post for the moral and religious portions of its party, however many other excellent qualities

of a post it may be blessed with. There is a sign in London on which is painted, —'The Green Man.' It would do very well as a portrait of any individual who should support so unscriptural a thesis. As regards the language of the line in question, I am bold to say that He who readeth the hearts of men will not account any dialect unseemly which conveys a sound and pious sentiment. I could wish that such sentiments were more common, however uncouthly expressed. Saint Ambrose affirms, that *veritas a quocunque* (why not, then, *quomodocunque*?) *dicatur, a spiritu sancto est*. Digest also this of Baxter: 'The plainest words are the most profitable oratory in the weightiest matters.'

"When the paragraph in question was shown to Mr. Biglow, the only part of it which seemed to give him any dissatisfaction was that which classed him with the Whig party. He says that, if resolutions are a nourishing kind of diet, that party must be in a very hearty and flourishing condition; for that they have quietly eaten more good ones of their own baking than he could have conceived to be possible without repletion. He has been for some years past (I regret to say) an ardent opponent of those sound doctrines of protective policy which form so prominent a portion of the creed of that party. I confess that, in some discussions which I have had with him on this point in my study, he has displayed a vein of obstinacy which I had not hitherto detected in his composition. He is also (*horresco referens*) infected in no small measure with the peculiar notions of a print called the *Liberator*, whose heresies I take every proper opportunity of combating, and of which, I thank God, I have never read a single line.

"I did not see Mr. B.'s verses until they appeared in print, and there is certainly one thing in them which I consider highly improper. I allude to the personal references to myself by name. To confer notoriety on an humble individual who is labouring quietly in his vocation, and who keeps his cloth as free as he can from the dust of the political arena (though *væ mihi si non evangelizavero*), is no doubt an indecorum. The sentiments which he attri-

butes to me I will not deny to be mine. They were embodied, though in a different form, in a discourse preached upon the last day of public fasting, and were acceptable to my entire people (of whatever political views), except the postmaster, who dissented *ex officio*. I observe that you sometimes devote a portion of your paper to a religious summary. I should be well pleased to furnish a copy of my discourse for insertion in this department of your instructive journal. By omitting the advertisements, it might easily be got within the limits of a single number, and I venture to insure you the sale of some scores of copies in this town. I will cheerfully render myself responsible for ten. It might possibly be advantageous to issue it as an *extra*. But perhaps you will not esteem it an object, and I will not press it. My offer does not spring from any weak desire of seeing my name in print; for I can enjoy this satisfaction at any time by turning to the Triennial Catalogue of the University, where it also possesses that added emphasis of Italics with which those of my calling are distinguished.

"I would simply add, that I continue to fit ingenuous youth for college, and that I have two spacious and airy sleeping apartments at this moment unoccupied. *Ingenuas didicisse*, &c. Terms, which vary according to the circumstances of the parents, may be known on application to me by letter, post-paid. In all cases the lad will be expected to fetch his own towels. This rule, Mrs. W. desires me to add, has no exceptions.

"Respectfully, your obedient servant,

"HOMER WILBUR, A.M."

"P.S.—Perhaps the last paragraph may look like an attempt to obtain the insertion of my circular gratuitously. If it should appear to you in that light, I desire that you would erase it, or charge for it at the usual rates, and deduct the amount from the proceeds in your hands from the sale of my discourse, when it shall be printed. My circular is much longer and more explicit, and will be forwarded without charge to any who may desire it. It has been very neatly executed on a letter sheet, by a very deserving printer, who attends upon my ministry, and is a creditable specimen of

the typographic art. I have one hung over my mantelpiece in a neat frame, where it makes a beautiful and appropriate ornament, and balances the profile of Mrs. W., cut with her toes by the young lady born without arms.

"H. W."

I have in the foregoing letter mentioned General Scott in connection with the Presidency, because I have been given to understand that he has blown to pieces and otherwise caused to be destroyed more Mexicans than any other commander. His claim would therefore be deservedly considered the strongest. Until accurate returns of the Mexicans killed, wounded, and maimed be obtained, it will be difficult to settle these nice points of precedence. Should it prove that any other officer has been more meritorious and destructive than General S., and has thereby rendered himself more worthy of the confidence and support of the conservative portion of our community, I shall cheerfully insert his name, instead of that of General S., in a future edition. It may be thought, likewise, that General S. has invalidated his claims by too much attention to the decencies of apparel and the habits belonging to a gentleman. These abstruser points of statesmanship are beyond my scope. I wonder not that successful military achievement should attract the admiration of the multitude. Rather do I rejoice with wonder to behold how rapidly this sentiment is losing its hold upon the popular mind. It is related of Thomas Warton, the second of that honoured name who held the office of Poetry Professor at Oxford, that, when one wished to find him, being absconded, as was his wont, in some obscure alehouse, he was counselled to traverse the city with a drum and fife, the sound of which inspiring music would be sure to draw the Doctor from his retirement into the street. We are all more or less bitten with this martial insanity. *Nescio qua dulcedine . . . cunctos ducit*. I confess to some infection of that itch myself. When I see a Brigadier-General maintaining his insecure elevation in the saddle under the severe fire of the training-field, and when I remember that some military enthusiasts, through haste, inexperience, or an over-desire to lend reality to those

fictitious combats, will sometimes discharge their ramrods, I cannot but admire, while I deplore, the mistaken devotion of those heroic officers. *Semel insani vimus omnes*. I was myself, during the late war with Great Britain, chaplain of a regiment, which was fortunately never called to active military duty. I mention this circumstance with regret rather than pride. Had I been summoned to actual warfare, I trust that I might have been strengthened to bear myself after the manner of that reverend father in our New England Israel, Dr. Benjamin Colman, who, as we are told in Turell's life of him, when the vessel in which he had taken passage for England was attacked by a French privateer, "fought like a philosopher and a Christian, . . . and prayed all the while he charged and fired." As this note is already long, I shall not here enter upon a discussion of the question, whether Christians may lawfully be soldiers. I think it sufficiently evident that, during the first two centuries of the Christian era, at least, the two professions were esteemed incompatible. Consult Jortin on this head.—H. W.]

NO. IV.

REMARKS OF INCREASE D. O'PHACE,
ESQUIRE, AT AN EXTRUMPERY CAUCUS
IN STATE STREET, REPORTED BY MR.
H. BIGLOW

[The ingenious reader will at once understand that no such speech as the following was ever *totidem verbis* pronounced. But there are simpler and less guarded wits, for the satisfying of which such an explanation may be needful. For there are certain invisible lines, which, as Truth successively overpasses, she becomes Untruth to one and another of us, as a large river, flowing from one kingdom into another, sometimes takes a new name, albeit the waters undergo no change, how small soever. There is, moreover, a truth of fiction more veracious than the truth of fact, as that of the Poet, which represents to us things and events as they ought to be, rather than servilely copies them as they are imperfectly imaged in the crooked and

smoky glass of our mundane affairs. It is this which makes the speech of Antonius, though originally spoken in no wider a forum than the brain of Shakespeare, more historically valuable than that other which Appian has reported, by as much as the understanding of the Englishman was more comprehensive than that of the Alexandrian. Mr. Biglow, in the present instance, has only made use of a license assumed by all the historians of antiquity, who put into the mouths of various characters such words as seem to them most fitting to the occasion and to the speaker. If it be objected that no such oration could ever have been delivered, I answer, that there are few assemblages for speech-making which do not better deserve the title of *Parliamentum Indoctorum* than did the sixth Parliament of Henry the Fourth, and that men still continue to have as much faith in the Oracle of Fools as ever Pantagruel had. Howell, in his letters, recounts a merry tale of a certain ambassador of Queen Elizabeth, who, having written two letters,—one to her Majesty, and the other to his wife,—directed them at cross-purposes, so that the Queen was beducked and bedeaded, and requested to send a change of hose, and the wife was beprincessed and otherwise unwontedly besuperlatived, till the one feared for the wits of her ambassador, and the other for those of her husband. In like manner it may be presumed that our speaker has misdirected some of his thoughts, and given to the whole theatrie what he would have wished to confide only to a select auditory at the back of the curtain. For it is seldom that we can get any frank utterance from men, who address, for the most part, a Buncombe, either in this world or the next. As for our audiences, it may be truly said of our people, that they enjoy one political institution in common with the ancient Athenians: I mean a certain profitless kind of *ostracism*, wherewith, nevertheless, they seem hitherto well enough content. For in Presidential elections, and other affairs of the sort, whereas I observe that the *oysters* fall to the lot of comparatively few, the *shells* (such as the privileges of voting as they are told to do by the *ostrivori* aforesaid, and of huzzaing at public meetings) are

very liberally distributed among the people, as being their prescriptive and quite sufficient portion.

The occasion of the speech is supposed to be Mr. Palfrey's refusal to vote for the Whig candidate for the Speakership.—H. W.]

No? Hez he? He haint, though?
Wut? Voted agin him?

Ef the bird of our country could
ketch him, she'd skin him;
I seem's though I see her, with wrath
in each quill,

Likea chancerylawyer, afillin' her bill,
An' grindin' her talents ez sharp ez
all nater,

To pounce like a writ on the back o'
the traitor.

Forgive me, my friends, ef I seem to
be het,

But a crisis like this must with
vigour be met;

Wen an Arnold the star-spangled
banner bestains,

Holl Fourth o' Julys seem to bile in
my veins.

Who ever'd ha' thought sech a
pisonous rig

Would be run by a chap thet wuz
chose fer a Wig?

"We knowed wut his principles
wuz 'fore we sent him"?

Wut wuz there in them from this vote
to pervent him?

A marcful Providence fashioned us
holler

O' purpose thet we might our prin-
ciples swaller;

It can hold any quantity on 'em, the
belly can,

An' bring 'em up ready fer use like
the pelican,

Or more like the kangaroo, who
(wich is stranger)

Puts her family into her pouch wen
there's danger.

Aint principle precious? then, who's
goin' to use it

Wen there's resk o' some chap's
gittin' up to abuse it?

I can't tell the wy on't, but nothin' is
so sure

Ez thet principle kind o' gits spiled
by exposure;¹

A man thet lets all sorts o' folks git
a sight on't

Ough' to hev it all took right away,
every mite on't;

Ef he can't keep it all to himself wen
it's wise to,

He aint one it's fit to trust nothin' so
nice to.

Besides, ther's a wonderful power in
latitude

To shift a man's morril relations an'
attitude;

Some flossifers think thet a fakkilty's
granted

The minnit it's proved to be
thoroughly wanted,

Thet a change o' demand makes a
change o' condition,

An' thet everythin' 's nothin' except
by position;

Ez, fer instance, thet rubber-trees
fust begun bearin'

Wen p'litikle conshunces come into
wearin',

Thet the fears of a monkey, whose
holt chanced to fail,

Drawed the vertibry out to a pre-
hensile tail;

So, wen one's chose to Congriss, ez
soon ez he's in it,

A collar grows right round his neck
in a minnit,

¹ The speaker is of a different mind from Tully, who, in his recently di-covered tractate *De Republica*, tells us, *Nec vero habere virtutem satis est, quasi artem aliquam, nisi utare*. and from our Milton, who says: "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, *not without dust and heat*." — *Areop.* He had taken the words out of the Roman's mouth, without knowing it, and might well exclaim with Austin (a saint's name may stand sponsor for a curse), *Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerint*! — H. W.

An' sartin it is thet a man cannot
be strict

In bein' himself wen he gits to the
Deestrect,

Fer a coat thet sets wal here in ole
Massachusetts,

Wen it gits on to Washinton some-
how askew sets.

Resolves, do you say, o' the Spring-
field Convention?

Thet's percisely the pint I was goin'
to mention;

Resolves air a thing we most gen'ally
keep ill,

They're a cheap kind o' dust fer the
eyes o' the people;

A parcel o' delligits jest git to-
gether

An' chat fer a spell o' the crops an'
the weather,

Then, comin' to order, they squabble
awile,

An' let off the speeches they're
ferful 'll spile;

Then—Resolve,—Thet we wunt hev
an inch o' slave territory;

Thet Presidunt Polk's holl perceedins
air very tory;

Thet the war is a damned war, an'
them thet enlist in it

Should hev a cravat with a dreffle
tight twist in it;

Thet the war is a war fer the
spreadin' o' slavery;

Thet our army desarnes our best
thanks fer their bravery;

Thet we're the original friends o' the
nation,

All the rest air a paltry an' base
fabrication;

Thet we highly respect Messrs. A, B,
an' C,

An' ez deeply despise Messrs. E, F,
an' G.

In this way they go to the eend o'
the chapter,

An' then they bust out in a kind of
a raptur

About their own vartoo, an' folks's
stone-blindness

To the men thet 'ould actilly do 'em
a kindness,—

The American eagle,—the Pilgrims
thet landed,—
Till on ole Plymouth Rock they git
fnally stranded.
Wal, the people they listen an' say,
"Thet's the ticket;
Ez fer Mexico, 'taint no great glory
to lick it,
But 'twould be a darned shame to
go pullin' o' triggers
To extend the aree of abusin' the
niggers."

So they march in percessions, an'
git up hooraws,
An' tramp thru the mud fer the good
o' the cause,
An' think they're a kind o' fulfillin'
the prophecies,
Wen they're on'y jest changin' the
holders of offices;
Ware A sot afore, B is comf'tably
seated,
One humbug's victor'ous an' t'other
defeated,
Each honnable doughface gits jest
wut he axes,
An' the people,—their annoal soft-
sodder an' taxes.

Now, to keep unimpaired all these
glorious fecturs
Thet characterise morril an' reasonin'
creeturs,
Thet give every paytriot all he can
cram,
Thet oust the untrustworthy Presi-
dunt Flam,
An' stick honest Presidunt Sham in
his place,
To the manifest gain o' the holl
human race,
An' to some indervidgewals on't in
partickler,
Who love Public Opinion an' know
how to tickle her,—
I say thet a party with gret aims
like these
Must stick jest ez close ez a hive full
o' bees.

I'm willin' a man should go tollable
strong
Agin wrong in the abstract, fer thet
kind o' wrong
Is ollers unpop'lar an' never gits
pitied,
Because it's a crime no one never
committed;
But he musn't be hard on partickler
sins,
Coz then he'll be kickin' the people's
own shins;
On'y look at the Demmercrats, see
wut they've done
Jest simply by stickin' together like
fun;
They've sucked us right into a
mis'able war
Thet no one on airth aint responsible
for;
They've run us a hundred cool
millions in debt
(An' fer Demmercrat Horners ther's
good plums left yet);
They talk agin tayriffs, but act fer a
high one,
An' so coax all parties to build up
their Zion;
To the people they're ollers ez slick
ez molasses,
An' butter their bread on both sides
with The Masses,
Half o' whom they've persuaded, by
way of a joke,
Thet Washinton's mantelpiece fell
upon Polk.

Now all o' these blessin's the Wigs
might enjoy
Ef they'd gumption enough the right
means to imploy;¹
Fer the silver spoon born in Demo-
cracy's mouth
Is a kind of a scringe thet they hev
to the South;

¹ That was a pithy saying of Persius, and
fits our politicians without a wrinkle,—
Magister artis, ingenuique largitor venter.
—H. W.

Their masters can cuss 'em an' kick
 'em an' wale 'em,
 An' they notice it less 'an the ass
 did to Balaam ;
 In this way they screw into second-
 rate offices
 Wich the slaveholder thinks 'ould sub-
 stract too much off his ease ;
 The file-leaders, I mean, du, fer they,
 by their wiles,
 Unlike the old viper, grow fat on
 their files.
 Wal, the Wigs hev been tryin' to
 grab all this prey frum 'em
 An' to hook this nice spoon o' good
 fortin' away frum 'em,
 An' they might ha' succeeded, ez
 likely ez not,
 In lickin' the Demmercrats all round
 the lot,
 Ef it warn't thet, wile all faithful
 Wigs were their knees on,
 Some stuffy old codger would holler
 out,—“Treason !
 You must keep a sharp eye on a dog
 thet hez bit you once,
 An' I aint agoin' to cheat my con-
 stitooounts,”—
 Wen every fool knows thet a man
 represents
 Not the fellers thet sent him, but
 them on the fence,—
 Impartially ready to jump either
 side
 An' make the fust use of a turn o'
 the tide,—
 The waiters on Providunce here in
 the city,
 Who compose wut they call a State
 Centerl Committy.
 Constitooounts air hendy to help a
 man in,
 But arterwards don't weigh the heft
 of a pin.
 Wy, the people can't all live on Uncle
 Sam's pus,
 So they've nothin' to du with't fer
 better or wus ;
 It's the folks thet air kind o' brought
 up to depend on't
 Thet hev any consarn in't, an thet
 is the end on't.

Now here wuz New England ahevin'
 the honour
 Of a chance at the Speakership
 showered upon her ;—
 Do you say, “She don't want no
 more Speakers, but fewer ;
 She's hed plenty o' them, wut she
 wants is a *doer* ?”
 Fer the matter o' thet, it's notorious
 in town
 Thet her own representatives du her
 quite brown.
 But thet's nothin' to du with it ;
 wut right hed Palfrey
 To mix himself up with fanatical
 small fry ?
 Warn't we gittin' on prime with our
 hot an' cold blowin',
 A condemnin' the war wilst we kep'
 it agoin' ?
 We'd assumed with gret skill a com-
 mandin' position,
 On this side or thet, no one couldn't
 tell wich one,
 So, wut ever side whipped, we'd a
 chance at the plunder
 An' could sue fer infringin' our pay-
 tented thunder ;
 We were ready to vote fer whoever
 wuz eligible,
 Ef on all pints at issuo he'd stay un-
 intelligible.
 Wal, sposin' we hed to gulp down
 our perfessions,
 We were ready to come out next
 mornin' with fresh ones ;
 Besides, ef we did, 'twas our busi-
 ness alone,
 Fer couldn't we du wut we would
 with our own ?
 An' ef a man can, wen pervisions
 hev riz so,
 Eat up his own words, it's a marcy
 it is so.
 Wy, these chaps frum the North, with
 back-bones to 'em, darn 'em,
 'Ould be wuth more 'an Gennle Tom
 Thumb is to Barnum :
 Ther's enough thet to office on this
 very plan grow,
 By exhibitin' how very small a man
 can grow ;

But an M. C. frum here ollers hastens
to state he
Belongs to the order called inverte-
braty,
Wence some great filologists judge
primy fashv
Thet M. C. is M. T. by paronomashy ;
An' these few exceptions air *loosus*
naytury
Folks 'ould put down their quarters
to stare at like fury.

It's no use to open the door o' success,
Ef a member can bolt so fer nothin'
or less ;
Wy, all o' them grand constitootional
pillers
Our forefathers fetched with 'em
over the billers,
Them pillers the people so soundly
hev slep' on,
Wile to slav'ry, invasion, an' debt
they were swep' on,
Wile our Destiny higher an' higher
kep' mountin'
(Though I guess folks'll stare wen
she hendes her account in),
Ef members in this way go kickin'
agin 'em,
They wunt hev so much ez a feather
left in 'em.

An' ez fer this Palfrey,¹ we thought
wen we'd gut him in,
He'd go kindly in wutever harness
we put him in ;
Supposin' we *did* know thet he wuz
a peace man ?
Doos he think he can be Uncle
Sammle's policeman,
An' wen Sam gits tipsy an' kicks up
a riot,
Lead him off to the lockup to snooze
till he's quiet ?
Wy, the war is a war thet true pay-
triots can bear, ef
It leads to the fat promised land of
a tayriff ;

¹ There is truth yet in this of Juvenal,—
"Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas"
—H. W.

We don't go an' fight it, nor aint to
be driv on,
Nor Demmercrats nuther, thet hev
wut to live on ;
Ef it aint jest the thing thet's well
pleasin' to God,
It makes us thought highly on else-
where abroad ;
The Rooshian black eagle looks blue
in his eerie
An' shakes both his heads wen he
hears o' Monteery ;
In the Tower Victory sets, all of a
fluster,
An' reads, with locked doors, how we
won Cherry Buster ;
An' old Philip Lewis—thet come an'
kep' school here
Fer the mere sake o' scorin' his ryalist
ruler
On the tenderest part of our kings *in*
futuro—
Hides his crown underneath an old
shut in his bureau,
Breaks off in his brags to a suckle o'
merry kings,
How he often hed hidid young native
Amerrikins,
An' turnin' quite faint in the midst
of his fooleries,
Sneaks downstairs to bolt the front
door o' the Tooleries.¹

¹ Jortin is willing to allow of other miracles besides those recorded in Holy Writ, and why not of other prophecies? It is granting too much to Satan to suppose him, as divers of the learned have done, the inspirer of the ancient oracles. Wiser, I esteem it, to give chance the credit of the successful ones. What is said here of Louis Philippe was verified in some of its minute particulars within a few months' time. Enough to have made the fortune of Delphi or Hammon, and no thanks to Beelzebub neither! That of Seneca in Medea will suit here:—

"Rapida fortuna ac levis
Præcepsque regno eripuit, exsilio dedit."

Let us allow, even to richly deserved misfortune, our commiseration, and be not over-hasty meanwhile in our censure of the French people, left for the first time to govern themselves, remembering that wise sentence of Æschylus,—

Ἄπας δὲ τραχὺς ὅστις ἂν νέον κρατῇ.—H. W.

You say, "We'd ha' scared 'em by
growin' in peace,
A plaguy sight more then by bob-
beries like these?"
Who is it dares say thet our naytional
eagle
Wun't much longer be classed with
the birds thet air regal,
Coz theirn be hooked beaks, an' she,
arter this slaughter,
'Il bring back a bill ten times longer'n
she'd ough' to?
Wut's your name? Come, I see ye,
you up-country feller,
You've put me out severil times with
your beller;
Out with it! Wut? Biglow? I
say nothin' funder,
Thet feller would like nothin' better'n
a murder;
He's a traider, blasphemer, an' wut
ruther worse is,
He puts all his ath'ism in drefle
bad verses;
Society aint safe till sech monsters
air out on it,
Refer to the Post, ef you hev the
least doubt on it;
Wy, he goes agin war, agin indirect
taxes,
Agin sellin' wild lands 'cept to
settlers with axes,
Agin holdin' o' slaves, though he
knows it's the corner
Our libbaty rests on, the mis'able
scorner!
In short, he would wholly upset
with his ravages
All thet keeps us above the brute
critters an' savages,
An' pitch into all kinds o' briles an'
confusions
The holl of our civerlized, free insti-
tutions;
He writes fer thet ruther unsafe
print, the Courier,
An' likely ez not hez a squintin' to
Foorier;
I'll be—, thet is, I mean I'll be
blest,
Ef I hark to a word from so noted a
pest;

I shan't talk with *him*, my religion's
too fervent.

Good mornin', my friends, I'm your
most humble servant.

[Into the question whether the ability to express ourselves in articulate language has been productive of more good or evil, I shall not here enter at large. The two faculties of speech and of speech-making are wholly diverse in their natures. By the first we make ourselves intelligible, by the last unintelligible, to our fellows. It has not seldom occurred to me (noting how in our national legislature everything runs to talk, as lettuces, if the season or the soil be unpropitious, shoot up lankly to seed, instead of forming handsome heads) that Babel was the first Congress, the earliest mill erected for the manufacture of gabble. In these days, what with Town Meetings, School Committees, Boards (lumber) of one kind and another, Congresses, Parliaments, Diets, Indian Councils, Palavers, and the like, there is scarce a village which has not its factories of this description driven by (milk-and-) water power. I cannot conceive the confusion of tongues to have been the curse of Babel, since I esteem my ignorance of other languages as a kind of Martello-tower, in which I am safe from the furious bombardments of foreign garrulity. For this reason I have ever preferred the study of the dead languages, those primitive formations being Ararats upon whose silent peaks I sit secure and watch this new deluge without fear, though it rain figures (*simulacra*, semblances) of speech forty days and nights together, as it not uncommonly happens. Thus is my coat, as it were, without buttons by which any but a vernacular wild bore can seize me. Is it not possible that the Shakers may intend to convey a quiet reproof and hint, in fastening their outer garments with hooks and eyes?

This reflection concerning Babel, which I find in no Commentary, was first thrown upon my mind when an excellent deacon of my congregation (being infected with the Second Advent delusion) assured me that he had received a first instalment of the gift of tongues as a small earnest of larger possessions

in the like kind to follow. For, of a truth, I could not reconcile it with my ideas of the Divine justice and mercy that the single wall which protected people of other languages from the incursions of this otherwise well-meaning propagandist should be broken down.

In reading Congressional debates, I have fancied that, after the subsidence of those painful buzzings in the brain which result from such exercises, I detected a slender residuum of valuable information. I made the discovery that *nothing* takes longer in the saying than anything else, for as *ex nihilo nihil fit*, so from one polypus *nothing* any number of similar ones may be produced. I would recommend to the attention of *viva voce* debaters and controversialists the admirable example of the monk Copres, who, in the fourth century, stood for half an hour in the midst of a great fire, and thereby silenced a Manichaean antagonist who had less of the salamander in him. As for those who quarrel in print, I have no concern with them here, since the eyelids are a divinely granted shield against all such. Moreover, I have observed in many modern books that the printed portion is becoming gradually smaller, and the number of blank or fly leaves (as they are called) greater. Should this fortunate tendency of literature continue, books will grow more valuable from year to year, and the whole Serbonian bog yield to the advances of firm arable land.

The sagacious Lacedæmonians, hearing that Tesephone had bragged that he could talk all day long on any given subject, made no more ado, but forthwith banished him, whereby they supplied him a topic and at the same time took care that his experiment upon it should be tried out of earshot.

I have wondered, in the Representatives' Chamber of our own Commonwealth, to mark how little impression seemed to be produced by that emblematic fish suspended over the heads of the members. Our wiser ancestors, no doubt, hung it there as being the animal which the Pythagoreans revered for its silence, and which certainly in that particular does not so well merit the epithet *cold-blooded*, by which naturalists distinguish it, as certain bipeds,

afflicted with ditch-water on the brain, who take occasion to tap themselves in Faneuil Halls, meeting-houses, and other places of public resort.—H. W.]

NO. V.

THE DEBATE IN THE SENNIT

SOT TO A NUSBY RHYME

[The incident which gave rise to the debate satirised in the following verses was the unsuccessful attempt of Drayton and Sayres to give freedom to seventy men and women, fellow-beings and fellow-Christians. Had Tripoli, instead of Washington, been the scene of this undertaking, the unhappy leaders in it would have been as secure of the theoretic as they now are of the practical part of martyrdom. I question whether the Dey of Tripoli is blessed with a District Attorney so benighted as ours at the seat of government. Very fitly is he named Key, who would allow himself to be made the instrument of locking the door of hope against sufferers in such a cause. Not all the waters of the ocean can cleanse the vile smutch of the jailer's fingers from off that little Key. *Athena clavis*, a brazen Key indeed!]

Mr. Calhoun, who is made the chief speaker in this burlesque, seems to think that the light of the nineteenth century is to be put out as soon as he tinkles his little cow-bell curfew. Whenever slavery is touched, he sets up his scarecrow of dissolving the Union. This may do for the North, but I should conjecture that something more than a pumpkin-lantern is required to scare manifest and irretrievable Destiny out of her path. Mr. Calhoun cannot let go the apron-string of the Past. The Past is a good nurse, but we must be weaned from her sooner or later, even though, like Plotinus, we should run home from school to ask the breast, after we are tolerably well-grown youths. It will not do for us to hide our faces in her lap whenever the strange Future holds out her arms and asks us to come to her.

But we are all alike. We have all heard it said, often enough, that little

boys must not play with fire; and yet, if the matches be taken away from us, and put out of reach upon the shelf, we must needs get into our little corner, and scowl and stamp and threaten the dire revenge of going to bed without our supper. The world shall stop till we get our dangerous plaything again. Danie Earth, meanwhile, who has more than enough household matters to mind, goes bustling hither and thither as a hiss or a sputter tells her that this or that kettle of hers is boiling over, and before bedtime we are glad to eat our porridge cold and gulp down our dignity along with it.

Mr. Calhoun has somehow acquired the name of a great statesman, and, if it be great statesmanship to put lance in rest and run a tilt at the Spirit of the Age with the certainty of being next moment hurled neck and heels into the dust amid universal laughter, he deserves the title. He is the Sir Kay of our modern chivalry. He should remember the old Scandinavian mythus. Thor was the strongest of gods, but he could not wrestle with Time, nor so much as lift up a fold of the great snake which knit the universe together; and when he smote the Earth, though with his terrible mallet, it was but as if a leaf had fallen. Yet all the while it seemed to Thor that he had only been wrestling with an old woman, striving to lift a cat, and striking a stupid giant on the head.

And in old times, doubtless, the giants *were* stupid, and there was no better sport for the Sir Launcelots and Sir Gawains than to go about cutting off their great blundering heads with enchanted swords. But things have wonderfully changed. It is the giants, nowadays, that have the science and the intelligence, while the chivalrous Don Quixotes of Conservatism still cumber themselves with the clumsy armour of a bygone age. On whirls the restless globe through unsounded time, with its cities and its silences, its births and funerals, half light, half shade, but never wholly dark, and sure to swing round into the happy morning at last. With an involuntary smile, one sees Mr. Calhoun letting slip his pack-thread cable with a crooked pin at the end of it to anchor South Carolina upon the bank and shoal of the Past.—H. W.]

TO MR. BUCKENAM

MR. EDITER, Asi wuz kinder prunin round, in a little nussry sot out a year or 2 a go, the Dbait in the sennit cum inter my mine An so i took & Sot it to wut I call a nussry rime. I hev made sum onnable Gentlemun speak thut dident speak in a Kind uv Poetikul lie sense the seeson is drefle backerd up This way
ewers as ushul

HOSEA BIGLOW.

"HERE we stan' on the Constitution,
by thunder!

It's a fact o' wich ther's bushils o'
proofs;

Fer how could we trample on't so, I
wonder,

Eft' worn't thet it's ollers under
our hoofs?"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;

"Human rights haint no more
Right to come on this floor,
No more'n the man in the moon,"
sez he.

"The North haint no kind o' bisness
with nothin',

An' you've no idee how much
bother it saves;

We aint none riled by their frettin'
an' frothin',

We're used to layin' the string on
our slaves."

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—

Sez Mister Foote,

"I should like to shoot

The holl gang, by the gret horn
spoon!" sez he.

"Freedom's Keystone is Slavery, thet
ther's no doubt on,

It's sutthin' thet's—wha' d'ye call
it?—divine.—

An' the slaves thet we ollers *make*
the most out on

Air them north o' Mason an'
Dixon's line,"

- Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—
 "Fer all thet," sez Mangum,
 "'Twould be better to hang 'em,
 An' so git red on 'em soon," sez
 he.
- "The mass ough' to labour an' we
 lay on soffies,
 Thet's the reason I want to spread
 Freedom's aree ;
 It puts all the cunninest on us in
 office,
 An' reelises our Maker's orig'nal
 idee,"
- Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—
 "Thet's ez plain," sez Cass,
 "Ez thet some one's an ass,
 It's ez clear ez the sun is at
 noon," sez he.
- "Now don't go to say I'm the friend
 of oppression,
 But keep all your spare breath fer
 coolin' your broth,
 Fer I ollers hev strove (at least thet's
 my impression)
 To make cussed free with the
 rights o' the North,"
- Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—
 "Yes," sez Davis o' Miss.,
 "The perfection o' bliss
 Is in skinnin' thet same old
 coon," sez he.
- "Slavery's a thing thet depends on
 complexion,
 It's God's law thet fetters on black
 skins don't chafe ;
 Ef brains wuz to settle it (horrid re-
 flection !)
 Wich of our onnable body'd be
 safe ?"
- Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—
 Sez Mister Hannegan,
 Afore he began agin,
 "Thet exception is quite opper-
 toon," sez he.
- "Gen'le Cass, Sir, you needn't be
 twitchin' your collar,
 Your merit's quite clear by the dut
 on your knees,
- At the North we don't make no
 distinctions o' colour ;
 You can all take a lick at our shoes
 wen you please,"
- Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—
 Sez Mister Jarnagin,
 "They wun't hev to larn agin,
 They all on 'em know the old
 toon," sez he.
- "The slavery question aint no ways
 bewilderin',
 North an' South hev one int'rest,
 it's plain to a glance ;
 No'thern men, like us patriarchs,
 don't sell their childrin,
 But they *du* sell themselves, ef
 they git a good chance,"
- Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—
 Sez Atherton here,
 "This is gittin' severe,
 I wish I could dive like a loon,"
 sez he.
- "It'll break up the Union, this talk
 about freedom,
 An' your fact'ry gals (soon ez we
 split) 'll make head,
 An' gittin' some Miss chief or other
 to lead 'em,
 'll go to work raisin promiscuous
 Ned,"
- Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—
 "Yes, the North," sez Colquitt,
 "Ef we Southerners all quit,
 Would go down like a busted
 balloon," sez he.
- "Jest look wut is doin', wut annyky's
 brewin'
 In the beautiful clime o' the olive
 an' vine,
 All the wise aristox'y's a tumblin' to
 ruin,
 An' the sankylots drorin' an'
 drinkin' their wine,"
- Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—
 "Yes," sez Johnson, "in
 France
 They're beginnin' to dance
 Beëlzebub's own rigadon," sez
 he.

"The South's safe enough, it don't feel a mite skeery,

Our slaves in their darkness an' dut air tu blest

Not to welcome with proud hally-lugers the ery

Wen our eagle kicks yourn from the naytional nest,"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—

"Oh," sez Westcott o' Florida,

"Wut treason is horridar

Then our priv'leges tryin' to proon?" sez he.

"It's 'coz they're so happy, thet, wen crazy sarpints

Stick their nose in our bizness, we git so darned riled ;

We think it's our dooty to give pooty sharp hints

Thet the last crumb of Edin on airth shan't be spiled,"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—

"Ah," sez Dixon H. Lewis,

"It perfectly true is

Thet slavery's airth's grettest boon," sez he.

[It was said of old time, that riches have wings ; and, though this be not applicable in a literal strictness to the wealth of our patriarchal brethren of the South, yet it is clear that their possessions have legs, and an unaccountable propensity for using them in a northerly direction. I marvel that the grand jury of Washington did not find a true bill against the North Star for aiding and abetting Drayton and Sayres. It would have been quite of a piece with the intelligence displayed by the South on other questions connected with slavery. I think that no ship of state was ever freighted with a more veritable Jonah than this same domestic institution of ours. Mephistopheles himself could not feign so bitterly, so satirically sad a sight as this of three millions of human beings crushed beyond help or hope by this one mighty argument,—*Our fathers knew no better!* Nevertheless, it is the unavoidable destiny of Jonahs to be cast overboard sooner or later. Or shall we try

the experiment of hiding our Jonah in a safe place, that none may lay hands on him to make jetsam of him? Let us, then, with equal forethought and wisdom, lash ourselves to the anchor, and await, in pious confidence, the certain result. Perhaps our suspicious passenger is no Jonah after all, being black. For it is well known that a superintending Providence made a kind of sandwich of Ham and his descendants, to be devoured by the Caucasian race.

In God's name, let all, who hear nearer and nearer the hungry moan of the storm and the growl of the breakers, speak out! But, alas! we have no right to interfere. If a man pluck an apple of mine, he shall be in danger of the justice ; but if he steal my brother, I must be silent. Who says this? Our Constitution, consecrated by the callous custom of sixty years, and grasped in triumphant argument by the left hand of him whose right hand clutches the clotted slave-whip. Justice, venerable with the undethronable majesty of countless æons, says,—SPEAK! The Past, wise with the sorrows and desolations of ages, from amid her shattered fanes and wolf-housing palaces, echoes,—SPEAK! Nature, through her thousand trumpets of freedom, her stars, her sunrises, her seas, her winds, her cataracts, her mountains blue with cloudy pines, blows jubilant encouragement, and cries,—SPEAK! From the soul's trembling abysses the still, small voice not vaguely murmurs,—SPEAK!—But, alas! the Constitution and the Honourable Mr. Bagowind, M.C., say—BE DUMB!

It occurs to me to suggest, as a topic of inquiry in this connection, whether, on that momentous occasion when the goats and the sheep shall be parted, the Constitution and the Honourable Mr. Bagowind, M.C., will be expected to take their places on the left as our hircine vicars.

*Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus?*

There is a point where toleration sinks into sheer baseness and poltroonery. The toleration of the worst leads us to look on what is barely better as good enough, and to worship what is only moderately good. Woe to that man, or that nation,

to whom mediocrity has become an ideal!

Has our experiment of self-government succeeded, if it barely manage to *rub and go*? Here, now, is a piece of barbarism which Christ and the nineteenth century say shall cease, and which Messrs. Smith, Brown, and others say shall *not* cease. I would by no means deny the eminent respectability of these gentlemen, but I confess, that, in such a wrestling-match, I cannot help having my fears for them.

Discite justitiam, moniti, et non temnere divos.

H. W.]

No. VI.

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED

[At the special instance of Mr. Biglow, I preface the following satire with an extract from a sermon preached during the past summer, from Ezekiel xxxiv. 2: "Son of man, prophesy against the shepherds of Israel." Since the Sabbath on which this discourse was delivered, the editor of the "Jaalam Independent Blunderbuss" has unaccountably absented himself from our house of worship.

"I know of no so responsible position as that of the public journalist. The editor of our day bears the same relation to his time that the clerk bore to the age before the invention of printing. Indeed, the position which he holds is that which the clergyman should hold even now. But the clergyman chooses to walk off to the extreme edge of the world, and to throw such seed as he has clear over into that darkness which he calls the Next Life. As if *next* did not mean *nearest*, and as if any life were nearer than that immediately present one which boils and eddies all around him at the caucus, the ratification meeting, and the polls! Who taught him to exhort men to prepare for eternity, as for some future era of which the present forms no integral part? The furrow which Time is even now turning runs through the Everlasting, and in that must he plant, or nowhere. Yet he would fain believe and teach that we are *going* to have more of eternity than we have now. This *going* of his is like that of

the auctioneer, on which *gone* follows before we have made up our minds to bid,—in which manner, not three months back, I lost an excellent copy of Chappelow on Job. So it has come to pass that the preacher, instead of being a living force, has faded into an emblematic figure at christenings, weddings, and funerals. Or, if he exercise any other function, it is as keeper and feeder of certain theologic dogmas, which, when occasion offers, he unkennels with a *staboy*! 'to bark and bite as 'tis their nature to,' whence that reproach of *odium theologicum* has arisen.

"Meanwhile, see what a pulpit the editor mounts daily, sometimes with a congregation of fifty thousand within reach of his voice, and never so much as a nodder, even, among them! And from what a Bible can he choose his text,—a Bible which needs no translation, and which no priesthood can shut and clasp from the laity,—the open volume of the world, upon which, with a pen of sunshine or destroying fire, the inspired Present is even now writing the annals of God! Methinks the editor who should understand his calling, and be equal thereto, would truly deserve that title of *ποιητὴν λαῶν*, which Homer bestows upon princes. He would be the Moses of our nineteenth century; and whereas the old Sinai, silent now, is but a common mountain stared at by the elegant tourist and crawled over by the hammering geologist, he must find his tables of the new law here among factories and cities in this Wilderness of Sin (Numb. xxxiii. 12) called Progress of Civilisation, and be the captain of our Exodus into the Canaan of a truer social order.

"Nevertheless, our editor will not come so far within even the shadow of Sinai as Mahomet did, but chooses rather to construe Moses by Joe Smith. He takes up the crook, not that the sheep may be fed, but that he may never want a warm woollen suit and a joint of mutton.

Immemor, O, fidei, pecorumque obliti tuorum!

For which reason I would derive the name *editor* not so much from *edo*, to publish, as from *edo*, to eat, that being the peculiar profession to which he

esteems himself called. He blows up the flames of political discord for no other occasion than that he may thereby handily boil his own pot. I believe there are two thousand of these mutton-loving shepherds in the United States, and of these, how many have even the dimmest perception of their immense power, and the duties consequent thereon? Here and there, haply, one. Nine hundred and ninety-nine labour to impress upon the people the great principles of *Tweedledum*, and other nine hundred and ninety-nine preach with equal earnestness the gospel according to *Tweedledee*."

H. W.]

I DU believe in Freedom's cause,
Ez fur away ez Payris is;
I love to see her stick her claws
In them infarnal Phayrisees;
It's wal enough agin a king
To dror resolves an' triggers,—
But libbaty's a kind o' thing
Thet don't agree with niggers.

I du believe the people want
A tax on teas an' coffees,
Thet nothin' aint extravygunt,—
Purvidin' I'm in office;
Fer I hev loved my country sence
My eye-teeth filled their sockets,
An' Uncle Sam I reverence,
Partic'larly his pockets.

I du believe in any plan
O' levyin' the texes,
Ez long ez, like a lumberman,
I git jest wut I axes;
I go free-trade thru thick an' thin,
Because it kind o' rouses
The folks to vote,—an' keeps us in
Our quiet custom-houses.

I du believe it's wise an' good
To sen' out furrin missions,
Thet is, on sartin understood
An' orthydox conditions;—
I mean nine thousan' dolls. per ann.,
Nine thousan' more fer outfit,
An' me to recommend a man
The place 'ould jest about fit.

I du believe in special ways
O' prayin' an' convartin';
The bread comes back in many
days,
An' buttered, tu, fer sartin;
I mean in preyin' till one busts
On wut the party chooses,
An' in convartin' public trusts
To very privit uses.

I du believe hard coin the stuff
Fer 'lectioneers to spout on;
The people's ollers soft enough
To make hard money out on;
Dear Uncle Sam pervides fer his,
An' gives a good-sized junk to
all,—
I don't care *how* hard money is,
Ez long ez mine's paid punctooal.

I du believe with all my soul
In the gret Press's freedom,
To pint the people to the goal
An' in the traces lead 'em;
Palsied the arm thet forges yokes
At my fat contracts squintin',
An' withered be the nose thet
pokes
Inter the gov'ment printin'!

I du believe thet I should give
Wut's hisn unto Cæsar,
Fer it's by him I move an' live,
Frum him my bread an' cheese
air;

I du believe thet all o' me
Doth bear his superscription,—
Will, conscience, honour, honesty,
An' things o' thet description.

I du believe in prayer an' praise
To him thet hez the grantin'
O' jobs,—in every thin' thet pays,
But most of all in CANTIN';
This doth my cup with marcies
fill,
This lays all thought o' sin to
rest,—
I *don't* believe in princerple,
But oh, I *du* in interest.

I du believe in bein' this
 Or thet, ez it may happen
 One way or t'other hendiest is
 To ketch the people nappin';
 It aint by princeples nor men
 My preudunt course is steadied,—
 I scent wich pays the best, an' then
 Go into it baldheaded.

I du believe thet holdin' slaves
 Comes nat'ral to a Presidunt,
 Let 'lone the rowdowed it saves
 To hev a wal-broke precedunt;
 Fer any office, small or gret,
 I couldn't ax with no face,
 Without I'd ben, thru dry an' wet,
 Th' unrizzest kind o' doughface.

I du believe wutever trash
 'll keep the people in blindness,—
 Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash
 Right inter brotherly kindness,
 Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder
 'n' ball
 Air good-will's strongest magnets,
 Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
 Must be druv in with bagnets.

In short, I firmly du believe
 In Humbug generally,
 Fer it's a thing thet I perceive
 To hev a solid vally;
 This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
 In pasturs sweet heth led me,
 An' this'll keep the people green
 To feed ez they hev fed me.

[I subjoin here another passage from my before-mentioned discourse.

"Wonderful, to him that has eyes to see it rightly, is the newspaper. To me, for example, sitting on the critical front bench of the pit, in my study here in Jaalam, the advent of my weekly journal is as that of a strolling theatre, or rather of a puppet-show, on whose stage, narrow as it is, the tragedy, comedy, and farce of life are played in little. Behold the whole huge earth sent to me hebdomadally in a brown-paper wrapper!

"Hither, to my obscure corner, by wind or steam, on horseback or dromedary-back, in the pouch of the Indian runner, or clicking over the magnetic wires, troop all the famous performers from the four quarters of the globe. Looked at from a point of criticism, tiny puppets they seem all, as the editor sets up his booth upon my desk and officiates as showman. Now I can truly see how little and transitory is life. The earth appears almost as a drop of vinegar, on which the solar microscope of the imagination must be brought to bear in order to make out anything distinctly. That animalcule there, in the pea-jacket, is Louis Philippe, just landed on the coast of England. That other, in the grey surt-out and cocked hat, is Napoleon Bonaparte Smith, assuring France that she need apprehend no interference from him in the present alarming juncture. At that spot, where you seem to see a speck of something in motion, is an immense mass-meeting. Look sharper, and you will see a mite brandishing his mandibles in an excited manner. That is the great Mr. Soandso, defining his position amid tumultuous and irrepressible cheers. That infinitesimal creature, upon whom some score of others, as minute as he, are gazing in open-mouthed admiration, is a famous philosopher, expounding to a select audience their capacity for the Infinite. That scarce discernible pufflet of smoke and dust is a revolution. That speck there is a reformer, just arranging the lever with which he is to move the world. And lo! there creeps forward the shadow of a skeleton that blows one breath between its grinning teeth, and all our distinguished actors are whisked off the slippery stage into the dark Beyond.

"Yes, the little show-box has its solemn suggestions. Now and then we catch a glimpse of a grim old man, who lays down a scythe and hour-glass in the corner while he shifts the scenes. There, too, in the dim background, a weird shape is ever delving. Sometimes he leans upon his mattock, and gazes, as a coach whirls by, bearing the newly-married on their wedding jaunt, or glances carelessly at a babe brought home from christening. Suddenly (for the scene grows larger and larger as we

look) a bony hand snatches back a performer in the midst of his part, and him, whom yesterday two infinities (past and future) would not suffice, a handful of dust is enough to cover and silence for ever. Nay, we see the same fleshless fingers opening to clutch the showman himself, and guess, not without a shudder, that they are lying in wait for spectator also.

"Think of it: for three dollars a year I buy a season-ticket to this great Globe Theatre, for which God would write the dramas (only that we like farces, spectacles, and the tragedies of Apollyon better), whose scene-shifter is Time, and whose curtain is rung down by Death.

"Such thoughts will occur to me sometimes as I am tearing off the wrapper of my newspaper. Then suddenly that otherwise too often vacant sheet becomes invested for me with a strange kind of awe. Look! deaths and marriages, notices of inventions, discoveries, and books, lists of promotions, of killed, wounded, and missing, news of fires, accidents, of sudden wealth and as sudden poverty. I hold in my hand the ends of myriad invisible electric conductors, along which tremble the joys, sorrows, wrongs, triumphs, hopes, and despairs of as many men and women everywhere. So that upon that mood of mind which seems to isolate me from mankind as a spectator of their puppet-pranks, another supervenes, in which I feel that I, too, unknown and unheard of, am yet of some import to my fellows. For, through my newspaper here, do not families take pains to send me, an entire stranger, news of a death among them? Are not here two who would have me know of their marriage? And, strangest of all, is not this singular person anxious to have me informed that he has received a fresh supply of Dimitry Bruisgins? But to none of us does the Present continue miraculous (even if for a moment discerned as such). We glance carelessly at the sunrise, and get used to Orion and the Pleiades. The wonder wears off, and to-morrow this sheet, in which a vision was let down to me from Heaven, shall be the wrappage to a bar of soap or the platter for a beggar's broken victuals." —H. W.]

NO. VII.

A LETTER

FROM A CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY IN ANSWER TO SUTTIN QUESTIONS PROPOSED BY MR. HOSEA BIGLOW, INCLOSED IN A NOTE FROM MR. BIGLOW TO S. H. GAY, ESQ., EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD

[Curiosity may be said to be the quality which pre-eminently distinguishes and segregates man from the lower animals. As we trace the scale of animated nature downward, we find this faculty (as it may truly be called) of the mind diminished in the savage, and well-nigh extinct in the brute. The first object which civilised man proposes to himself I take to be the finding out whatsoever he can concerning his neighbours. *Nihil humanum a me alienum puto*; I am curious about even John Smith. The desire next in strength to this (an opposite pole, indeed, of the same magnet) is that of communicating the unintelligence we have carefully picked up.

Men in general may be divided into the inquisitive and the communicative. To the first class belong Peeping Toms, eavesdroppers, navel-contemplating Brahmins, metaphysicians, travellers, Empedocleses, spies, the various societies for promoting Rhinohism, Columbuses, Yankees, discoverers, and men of science, who present themselves to the mind as so many marks of interrogation wandering up and down the world, or sitting in studies and laboratories. The second class I should again subdivide into four. In the first subdivision I would rank those who have an itch to tell us about themselves,—as keepers of diaries, insignificant persons generally, Montaignes, Horace Walpoles, autobiographers, poets. The second includes those who are anxious to impart information concerning other people,—as historians, barbers, and such. To the third belong those who labour to give us intelligence about nothing at all,—as novelists, political orators, the large majority of authors, preachers, lecturers, and the like. In the fourth come those

who are communicative from motives of public benevolence,—as finders of mares'-nests and bringers of ill news. Each of us two-legged fowls without feathers embraces all these subdivisions in himself to a greater or less degree, for none of us so much as lays an egg, or incubates a chalk one, but straightway the whole barnyard shall know it by our cackle or our cluck. *Omnibus hoc vitium est.* There are different grades in all these classes. One will turn his telescope toward a back-yard, another toward Uranus; one will tell you that he dined with Smith, another that he supped with Plato. In one particular, all men may be considered as belonging to the first grand division, inasmuch as they all seem equally desirous of discovering the mote in their neighbour's eye.

To one or another of these species every human being may safely be referred. I think it beyond a peradventure that Jonah prosecuted some inquiries into the digestive apparatus of whales, and that Noah sealed up a letter in an empty bottle, that news in regard to him might not be wanting in case of the worst. They had else been super or subter human. I conceive, also, that, as there are certain persons who continually peep and pry at the keyhole of that mysterious door through which, sooner or later, we all make our exits, so there are doubtless ghosts fidgeting and fretting on the other side of it, because they have no means of conveying back to this world the scraps of news they have picked up in that. For there is an answer ready somewhere to every question, the great law of *give and take* runs through all nature, and if we see a hook, we may be sure that an eye is waiting for it. I read in every face I meet a standing advertisement of information wanted in regard to A. B., or that the friends of C. D. can hear something to his disadvantage by application to such a one.

It was to gratify the two great passions of asking and answering that epistolary correspondence was first invented. Letters (for by this usurped title epistles are now commonly known) are of several kinds. First, there are those which are not letters at all,—as letters-patent, letters dimissory, letters enclosing bills,

letters of administration, Pliny's letters, letters of diplomacy, of Cato, of Mentor, of Lords Lyttelton, Chesterfield, and Orrery, of Jacob Behmen, Seneca (whom St. Jerome includes in his list of sacred writers), letters from abroad, from sons in college to their fathers, letters of marque, and letters generally, which are in nowise letters of mark. Second, are real letters, such as those of Gray, Cowper, Walpole, Howell, Lamb, D. Y., the first letters from children (printed in staggering capitals), Letters from New York, letters of credit, and others, interesting for the sake of the writer or the thing written. I have read also letters from Europe by a gentleman named Pinto, containing some curious gossip, and which I hope to see collected for the benefit of the curious. There are, besides, letters addressed to posterity,—as epitaphs, for example, written for their own monuments by monarchs, whereby we have lately become possessed of the names of several great conquerors and kings of kings, hitherto unheard of and still unpronounceable, but valuable to the student of the entirely dark ages. The letter which St. Peter sent to King Pepin in the year of grace 755, that of the Virgin to the magistrates of Messina, that of St. Gregory Thaumaturgus to the D—l, and that of this last-mentioned active police-magistrate to a nun of Gurgenti, I would place in a class by themselves, as also the letters of candidates, concerning which I shall dilate more fully in a note at the end of the following poem. At present, *sat prata biberunt.* Only, concerning the shape of letters, they are all either square or oblong, to which general figures circular letters and round-robins also conform themselves.—H. W.]

DEER SIR its gut to be the fashun now to rite letters to the candid 8s and i wus chose at a publick Meetin in Jaalam to du wut wus nessary fur that town. i writ to 271 ginerals and gut ansers to 209. tha air called candid 8s but I don't see nothin candid about 'em. this here i wich I send wus thought satty's factory. I dunno as it's ushle to print Poscripts,

but as all the ansers I got hed the saim, I sposed it wus best. times has gretly changed. Formaly to knock a man into a cocked hat wus to use him up, but now it only gives him a chance fur the cheef madgustracy.—H. B.

DEAR SIR,—You wish to know my notions

On sartin pints thet rile the land;
There's nothin' thet my natur so shuns

Ez bein' mum or underhand;
I'm a straight-spoken kind o' creetur
Thet blurts right out wut's in his head,

An' ef I've one pecooler feetur,
It is a nose thet wunt be led.

So, to begin at the beginnin'
An' come directly to the pint,
I think the country's underpinnin'
Is some consid'ble out o' jint;
I aint agoin' to try your patience
By tellin' who done this or thet,
I don't make no insinooations,
I jest let on I smell a rat.

Thet is, I mean, it seems to me so,
But, ef the public think I'm wrong,
I wunt deny but wut I be so,—
An', fact, it don't smell very strong;
My mind's tu fair to lose its balance
An' say wich party hez most sense;

There may be folks o' greater talence
Thet can't set stiddier on the fence.

I'm an eclectic; ez to choosin'
'Twixt this an' thet, I'm plaguy lawth;

I leave a side thet looks like losin',
But (wile there's doubt) I stick to both;

I stan' upon the Constitution,
Ez preudent statesmun say, who've planned

A way to git the most profusion
O' chances ez to ware they'll stand.

Ez fer the war, I go agin it,—

I mean to say I kind o' du,—
Thet is, I mean thet, bein' in it,
The best way wuz to fight it thru;
Not but wut abstract war is horrid,
I sign to thet with all my heart,—
But civlyzation *doos* git forrid
Sometimes upon a powder-cart.

About thet darned Proviso matter
I never hed a grain o' doubt,
Nor I aint one my sense to scatter
So'st no one couldn't pick it out;
My love fer North an' South is equil,
So I'll jest answer plump an' frank,
No matter wut may be the sequil,—
Yes, Sir, I *am* agin a Bank.

Ez to the answerin' o' questions,
I'm an off ox at bein' druv,
Though I aint one thet ary test shuns
'll give our folks a helpin' shove;
Kind o' permiscuous I go it
Fer the holl country, an' the ground
I take, ez nigh ez I can show it
Is pooty gen'ally all round.

I don't appruve o' givin' pledges;
You'd ough' to leave a feller free,
An' not go knockin' out the wedges
To ketch his fingers in the tree;
Pledges air awfle breachy cattle,
Thet preudent farmers don't turn out,—
Ez long'z the people git their rattle,
Wut is there fer'm to grout about?

Ez to the slaves, there's no confusion
In *my* idees consarnin' them,—
I think they air an Institution,
A sort of—yes, jest so,—ahem!
Do I own any? Of my merit
On thet pint you yourself may jedge;
All is, I never drink no sperit,
Nor I haint never signed no pledge.

Ez to my princerples, I glory
In hevin' nothin' o' the sort;
I aint a Wig, I aint a Tory,
I'm jest a candidate, in short;

Thet's fair an' square an' parpen-
dicler,

But, ef the Public cares a fig
To hev me an' thin' in particler,
Wy, I'm a kind o' peri-Wig.

P.S.

Ez we're a sort o' privateerin',
O' course, you know, it's sheer an'
sheer,

An' there is sutthin' wuth your
hearin'

I'll mention in *your* privit ear;
Ef you git *me* inside the White
House,

Your head wuth ile I'll kin' o' 'nint
By gittin' *you* inside the Light-house
Down to the eend o' Jaalam Pint.

An' ez the North hez took to brustlin'
At bein' scrouged frum off the
roost,

I'll tell ye wut'll save all tusslin'
An' give our side a harnsome
boost,—

Tell 'em thet on the Slavery question
I'm RIGHT, although to speak I'm
lawth;

This gives you a safe pint to rest on,
An' leaves me frontin' South by
North.

[And now of epistles candidatal, which are of two kinds,—namely, letters of acceptance, and letters definitive of position. Our republic, on the eve of an election, may safely enough be called a republic of letters. Epistolary composition becomes then an epidemic, which seizes one candidate after another, not seldom cutting short the thread of political life. It has come to such a pass, that a party dreads less the attacks of its opponents than a letter from its candidate. *Litera scripta manet*, and it will go hard if something bad cannot be made of it. General Harrison, it is well understood, was surrounded, during his candidacy, with the *cordon sanitaire* of a vigilance committee. No prisoner in Spielberg was ever more cautiously deprived of writing materials. The soot was scraped carefully from the chimney-places; outposts of expert rifle-shooters

rendered it sure death for any goose (who came clad in feathers) to approach within a certain limited distance of North Bend; and all domestic fowls about the premises were reduced to the condition of Plato's original man. By these precautions the General was saved. *Parva componere magnis*, I remember that, when party-spirit once ran high among my people, upon occasion of the choice of a new deacon, I, having my preferences, yet not caring too openly to express them, made use of an innocent fraud to bring about that result which I deemed most desirable. My stratagem was no other than the throwing a copy of the Complete Letter-Writer in the way of the candidate whom I wished to defeat. He caught the infection, and addressed a short note to his constituents, in which the opposite party detected so many and so grave improprieties (he had modelled it upon the letter of a young lady accepting a proposal of marriage), that he not only lost his election, but, falling under a suspicion of Sabellianism and I know not what (the widow Endive assured me that he was a Paralipomenon, to her certain knowledge), was forced to leave the town. Thus it is that the letter killeth.

The object which candidates propose to themselves in writing is to convey no meaning at all. And here is a quite unsuspected pitfall into which they successively plunge headlong. For it is precisely in such cryptographies that mankind are prone to seek for and find a wonderful amount and variety of significance. *Omne ignotum pro mirifico*. How do we admire at the antique world striving to crack those oracular nuts from Delphi, Ammon, and elsewhere, in only one of which can I so much as surmise that any kernel had ever lodged; that, namely, wherein Apollo confessed that he was mortal. One Didymus is, moreover, related to have written six thousand books on the single subject of grammar, a topic rendered only more tenebrous by the labours of his successors, and which seems still to possess an attraction for authors in proportion as they can make nothing of it. A singular loadstone for theologians, also, is the Beast in the Apocalypse, whereof, in the course of my studies, I have noted two hundred and three several interpreta-

tions, each lethiferal to all the rest. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites*, yet I have myself ventured upon a two hundred and fourth, which I embodied in a discourse preached on occasion of the demise of the late usurper, Napoleon Bonaparte, and which quieted, in a large measure, the minds of my people. It is true that my views on this important point were ardently controverted by Mr. Shearjashub Holden, the then preceptor of our academy, and in other particulars a very deserving and sensible young man, though possessing a somewhat limited knowledge of the Greek tongue. But his heresy struck down no deep root, and, he having been lately removed by the hand of Providence, I had the satisfaction of reaffirming my cherished sentiments in a sermon preached upon the Lord's day immediately succeeding his funeral. This might seem like taking an unfair advantage, did I not add that he had made provision in his last will (being celibate) for the publication of a posthumous tractate in support of his own dangerous opinions.

I know of nothing in our modern times which approaches so nearly to the ancient oracle as the letter of a Presidential candidate. Now, among the Greeks, the eating of beans was strictly forbidden to all such as had it in mind to consult those expert amphibologists, and this same prohibition on the part of Pythagoras to his disciples is understood to imply an abstinence from politics, beans having been used as ballots. That other explication, *quod videlicet sensus eo cibo obtundi existimaret*, though supported *pugnīs et calcibus* by many of the learned, and not wanting the countenance of Cicero, is confuted by the larger experience of New England. On the whole, I think it safer to apply here the rule of interpretation which now generally obtains in regard to antique cosmogonies, myths, fables, proverbial expressions, and knotty points generally, which is, to find a common-sense meaning, and then select whatever can be imagined the most opposite thereto. In this way we arrive at the conclusion, that the Greeks objected to the questioning of candidates. And very properly, if, as I conceive, the chief point be not to discover what a person in that position is, or what he

will do, but whether he can be elected. *Vos exemplaria Græca nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.*

But, since an imitation of the Greeks in this particular (the asking of questions being one chief privilege of freemen) is hardly to be hoped for, and our candidates will answer, whether they are questioned or not, I would recommend that these ante-electionary dialogues should be carried on by symbols, as were the diplomatic correspondences of the Scythians and Macrobian, or confined to the language of signs, like the famous interview of Panurge and Goatsnose. A candidate might then convey a suitable reply to all committees of inquiry by closing one eye, or by presenting them with a phial of Egyptian darkness to be speculated upon by their respective constituencies. These answers would be susceptible of whatever retrospective construction the exigencies of the political campaign might seem to demand, and the candidate could take his position on either side of the fence with entire consistency. Or, if letters must be written, profitable use might be made of the Dighton rock hieroglyphic or the cuneiform script, every fresh decipherer of which is enabled to educe a different meaning, whereby a sculptured stone or two supplies us, and will probably continue to supply posterity, with a very vast and various body of authentic history. For even the briefest epistle in the ordinary chirography is dangerous. There is scarce any style so compressed that superfluous words may not be detected in it. A severe critic might curtail that famous brevity of Cæsar's by two-thirds, drawing his pen through the supererogatory *veni* and *vidi*. Perhaps, after all, the surest footing of hope is to be found in the rapidly increasing tendency to demand less and less of qualification in candidates. Already have statesmanship, experience, and the possession (nay, the profession, even) of principles been rejected as superfluous, and may not the patriot reasonably hope that the ability to write will follow? At present, there may be death in pot-hooks as well as pots, the loop of a letter may suffice for a bow-string, and all the dreadful heresies of Antislavery may lurk in a flourish.—H. W.]

No. VIII.

A SECOND LETTER FROM
B. SAWIN, ESQ.

[In the following epistle, we behold Mr. Sawin returning, a *miles emeritus*, to the bosom of his family. *Quantum mutatus!* The good Father of us all had doubtless intrusted to the keeping of this child of His certain faculties of a constructive kind. He had put in him a share of that vital force, the nicest economy of every minute atom of which is necessary to the perfect development of Humanity. He had given him a brain and heart, and so had equipped his soul with the two strong wings of knowledge and love, whereby it can mount to hang its nest under the eaves of heaven. And this child, so dowered, he had intrusted to the keeping of His vicar, the State. How stands the account of that stewardship? The State, or Society (call her by what name you will), had taken no manner of thought of him till she saw him swept out into the street, the pitiful leavings of last night's debauch, with cigar-ends, lemon-parings, tobacco-quids, slops, vile stench, and the whole loathsome next-morning of the bar-room,—an own child of the Almighty God! I remember him as he was brought to be christened, a ruddy, rugged babe; and now there he wallows, reeking, seething,—the dead corpse, not of a man, but of a soul,—a putrefying lump, horrible for the life that is in it. Comes the wind of heaven, that good Samaritan, and parts the hair upon his forehead, nor is too nice to kiss those parched, cracked lips; the morning opens upon him her eyes full of pitying sunshine, the sky yearns down to him,—and there he lies fermenting. O sleep! let me not profane thy holy name by calling that stertorous unconsciousness a slumber! By and by comes along the State, God's vicar. Does she say, "My poor, forlorn foster-child! Behold here a force which I will make dig and plant and build for me?" Not so, but, "Here is a recruit ready-made to my hand, a piece of destroying energy lying unprofitably idle." So she claps an ugly gray suit on him, puts a musket in his grasp,

and sends him off, with Gubernatorial and other godspeeds, to do duty as a destroyer.

I made one of the crowd at the last Mechanics' Fair, and, with the rest, stood gazing in wonder at a perfect machine, with its soul of fire, its boiler-heart that sent the hot blood pulsing along the iron arteries, and its thews of steel. And while I was admiring the adaptation of means to end, the harmonious involutions of contrivance, and the never-bewildered complexity, I saw a grimed and greasy fellow, the imperious engine's lackey and drudge, whose sole office was to let fall, at intervals, a drop or two of oil upon a certain joint. Then my soul said within me: See there a piece of mechanism to which that other you marvel at is but as the rude first effort of a child,—a force which not merely suffices to set a few wheels in motion, but which can send an impulse all through the infinite future,—a contrivance, not for turning out pins or stitching buttonholes, but for making Hamlets and Lears. And yet this thing of iron shall be housed, waited on, guarded from rust and dust, and it shall be a crime but so much as to scratch it with a pin; while the other, with its fire of God in it, shall be buffeted hither and thither, and finally sent carefully a thousand miles to be the target for a Mexican cannon-ball. Unthrifty Mother State! My heart burned within me for pity and indignation, and I renewed this covenant with my own soul,—*In aliis mansuetus ero, at, in blasphemis contra Christum, non ita.*—H. W.]

I SPOSE you wonder ware I be;
I can't tell, fer the soul o'
me,

Exacly ware I be myself,—meanin'
by thet the holl o' me.

Wen I left hum, I hed two legs,
an' they worn't bad ones
neither,

(The scaliest trick they ever played
wuz bringin' on me hither,)

Now one on 'em's I dunno ware;—
they thought I wuz adyin',

An' sawed it off because they said
'twuz kin' o' mortifyin'.

I'm willin' to believe it wuz, an' yit
 I don't see, nuther,
 Wy one shoud take to feelin' cheap
 a minnit sooner'n t'other,
 Sence both wuz equilly to blame;
 but things is ez they be;
 It took on so they took it off, an'
 thet's enough fer me:
 There's one good thing, though, to
 be said about my wooden new
 one,—
 The liquor can't get into it ez't used
 to in the true one;
 So it saves drink; an' then, besides,
 a feller couldn't beg
 A gretter blessin' than to hev one
 ollers sober peg;
 It's true a chap's in want o' two fer
 follerin' a drum,
 But all the march I'm up to now is
 jest to Kingdom Come.

I've lost one eye, but thet's a loss it's
 easy to supply
 Out o' the glory thet I've gut, fer
 thet is all my eye;
 An' one is big enough, I guess, by
 diligently usin' it,
 To see all I shall ever git by way o'
 pay fer losin' it;
 Off'cers I notice, who git paid fer all
 our thumps an' kickins,
 Du wal by keepin' single eyes arter
 the fattest pickins;
 So, ez the eye's put fairly out, I'll
 larn to go without it,
 An' not allow *myself* to be no gret
 put out about it.
 Now, le' me see, thet isn't all; I used,
 'fore leavin' Jaalam,
 To count things on my finger-cends,
 but sutthin' seems to ail 'em:
 Ware's my left hand? Oh, darn it,
 yes, I recollect wut's cum
 on't;
 I haint no left arm but my right, an'
 thet's gut jest a thumb on't;
 It aint so hendy ez it wuz to callate
 a sum on't.
 I've had some ribs broke,—six (I
 b'lieve),—I haint kep' no ac-
 count on 'em;

Wen pensions git to be the talk, I'll
 settle the amount on 'em.
 An' now I'm speakin' about ribs, it
 kin' o' brings to mind
 One thet I couldn't never break,—
 the one I lef' behind;
 Ef you should see her, jest clear out
 the spout o' your invention
 An' pour the longest sweetnin' in
 about an annooal pension,
 An' kin' o' hint (in case, you know,
 the critter should refuse to be
 Consoled) I aint so 'xpensive now to
 keep ez wut I used to be;
 There's one arm less, ditto one eye,
 an' then the leg thet's wooden
 Can be took off an' sot away wenever
 ther's a puddin'.

I spose you think I'm comin' back
 ez opperlunt ez thunder,
 With shiploads o' gold images an'
 varus sorts o' plunder;
 Wal, 'fore I vullintered, I thought
 this country wuz a sort o'
 Canaan, a reg'lar Promised Land
 flowin' with rum an' water,
 Ware propaty growed up like time,
 without no cultivation,
 An' gold wuz dug ez taters be among
 our Yankee nation,
 Ware nateral advantages were puf-
 flicly amazin',
 Wareevery rock therewuz about with
 precious stuns wuz blazin',
 Ware mill-sites filled the country up
 ez thick ez you could cram 'em,
 An' desput rivers run about a beggin'
 folks to dam 'em;
 Then there were meetin'houses, tu,
 chockful o' gold an' silver
 Thet you could take, an' no one
 couldn't hand ye in no bill
 fer;—
 Thet's wut I thought afore I went,
 thet's wut them fellers told us
 Thet stayed to hum an' speechified
 an' to the buzzards sold us;
 I thought thet gold-mines could be
 gut cheaper than Chiny asters,
 An' see my-self acomin' back like
 sixty Jacob Astors.

But sech ideas soon melted down an'
 didn't leave a grease-spot ;
 I vow my holl sheer o' the spiles
 wouldn't come nigh a V spot ;
 Although, most anywares we've ben,
 you needn't break no locks,
 Nor run no kin' o' risks, to fill your
 pocket full o' rocks.
 I 'xpect I mentioned in my last some
 o' the nateral feeturs
 O' this all-fiered buggy hole in th'
 way o' awfle creeturs,
 But I fergut to name (new things to
 speak on so abounded)
 How one day you'll most die o' thust,
 an' fore thenext git drowned.
 The clymit seems to me jest like a
 teapot made o' pewter
 Our Preudence hed, that wouldn't
 pour (all she could du) to suit
 her ;
 Fust place the leaves 'ould choke the
 spout, so's not a drop 'ould
 dreen out,
 Then Prude 'ould tip an' tip an' tip,
 till the holl kit bust clean out,
 The kiver-hinge-pin bein' lost, tea-
 leaves an' tea an' kiver
 'Ould all come down *kerswosh* / ez
 though the dam broke in a river.
 Jest so 'tis here ; holl months there
 aint a day o' rainy weather,
 An' jest ez th' officers 'ould be a
 layin' heads together
 Ez t' how they'd mix their drink at
 sech a milingitary deepot,—
 'Twould pour ez though the lid wuz
 off the everlastin' teapot.
 The cons'quence is, thet I shall take,
 wen I'm allowed to leave here,
 One piece o' propaty along, an' thet's
 the shakin' fever ;
 It's reggilar employment, though, an'
 thet aint thought to harm one,
 Nor 'taint so tiresome ez it wuz with
 t'other leg an' arm on ;
 An' it's a consolation, tu, although it
 doesn't pay,
 To hev it said you're some gret
 shakes in any kin' o' way.
 'Tworn't very long, I tell ye wut, I
 thought o' fortin-makin',—

One day a reg'lar shiver-de-freeze,
 an' next ez good ez bakin',—
 One day abrilin' in the sand, then
 smoth'rin in the meshes,—
 Git up all sound, be put to bed a
 mess o' hacks an' smashes.
 But then, thinks I, at any rate there's
 glory to be hed,—
 Thet's an investment, arter all, thet
 mayn't turn out so bad ;
 But somehow, wen we'd fit an' licked,
 I ollers found the thanks
 Gut kin' o' lodged afore they come
 ez low down ez the ranks ;
 The Gin'rals gut the biggest sheer,
 the Cunnles next, an' so on,—
 We never gut a blasted mite o' glory
 ez I know on ;
 An' spose we hed, I wonder how
 you're goin' to contrive its
 Division so's to give a piece to twenty
 thousand privits ;
 Ef you should multiply by ten the
 portion o' the brav'st one,
 You wouldn't git more'n half enough
 to speak of on a grave-stun ;
 We git the licks,—we're jest the
 grist thet's put into War's
 hoppers ;
 Leftenants is the lowest grade thet
 helps pick up the coppers.
 It may suit folks thet go agin a body
 with a soul in't,
 An' aint contented with a hide with-
 out a bagnet hole in't ;
 But glory is a kin' o' thing I shan't
 pursue no furdur,
 Coz thet's the off'cers' parquise,—
 yourn's on'y jest the murder.
 Wal, arter I gin glory up, thinks I at
 least there's one
 Thing in the bills we aint hed yit,
 an' thet's the GLORIOUS FUN ;
 Ef once we git to Mexico, we fairly
 may persume we
 All day an' night shall revel in the
 halls o' Montezumy.
 I'll tell ye wut *my* revels wuz, an'
 see how you would like 'em ;
 We never gut inside the hall : the
 highest ever I come

Wuz stan'in' sentry in the sun (an',
fact, it *seemed* a cent'ry)
A ketchin' smells o' biled an' roast
thet come out thru the entry,
An' hearin' ez I sweltered thru my
passes an' repasses,
A rat-tat-too o' knives an' forks, a
clinkty-clink o' glasses :
I can't tell off the bill o' fare the
Gin'rails hed inside ;
All I know is, thet out o' doors a
pair o' soles wuz fried,
An' not a hunderd miles away
frum ware this child wuz
posted,
A Massachusetts citizen wuz baked
an' biled an' roasted ;
The on'y thing like revellin' thet
ever come to me
Wuz bein' routed out o' sleep by
thet darned revelee.

They say the quarrel's settled now ;
fer my part I've some doubt
on't,
'T'll take more fish-skin than folks
think to take the rile clean
out on't ;
At any rate, I'm so used up I can't
do no more fightin',
The on'y chance thet's left to me is
politics or writin'.
Now, ez the people's gut to hev a
milingtary man,
An' I aint nothin' else jest now, I've
hit upon a plan ;
The can'idatin' line, you know, 'ould
suit me to a T,
An' ef I lose, 'twunt hurt my ears to
lodge another flea ;
So I'll set up ez can'idate fer any
kin' o' office,
(I mean fer any thet includes good
easy-cheers an' soffies ;
Fer ez tu runnin' fer a place ware
work's the time o' day,
You know thet's wut I never did,—
except the other way ;)
Ef it's the Presidential cheer fer
wich I'd better run,
Wut two legs anywares about could
keep up with my one ?

There aint no kin' o' quality in can'i-
dates, it's said,
So useful ez a wooden leg,—except
a wooden head ;
There's nothin' aint so poppylar—
(wy, it's a parfect sin
To think wut Mexico hez paid fer
Santy Anny's pin ;)—
Then I haint gut no princerples, an',
sence I wuz knee-high,
I never *did* hev any gret, ez you can
testify ;
I'm a decided peace-man, tu, an'
go agin the war,—
Fer now the holl on't 's gone an'
past, wut is there to go
for ?
Ef, wile you're 'lectioneerin' round,
some curus chaps should beg
To know my views o' state affairs,
jest answer WOODEN LEG !
Ef they aint settisfied with thet, an'
kin' o' pry an' doubt
An' ax fer sutthin' deffynit, jest say
ONE EYE PUT OUT !
Thet kin' o' talk I guess you'll find
'll answer to a charm,
An' wen you're druv tu nigh the
wall, hol' up my missin'
arm ;
Ef they should nose round fer a
pledge, put on a vartuous
look
An' tell 'em thet's percisely wut I
never gin nor—took !

Then you can call me "Timbertoes,"
—thet's wut the people likes ;
Sutthin' combinin' morril truth with
phrases sech ez strikes ;
Some say the people's fond o' this,
or thet, or wut you please,—
I tell ye wut the people want is jest
correct idees ;
"Old Timbertoes," you see, 's a creed
it's safe to be quite bold on,
There's nothin' in't the other side
can any ways git hold on ;
It's a good tangible idee, a sutthin'
to embody
Thet valooable class o' men who
look thru brandy-toddy ;

It gives a Party Platform, tu, jest
level with the mind
Of all right-thinkin', honest folks
thet mean to go it blind;
Then there air other good hooraws
to dror on ez you need 'em,
Sech ez the ONE-EYED SLARTERER,
the BLOODY BIRDOFREDUM:
Them's wut takes hold o' folks
thet think, ez well ez o' the
masses,
An' makes you sartin o' the aid o'
good men of all classes.

There's one thing I'm in doubt about;
in order to be Presidunt,
It's absolutely ne'ssary to be a
Southern residunt;
The Constitution settles thet, an'
also thet a feller
Must own a nigger o' some sort, jet
black, or brown, or yellor.
Now I haint no objections agin par-
ticklar climes,
Nor agin ownin' anythin' (except
the truth sometimes),

But, ez I haint no capital, up there
among ye, maybe,
You might raise funds enough
fer me to buy a low-priced
baby;
An' then, to suit the No'thern folks,
who feel obleeged to say
They hate an' cuss the very thing
they vote fer every day,
Say you're assured I go full butt fer
Libbaty's diffusion,
An' made the purchis on'y jest to
spite the Institootion;—
But, golly! there's the currier's hoss
upon the pavement pawin'—
I'll be more 'xplicit in my next.

Yourn,

BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN.

[We have now a tolerably fair chance
of estimating how the balance-sheet
stands between our returned volunteer
and glory. Supposing the entries to be
set down on both sides of the account in
fractional parts of one hundred, we shall
arrive at something like the following
result:—

B. SAWIN, Esq., in account with (BLANK) GLORY.

Cr.			Dr.
By loss of one leg	20	To one 675th three cheers in Faneuil Hall	30
„ do. one arm	15	„ do. do. on occasion of presentation of	
„ do. four fingers	5	sword to Colonel Wright	25
„ do. one eye	10	„ one suit of gray clothes (ingeniously	
„ the breaking of six ribs	6	unbecoming)	15
„ having served under Colonel Cushing		„ musical entertainments (drum and fife	
one month	44	six months)	5
		„ one dinner after return	1
		„ chance of pension	1
		„ privilege of drawing long-bow during	
		rest of natural life	23
	100		100

E. E.

It would appear that Mr. Sawin found
the actual feast curiously the reverse of
the bill of fare advertised in Faneuil Hall
and other places. His primary object
seems to have been the making of his
fortune. *Querenda pecunia primum,
virtus post nummos.* He hoisted sail
for Eldorado and shipwrecked on Point
Tribulation. *Quid non mortalia pectora
cogis, auri sacra fames?* The specula-

tion has sometimes crossed my mind, in
that dreary interval of drought which
intervenes between quarterly stipendiary
showers, that Providence, by the creation
of a money-tree, might have simplified
wonderfully the sometimes perplexing
problem of human life. We read of
bread-trees, the butter for which lies
ready-churned in Irish bogs. Milk-trees
we are assured of in South America, and

stout Sir John Hawkins testifies to water-trees in the Canaries. Boot-trees bear abundantly in Lynn and elsewhere; and I have seen, in the entries of the wealthy, hat-trees with a fair show of fruit. A family-tree I once cultivated myself, and found therefrom but a scanty yield, and that quite tasteless and innutritious. Of trees bearing men we are not without examples; as those in the park of Louis the Eleventh of France. Who has forgotten, moreover, that olive-tree, growing in the Athenian's back-garden, with its strange uxorious crop, for the general propagation of which, as of a new and precious variety, the philosopher Diogenes, hitherto uninterested in arboriculture, was so zealous? In the *sylva* of our own Southern States, the females of my family have called my attention to the china-tree. Not to multiply examples, I will barely add to my list the birch-tree, in the smaller branches of which has been implanted so marvellous a virtue for communicating the Latin and Greek languages, and which may well, therefore, be classed among the trees producing necessities of life,—*venerabile donum fatalis virgæ*. That money-trees existed in the golden age there want not prevalent reasons for our believing. For does not the old proverb, when it asserts that money does not grow on *every* bush, imply *a fortiori* that there were certain bushes which did produce it? Again, there is another ancient saw to the effect that money is the *root* of all evil. From which two adages it may be safe to infer that the aforesaid species of tree first degenerated into a shrub, then absconded underground, and finally, in our iron age, vanished altogether. In favourable exposures it may be conjectured that a specimen or two survived to a great age, as in the garden of the Hesperides; and indeed, what else could that tree in the Sixth *Æneid* have been, with a branch whereof the Trojan hero procured admission to a territory, for the entering of which money is a surer passport than to a certain other more profitable (too) foreign kingdom?

Whether these speculations of mine have any force in them, or whether they will not rather, by most readers, be deemed impertinent to the matter in

hand, is a question which I leave to the determination of an indulgent posterity. That there were, in more primitive and happier times, shops where money was sold,—and that, too, on credit and at a bargain,—I take to be matter of demonstration. For what but a dealer in this article was that *Æolus* who supplied Ulysses with motive-power for his fleet in bags? what that *Ericus*, King of Sweden, who is said to have kept the winds in his cap? what, in more recent times, those Lapland *Nornas* who traded in favourable breezes? All which will appear the more clearly when we consider, that, even to this day, *raising the wind* is proverbial for raising money, and that brokers and banks were invented by the Venetians at a later period.

And now for the improvement of this digression. I find a parallel to Mr. Sawin's fortune in an adventure of my own. For, shortly after I had first broached to myself the before-stated natural-historical and archæological theories, as I was passing, *hæc negotia penitus mecum revolvens*, through one of the obscure suburbs of our New England metropolis, my eye was attracted by these words upon a signboard,—CHEAP CASH-STORE. Here was at once the confirmation of my speculations and the substance of my hopes. Here lingered the fragment of a happier past, or stretched out the first tremulous organic filament of a more fortunate future. Thus glowed the distant Mexico to the eyes of Sawin, as he looked through the dirty pane of the recruiting-office window, or speculated from the summit of that mirage-Pisgah which the imps of the bottle are so cunning in raising up. Already had my Alnaschar-fancy (even during that first half-believing glance) expended in various useful directions the funds to be obtained by pledging the manuscript of a proposed volume of discourses. Already did a clock ornament the tower of the Jaalam meeting-house, a gift appropriately, but modestly, commemorated in the parish and town records, both, for now many years, kept by myself. Already had my son Seneca completed his course at the University. Whether, for the moment, we may not be con-

sidered as actually lording it over those Baratarias with the viceroynalty of which Hope invests us, and whether we are ever so warmly housed as in our Spanish castles, would afford matter of argument. Enough that I found that signboard to be no other than a bait to the trap of a decayed grocer. Nevertheless, I bought a pound of dates (getting short weight by reason of immense flights of harpy flies who pursued and lighted upon their prey even in the very scales), which purchase I made not only with an eye to the little ones at home, but also as a figurative reproof of that too frequent habit of my mind, which, forgetting the due order of chronology, will often persuade me that the happy sceptre of Saturn is stretched over this Astræa-forsaken nineteenth century.

Having glanced at the ledger of Glory under the title *Savin, B.*, let us extend our investigations, and discover if that instructive volume does not contain some charges more personally interesting to ourselves. I think we should be more economical of our resources, did we thoroughly appreciate the fact, that, whenever Brother Jonathan seems to be thrusting his hand into his own pocket, he is, in fact, picking ours. I confess that the late *muck* which the country has been running, has materially changed my views as to the best method of raising revenue. If, by means of direct taxation, the bills for every extraordinary outlay were brought under our immediate eye, so that, like thrifty housekeepers, we could see where and how fast the money was going, we should be less likely to commit extravagances. At present, these things are managed in such a higger-mugger way, that we know not what we pay for; the poor man is charged as much as the rich; and, while we are saving and scrimping at the spigot, the Government is drawing off at the bung. If we could know that a part of the money we expend for tea and coffee goes to buy powder and balls, and that it is Mexican blood which makes the clothes on our backs more costly, it would set some of us a-thinking. During the present fall, I have often pictured to myself a Government official entering my study and handing me the following bill:—

WASHINGTON, Sept. 30, 1848.

Rev. HOMER WILBUR
to Uncle Samuel,

Dr.

To his share of work done in Mexico on partnership account, sundry jobs, as below.	
„ killing, maiming, and wounding about 5000 Mexicans . . .	\$2.00
„ slaughtering one woman carrying water to wounded . . .	.10
„ extra work on two different Sabbaths (one bombardment and one assault), whereby the Mexicans were prevented from defiling themselves with the idolatries of high mass . . .	3.50
„ throwing an especially fortunate and Protestant bombshell into the Cathedral at Vera Cruz, whereby several female Papists were slain at the altar . . .	.50
„ his proportion of cash paid for conquered territory . . .	1.75
„ do. do. for conquering do. . .	1.50
„ manuring do. with new superior compost called "American Citizen" . . .	.50
„ extending the area of freedom and Protestantism . . .	.01
„ glory . . .	.01
	\$9.87

Immediate payment is requested.

N.B.—Thankful for former favours, U.S. requests a continuance of patronage. Orders executed with neatness and despatch. Terms as low as those of any other contractor for the same kind and style of work.

I can fancy the official answering my look of horror with—“Yes, sir; it looks like a high charge, sir; but in these days slaughtering is slaughtering.” Verily, I would that every one understood that it was; for it goes about obtaining money under the false pretence of being glory. For me, I have an imagination which plays me uncomfortable tricks. It happens to me sometimes to see a slaughterer on his way home from his day's work, and forthwith my imagination puts a cocked hat upon his head and epaulettes upon his shoulders, and sets him up as a candidate for the Presidency. So, also, on a recent public occasion, as the place assigned to the

"Reverend Clergy" is just behind that of "Officers of the Army and Navy" in processions, it was my fortune to be seated at the dinner-table over against one of these respectable persons. He was arrayed as (out of his own profession) only kings, court-officers, and footmen are in Europe, and Indians in America. Now what does my over-officious imagination but set to work upon him, strip him of his gay livery, and present him to me coatless, his trousers thrust into the tops of a pair of boots thick with clotted blood, and a basket on his arm out of which lolled a gore-smeared axe, thereby destroying my relish for the temporal mercies upon the board before me!—H. W.]

No. IX.

A THIRD LETTER FROM
B. SAWIN, ESQ.

[Upon the following letter slender comment will be needful. In what river Selemnus has Mr. Sawin bathed, that he has become so swiftly oblivious of his former loves? From an ardent and (as befits a soldier) confident wooer of that coy bride, the popular favour, we see him subside of a sudden into the (I trust not jilted) Cincinnatus, returning to his plough with a goodly-sized branch of willow in his hand; figuratively returning, however, to a figurative plough, and from no profound affection for that honoured implement of husbandry (for which, indeed, Mr. Sawin never displayed any decided predilection), but in order to be gracefully summoned therefrom to more congenial labours. It would seem that the character of the ancient Dictator had become part of the recognised stock of our modern political comedy, though, as our term of office extends to a quadrennial length, the parallel is not so minutely exact as could be desired. It is sufficiently so, however, for purposes of scenic representation. An humble cottage (if built of logs, the better) forms the Arcadian background of the stage. This rustic paradise is labelled Ashland, Jaalam, North Bend,

Marshfield, Kinderhook, or Bâton Rouge, as occasion demands. Before the door stands a something with one handle (the other painted in proper perspective), which represents, in happy ideal vagueness, the plough. To this the defeated candidate rushes with delirious joy, welcomed as a father by appropriate groups of happy labourers, or from it the successful one is torn with difficulty, sustained alone by a noble sense of public duty. Only I have observed, that, if the scene be laid at Bâton Rouge or Ashland, the labourers are kept carefully in the background, and are heard to shout from behind the scenes in a singular tone resembling ululation, and accompanied by a sound not unlike vigorous clapping. This, however, may be artistically in keeping with the habits of the rustic population of those localities. The precise connection between agricultural pursuits and statesmanship I have not been able, after diligent inquiry, to discover. But, that my investigations may not be barren of all fruit, I will mention one curious statistical fact, which I consider thoroughly established, namely, that no real farmer ever attains practically beyond a seat in the General Court, however theoretically qualified for more exalted station.

It is probable that some other prospect has been opened to Mr. Sawin, and that he has not made this great sacrifice without some definite understanding in regard to a seat in the cabinet or a foreign mission. It may be supposed that we of Jaalam were not untouched by a feeling of villatic pride in beholding our townsman occupying so large a space in the public eye. And to me, deeply revolving the qualifications necessary to a candidate in these frugal times, those of Mr. S. seemed peculiarly adapted to a successful campaign. The loss of a leg, an arm, an eye, and four fingers reduced him so nearly to the condition of a *vox et preterea nihil*, that I could think of nothing but the loss of his head by which his chance could have been bettered. But since he has chosen to balk our suffrages, we must content ourselves with what we can get, remembering *lactucas non esse dandas, dum cardui sufficient.*—H. W.]

I SPOSE you recollect thet I explained my gennle views
 In the last billet thet I writ, 'way
 down frum Veery Cruze,
 Jest arter I'd a kin' o' ben spon-
 taneously sot up
 To run unannergously fer the Pre-
 sidential cup;
 O' course it worn't no wish o' mine,
 'twuz ferfiely distressin',
 But poppeler enthusiasm gut so al-
 mighty pressin'
 Thet, though like sixty all along I
 fumed an' fussed an' sorrered,
 There didn't seem no ways to
 stop their bringin' on me
 forrerd:
 Fact is, they udged the matter so,
 I couldn't help admittin'
 The Father o' his Country's shoes
 no feet but mine 'ould fit in,
 Besides the savin' o' the soles fer
 ages to succeed,
 Seein' thet with one wannut foot,
 a pair'd be more'n I need;
 An', tell ye wut, them shoes'll
 want a thund'r in sight o'
 patchin',
 Ef this ere fashion is to last we've
 gut into o' hatchin'
 A pair o' second Washintons fer
 every new election,—
 Though, fer ez number one's con-
 sarned, I don't make no ob-
 jection.

I wuz agoin' on to say thet wen at
 fust I saw
 The masses woud stick to't I wuz
 the Country's father-'n-law,
 (They woud ha' hed it *Father*, but I
 told 'em 'twouldn't du,
 Coz thet wuz sutthin' of a sort they
 couldn't split in tu,
 An' Washinton hed hed the thing
 laid fairly to his door,
 Nor darsn't say tworn't hisn, much
 ez sixty year afore.)
 But 'taint no matter ez to thet; wen
 I wuz nomernated,
 'Tworn't natur but wut I should feel
 consid'able elated,

An' wile the hooraw o' the thing
 wuz kind o' noo an' fresh,
 I thought our ticket woud ha' caird
 the country with a resh.

Sence I've come hum, though, an'
 looked round, I think I seem
 to find
 Strong argimunts ez thick ez ficas to
 make me change my mind;
 It's clear to any one whose brain aint
 fur gone in a phthisis,
 Thet hail Columby's happy land is
 goin' thru a crisis,
 An' 'twouldn't nowadays du to hev the
 people's mind distracted
 By bein' all to once by sev'ral pop'lar
 names attacked;
 'Twould save holl haycartloads o'
 fuss an' three four months o'
 jaw,
 Ef some illustrious paytriot should
 back out an' withdraw;
 So, ez I aint a crooked stick, jest like—
 like ole (I swow,
 I dunno ez I know his name)—I'll go
 back to my plough.

Wenever an Amerikin distinguished
 politishin
 Begins to try et wut they call definin'
 his posishin,
 Wal, I, fer one, feel sure he aint gut
 nothin' to define;
 It's so nine cases out o' ten, but jest
 that tenth is mine;
 An' 'taint no more'n is proper 'n' right
 in sech a sitooation
 To hint the course you think'll be the
 savin' o' the nation;
 To funk right out o' p'lit'cal strifeaint
 thought to be the thing,
 Without you deacon off the toon you
 want your folks should sing;
 So I edvise the noomrous friends
 thet's in one boat with me
 To jest up killock, jam right down
 their hellum hard alec,
 Haul the sheets taut, an', layin' out
 upon the Suthun tack,
 Make fer the safest port they can,
 wich, I think, is Ole Zack.

Next thing you'll want to know, I
 spose, wut argimunts I seem
 To see thet makes me think this ere'll
 be the strongest team;
 Fust place, I've been consid'ble round
 in bar-rooms an' saloons
 Agetherin' public sentiment, 'mongst
 Demmercrats and Coons,
 An' 'taint ve'y offen thet I meet a
 chap but wut goes in
 Fer Rough an' Ready, fair an'
 square, hufs, taller, horns,
 an' skin;
 I don't deny but wut, fer one, ez fur
 ez I could see,
 I didn't like at fust the Pheladelpy
 nomernee:
 I could ha' pintoed to a man thet wuz,
 I guess, a peg
 Higher than him,—a soger, tu, an'
 with a wooden leg;
 But every day with more an' more o'
 'Taylor zeal I'm burnin',
 Seein' wich way the tide thet sets to
 office is atturnin';
 Wy, into Bellers's we notched the
 votes down on three sticks,—
 "Twuz Birdofredum one, Cass aught,
 an' Taylor twenty-six,
 An' bein' the on'y canderdate thet
 wuz upon the ground,
 They said 'twuz no more'n right thet
 I should pay the drinks all
 round;
 Ef I'd expected sech a trick, I
 wouldn't ha' cut my foot
 By goin' an' votin' fer myself like a
 consumed coot;
 It didn't make no deff'ence, though;
 I wish I may be cust
 Ef Bellers wuzn't slim enough to say
 he wouldn't trust!

Another pint thet influences the
 minds o' sober jedges
 Is thet the Gin'ral hezn't gut tied
 hand an' foot with pledges;
 He hezn't told ye wut he is, an' so
 there aint no knowin'
 But wut he may turn out to be the
 best there is agoin';

This, at the on'y spot thet pinched,
 the shoe directly eases,
 Coz every one is free to 'xpect per-
 cisely wut he pleases:
 I want free-trade; you don't; the Gin'-
 ral isn't bound to neither;—
 I vote my way; you, yourn; an' both
 air sooted to a T there.
 Ole Rough an' Ready, tu, 's a Wig,
 but without bein' ultry;
 He's like a holsome hayin' day, thet's
 warm, but isn't sultry;
 He's jest wut I should call myself,
 a kin' o' *scratch* ez 'tware,
 Thet aint exactly all a wig nor wholly
 your own hair;
 I've ben a Wig three weeks myself,
 jest o' this mod'rate sort,
 An' don't find them an' Demmercrats
 so defferent ez I thought;
 They both act pooty much alike, an'
 push an' scrouge an' cus;
 They're liketwo pickpockets in league
 fer Uncle Samwell's pus;
 Each takes a side, an' then they
 squeeze the ole man in between
 'em,
 Turn all his pockets wrong side
 out an' quick as lightnin'
 clean 'em;
 To nary one on 'em I'd trust a secon'-
 handed rail
 No furdur off 'an I could sling a bul-
 lock by the tail.

Webster sot matters right in thet air
 Mashfiel' speech o' hisn;—
 "Taylor," sez he, "aint nary ways
 the one thet I'd a chizzen,
 Nor he aint fittin' fer the place, an'
 like ez not he aint
 No more'n a tough ole bullethead, an'
 no gret of a saint;
 But then," sez he, "obsarve my pint,
 he's jest ez good to vote fer
 Ez though the greasin' on him worn't
 a thing to hire Choate fer;
 Aint it ez easy done to drop a ballot in
 a box
 Fer one ez 'tis fer t'other, fer the bull-
 dog ez the fox?"

It takes a mind like Dannel's, fact,
 ez big ez all ou' doors,
 To find out thet it looks like rain
 arter it fairly pours ;
 I 'gree with him, it aint so drefle
 troublesome to vote
 Fer Taylor arter all,—it's jest to go
 an' change your coat ;
 Wen he's once greased, you'll swaller
 him, an' never know on't,
 scource,
 Unless he scratches, goin' down, with
 them 'ere Gin'ral's spurs.
 I've ben a votin' Demmercrat ez
 reg'lar as a clock,
 But don't find goin' Taylor gives my
 narves no gret 'f a shock ;
 Truth is, the cutest leadin' Wigs, ever
 sence fust they found
 Wich side the bread gut buttered on,
 hev kep' a edgin' round ;
 They kin' o' slipt the planks frum out
 th' ole platform one by one
 An' made it gradooally noo, 'fore folks
 know'd wut wuz done,
 Till, fur'z I know, there aint an inch
 thet I could lay my han' on,
 Thet I, or any Demmercrat, feels com-
 f'table to stan' on,
 An' ole Wig doctrines act'lly look,
 their occ'pants bein' gone,
 Lonesome ez steddles on a mash with-
 out no hayricks on.

I spose it's time now I should give my
 thoughts upon the plan,
 Thet chipped the shell at Buffalo, o'
 settin' up ole Van.
 I used to vote fer Martin, but, I swan,
 I'm clean di-gusted,—
 He aint the man thet I can say is
 fittin' to be trusted ;
 He aint half antislav'ry 'nough, nor
 I aint sure, ez some be,
 He'd go in fer abolishin' the Deestrick
 o' Columby ;
 An', now I come to recollect, it kin' o'
 makes me sick'z
 A horse, to think o' wut he wuz in
 eighteen thirty-six.
 An' then, another thing ;—I guess,
 though mebbly I am wrong,

This Buff'lo plaster aint agoin' to dror
 almighty strong.
 Some folks, I know, hev gut th' idee
 thet No'thun dough'll rise,
 Though, 'fore I see it riz an' baked, I
 wouldn't trust my eyes ;
 'Twill takemore emptins, a long chalk,
 than this noo party's gut,
 To give sech heavy cakes ez them a
 start, I tell ye wut.
 But even ef they caird the day, there
 wouldn't be no endurin'
 To stan' upon a platform with sech
 critters ez Van Buren ;—
 An' his son John, tu, I can't think
 how thet 'ere chap should dare
 To speak ez he doos ; wy, they say
 he used to cuss an' swear !
 I spose he never read the hymn thet
 tells how down the stairs
 A feller with long legs wuz throwed
 thet wouldn't say his prayers.
 This brings me to another pint : the
 leaders o' the party
 Aint jest sech men ef I can act along
 with free an' hearty ;
 They aint not quite respectable, an'
 wen a feller's morrils
 Don't toe the straightest kin' o' mark,
 wy, him an' me jest quarrels.
 I went to a Free Soil meetin' once,
 an' wut d'ye think I see ?
 A feller was aspoutin' there thet
 act'lly come to me,
 About two year ago last spring, ez
 nigh ez I can jedge,
 An' axed me ef I didn't want to sign
 the Temprunce pledge !
 He's one o' them thet goes about an'
 sez you hedn't oughter
 Drink nothin', mornin', noon, or night,
 stronger 'an Taunton water.
 There's one rule I've ben guided by
 in settlin' how to vote : ollers
 I take the side thet *isn't* took by them
 consarned teetotallers.

Ez fer the niggers, I've ben South, an'
 thet hez changed my min' ;
 A lazier, more ongrateful set you
 couldn't nowers fin'.

You know I mentioned in my last
 that I should buy a nigger,
 Ef I could make a purchase at a
 pooty mod'rate figger ;
 So, ez there's nothin' in the world I'm
 fonder of 'an gunnin',
 I closed a bargain finally to take a
 feller runnin'.
 I shou'dered queen's-arm an' stumped
 out, an' wen I come t' th'
 swamp,
 'Tworn't very long afore I gut upon
 the nest o' Pomp;
 I come acrost a kin' o' hut, an',
 playin' round the door,
 Some little woolly-headed cubs, ez
 many'z six or more.
 At fust I thought o' firin', but *think*
twice is safest ollers ;
 There aint, thinks I, not one on 'em
 but's wuth his twenty dollars,
 Or would be, ef I hed 'em back into
 a Christian land,—
 How temptin' all on 'em would look
 upon an auction-stand!
 (Not but wut I hate slavery, in th'
 abstract, stem to starn,—
 I leave it ware our fathers did, a
 privit State consarn.)
 Soon'z they see me, they yelled
 an' run, but Pomp wuz out
 ahoein'
 A leetle patch o' corn he hed, or else
 there aint no knowin'
 He wouldn't ha' took a pop at me;
 but I hed gut the start,
 An' wen he looked, I vow he groaned
 ez though he'd broke his heart;
 He done it like a wite man, tu, ez
 nat'ral ez a pictur,
 The imp'dunt, pis'nous hypocrite!
 wus 'an a boy constrictur.
 "You can't gum *me*, I tell ye now.
 an' so you needn't try,
 I 'xpect my eye-teeth every mail, so
 jest shet up," sez I.
 "Don't go to actin' ugly now, or else
 I'll let her strip,
 You'd best draw kindly, seein' 'z how
 I've gut ye on the hip;
 Besides, you darned ole fool, it aint
 no gret of a disaster

To be benev'lently druv back to a
 contented master,
 Ware you hed Christian priv'ledges
 you don't seem quite aware on,
 Or you'd ha' never run away from
 bein' well took care on;
 Ez fer kin' treatment, wy, he wuz so
 fond on ye, he said
 He'd give a fifty spot right out, to
 git ye, 'live or dead;
 Wite folks aint sot by half ez much;
 'member I run away,
 Wen I wuz bound to Cap'n Jakes, to
 Mattysqumscot Bay;
 Don' know him, likely? Spose not;
 wal, the mean ole codger
 went
 An' offered—wut reward, think?
 Wal, it worn't no *less'n* a cent."

Wal, I jest gut 'em into line, an' druv
 'em on afore me;
 The pis'nous brutes, I'd no idee o'
 the ill-will they bore me;
 We walked till som'ers about noon,
 an' then it grew so hot
 I thought it best to camp awile, so
 I chose out a spot
 Jest under a magnoly tree, an' there
 right down I sot;
 Then I unstrapped my wooden leg,
 coz it began to chafe,
 An' laid it down 'long side o' me,
 supposin' all wuz safe;
 I made my darkies all set down
 around me in a ring,
 An' sot an' kin' o' ciphered up how
 much the lot would bring;
 But, wile I dranked the peaceful cup
 of a pure heart an' min'
 (Mixed with some wiskey, now an'
 then), Pomp he snaked up
 behin',
 An' creepin' grad'ly close tu, ez quiet
 ez a mink,
 Jest grabbed my leg, an' then pulled
 foot, quicker 'an you could
 wink,
 An', come to look, they each on 'em
 hed gut behin' a tree,
 An' Pomp poked out the leg a piece,
 jest so ez I could see,

An' yelled to me to throw away my
pistils an' my gun,
Or else thet they'd cair off the leg,
an' fairly cut an' run.
I vow I didn't b'lieve there wuz a
decent alligatur
Thet hed a heart so destitoot o'
common human natur ;
However, ez there worn't no help, I
finally give in,
An' heft my arms away to git my leg
safe back agin.
Pomp gethered all the weapins up,
an' then he come an' grinned,
He showed his ivory some, I guess,
an' sez, "You're fairly pinned;
Jest buckle on your leg agin, an' git
right up an' come.
'Twun't du fer fammerly men like
me to be so long frum hum."
At fust I put my foot right down an'
swore I wouldn't budge.
"Jest ez you choose," sez he, quite
cool, "either beshot or trudge."
So this black-hearted monster took
an' act'lly druv me back
Along the very feetmarks o' my happy
mornin' track,
An' kep' me pris'ner 'bout six months,
an' worked me, tu, like sin,
Till I hed gut his corn an' his Car-
liny taters in ;
He made me larn him readin', tu
(although the crittur saw
How much it hut my morril sense to
act agin the law),
So'st he could read a Bible he'd gut ;
an' axed ef I could pint
The North Star out ; but there I put
his nose some out o' jint,
Fer I weeled roun' about sou'west,
an', lookin' up a bit,
Picked out a middlin' shiny one an'
tole him thet wuz it.
Fin'lly, he took me to the door, an',
givin' me a kick,
Sez, "Ef you know wut's best fer ye,
be off, now, double-quick ;
The winter-time's a comin' on, an',
though I gut ye cheap,
You're so darned lazy, I don't think
you're hardly wuth your keep ;

Besides, the childrin's growin' up,
an' you aint jest the model
I'd like to hev 'em immettate, an' so
you'd better toddle !"
Now is there anythin' on airth'll ever
prove to me
Thet renegader slaves like him air fit
fer bein' free ?
D'you think they'll suck me in to jine
the Buff'lo chaps, an' them
Rank infidels thet go agin the Scrip-
tur'l cus o' Shem ?
Not by a jugfull ! sooner'n thet, I'd
go thru fire an' water ;
Wen I hev once made up my mind,
a meet'nhus aint sotter ;
No, not though all the crows thet flies
to pick my bones wuz cawin',—
I guess we're in a Christian land.

Yourn,

BIRD OF FREDUM SAWIN.

[Here, patient reader, we take leave of each other, I trust with some mutual satisfaction. I say *patient*, for I love not that kind which skims dippingly over the surface of the page, as swallows over a pool before rain. By such no pearls shall be gathered. But if no pearls there be (as, indeed, the world is not without example of books wherefrom the longest-winded diver shall bring up no more than his proper handful of mud), yet let us hope that an oyster or two may reward adequate perseverance. If neither pearls nor oysters, yet is patience itself a gem worth diving deeply for.

It may seem to some that too much space has been usurped by my own private lucubrations, and some may be fain to bring against me that old jest of him who preached all his hearers out of the meeting-house save only the sexton, who, remaining for yet a little space, from a sense of official duty, at last gave out also, and, presenting the keys, humbly requested our preacher to lock the doors, when he should have wholly relieved himself of his testimony. I confess to a satisfaction in the self act of preaching, nor do I esteem a discourse to be wholly thrown away even upon a sleeping or unintelligent auditory. I cannot easily believe that the Gospel of Saint John, which Jacques Cartier ordered to be

read in the Latin tongue to the Canadian savages, upon his first meeting with them, fell altogether upon stony ground. For the earnestness of the preacher is a sermon appreciable by dullest intellects and most alien ears. In this wise did Episcopius convert many to his opinions, who yet understood not the language in which he discoursed. The chief thing is that the messenger believe that he has an authentic message to deliver. For counterfeit messengers, that mode of treatment which Father John de Plano Carpini relates to have prevailed among the Tartars would seem effectual, and, perhaps, deserved enough. For my own part, I may lay claim to so much of the spirit of martyrdom as would have led me to go into banishment with those clergymen whom Alphonso the Sixth of Portugal drove out of his kingdom for refusing to shorten their pulpit eloquence. It is possible that, having been invited into my brother Biglow's desk, I may have been too little scrupulous in using it for the venting of my own peculiar doctrines to a congregation drawn together in the expectation and with the desire of hearing him.

I am not wholly unconscious of a peculiarity of mental organisation which impels me, like the railroad-engine with its train of cars, to run backward for a short distance in order to obtain a fairer start. I may compare myself to one fishing from the rocks when the sea runs high, who, misinterpreting the suction of the undertow for the biting of some large fish, jerks suddenly, and finds that he has *caught bottom*, hauling in upon the end of his line a trail of various *algæ*, among which, nevertheless, the naturalist may haply find somewhat to repay the

disappointment of the angler. Yet have I conscientiously endeavoured to adapt myself to the impatient temper of the age, daily degenerating more and more from the high standard of our pristine New England. To the catalogue of lost arts I would mournfully add also that of listening to two-hour sermons. Surely we have been abridged into a race of pygmies. For, truly, in those of the old discourses yet subsisting to us in print, the endless spinal column of divisions and subdivisions can be likened to nothing so exactly as to the vertebræ of the saurians, whence the theorist may conjecture a race of Anakim proportionate to the withstanding of these other monsters. I say Anakim rather than Nephelim, because there seem reasons for supposing that the race of those whose heads (though no giants) are constantly enveloped in clouds (which that name imports) will never become extinct. The attempt to vanquish the innumerable *heads* of one of those afore-mentioned discourses may supply us with a plausible interpretation of the second labour of Hercules, and his successful experiment with fire affords us a useful precedent.

But while I lament the degeneracy of the age in this regard, I cannot refuse to succumb to its influence. Looking out through my study-window, I see Mr. Biglow at a distance busy gathering his Baldwins, of which, to judge by the number of barrels lying about under the trees, his crop is more abundant than my own,—by which sight I am admonished to turn to those orchards of the mind wherein my labours may be more prospered, and apply myself diligently to the preparation of my next Sabbath's discourse.—H. W.]

MELIBŒUS-HIPPONAX.

THE Biglow Papers, SECOND SERIES.

Ἔστιν ἄρ' ὁ ἰδιωτισμὸς ἐνίοτε τοῦ κόσμου παραπολὺ ἐμφανιστικώτερον.

—LONGINUS.

"J'aimerois mieulx que mon fils apprinst aux tavernes à parler, qu'aux escholes de la parlerie."—MONTAIGNE.

"Unser Sprach ist auch ein Sprach und kann so wohl ein Sack nennen als die Lateiner saccus."—FISCHART.

"Vim rebus aliquando ipsa verborum humilitas affert."—QUINTILIANUS.

"O ma lengo,

Plantarèy une estèlo à toun froun encrumit !"—JASMIN.

INTRODUCTION

E. R. HOAR

"Multos enim, quibus loquendi ratio non desit, invenias, quos curiose potius loqui dixeris quam Latine; quomodo et illa Attica anus Theophrastum, hominem alioqui disertissimum, annotata unius affectatione verbi, hospitem dixit, nec alio se id deprehendisse interrogata respondit, quam quod nimium Attice loqueretur."—QUINTILIANUS.

"Et Anglice sermonicari solebat populo, sed secundum linguam Norfolchie ubi natus et nutritus erat."—CRONICA JOCELINI.

"La politique est une pierre attachée au cou de la littérature, et qui en moins de six mois la submerge. . . . Cette politique va offenser mortellement une moitié des lecteurs, et ennuyer l'autre qui l'a trouvée bien autrement spéciale et énergique dans le journal du matin"—HENRI BEVLE.

THOUGH prefaces seem of late to have fallen under some reproach, they have at least this advantage, that they set us again on the feet of our personal consciousness and rescue us from the gregarious mock-modesty or cowardice of that *we* which shrills feebly throughout modern literature like the shrieking of mice in the walls of a house that has passed its prime. Having a few words to say to the many friends whom the "Biglow Papers" have won me, I shall accordingly take the freedom of the first person singular of the personal pronoun. Let each of the good-natured unknown who have cheered me by the written communication of their sympathy look upon this Introduction as a private letter to himself.

When, more than twenty years ago, I wrote the first of the series, I had no

definite plan and no intention of ever writing another. Thinking the Mexican war, as I think it still, a national crime committed in behoof of Slavery, our common sin, and wishing to put the feeling of those who thought as I did in a way that would tell, I imagined to myself such an upcountry man as I had often seen at anti-slavery gatherings, capable of district-school English, but always instinctively falling back into the natural stronghold of his homely dialect when heated to the point of self-forgetfulness. When I began to carry out my conception and to write in my assumed character, I found myself in a strait between two perils. On the one hand, I was in danger of being carried beyond the limit of my own opinions, or at least of that temper with which every man should speak his mind in print, and on the other I feared the risk of seeming to vulgarise a deep and sacred conviction. I needed on occasion to rise above the level of mere *patois*, and for this purpose conceived the Rev. Mr. Wilbur, who should express the more cautious element of the New England character and its pedantry, as Mr. Biglow should serve for its homely common-sense vivified and heated by conscience. The parson was to be the complement rather than the antithesis of his parishioner, and I felt or fancied a certain humorous element in the real identity of the two under a seeming incongruity. Mr. Wilbur's fondness for scraps of Latin, though drawn from the life, I adopted deliberately to heighten the contrast. Finding soon after that I needed some one as a mouthpiece of the mere drollery—for I conceive that true humour is never divorced from moral conviction—I invented Mr. Sawin for the clown of my little puppet-show. I meant to embody in him that half-conscious *unmorality* which I had noticed as the recoil in gross natures from a puritanism that still strove to keep in its creed the intense savour which had long gone out of its faith and life. In the month of March I thought I should find my plan enough to express, as it was my opinion of do, the popular feeling, and opinion of the time. For the names of two of my characters, since I have received some remonstrances from very worthy persons who happen to bear them, I would say

that they were purely fortuitous, probably mere unconscious memories of signboards or directories. Mr. Sawin's sprang from the accident of a rhyme at the end of his first epistle, and I purposely christened him by the impossible surname of *Birdofredum*, not more to stigmatise him as the incarnation of "Manifest Destiny," in other words, of national recklessness as to right and wrong, than to avoid the chance of wounding any private sensitiveness.

The success of my experiment soon began not only to astonish me, but to make me feel the responsibility of knowing that I held in my hand a weapon instead of the mere fencing-stick I had supposed. Very far from being a popular author under my own name, so far, indeed, as to be almost unread, I found the verses of my pseudonym copied everywhere; I saw them pinned up in workshops; I heard them quoted and their authorship debated; I once even, when rumour had at length caught up my name in one of its eddies, had the satisfaction of overhearing it demonstrated, in the pauses of a concert, that I was utterly incompetent to have written anything of the kind. I had read too much not to know the utter worthlessness of contemporary reputation, especially as regards satire, but I knew also that by giving a certain amount of influence it also had its worth, if that influence were used on the right side. I had learned, too, that the first requisite of good writing is to have an earnest and definite purpose, whether æsthetic or moral, and that even good writing, to please long, must have more than an average amount either of imagination or common-sense. The first of these falls to the lot of scarcely one in several generations; the last is within the reach of many. Every one that passes hopes to come to some author may find a piece. If I put on the part of bells and made myself one of the court-fools of King Demos, it was less to make his majesty laugh than to win a passage to his royal ears for certain serious things which I had deeply at heart. I say this because there is no imputation that could be more galling to any man's self-respect than that of being a mere jester. I endeavoured, by

generalising my satire, to give it what value I could beyond the passing moment and the immediate application. How far I have succeeded I cannot tell, but I have had better luck than I ever looked for in seeing my verses survive to pass beyond their nonage.

In choosing the Yankee dialect, I did not act without forethought. It had long seemed to me that the great vice of American writing and speaking was a studied want of simplicity, that we were in danger of coming to look on our mother-tongue as a dead language, to be sought in the grammar and dictionary rather than in the heart, and that our only chance of escape was by seeking it at its living sources among those who were, as Scottowe says of Major-General Gibbons, "divinely illiterate." President Lincoln, the only really great public man whom these latter days have seen, was great also in this, that he was master—witness his speech at Gettysburg—of a truly masculine English, classic because it was of no special period, and level at once to the highest and lowest of his countrymen. But whoever should read the debates in Congress might fancy himself present at a meeting of the city council of some city of Southern Gaul in the decline of the Empire, where barbarians with a Latin varnish emulated each other in being more than Ciceronian. Whether it be want of culture, for the highest outcome of that is simplicity, or for whatever reason, it is certain that very few American writers or speakers wield their native language with the directness, precision, and force that are common as the day in the mother-country. We use it like Scotchmen, not as if it belonged to us, but as if we wished to prove that we belonged to it. ^{data} ^{logu} ^{now} ^{ing} ^{intimacy} ^{with} ^{its} ^{written} ^{rather} ^{than} ^{with} ^{its} ^{spoken} ^{dialect}. And yet all the while our popular idiom is racy with life and vigour and originality, buxsome (as Milton used the word) to our new occasions, and proves itself no mere graft by sending up new suckers from the old root in spite of us. It is only from its roots in the living generations of men that a language can be reinforced with

fresh vigour for its needs; what may be called a literate dialect grows ever more and more pedantic and foreign, till it becomes at last as unfitting a vehicle for living thought as monkish Latin. That we should all be made to talk like books is the danger with which we are threatened by the Universal Schoolmaster, who does his best to enslave the minds and memories of his victims to what he esteems the best models of English composition, that is to say, to the writers whose style is faultily correct and has no blood-warmth in it. No language after it has faded into *diction*, none that cannot suck up the feeding juices secreted for it in the rich mother-earth of common folk, can bring forth a sound and lusty book. True vigour and heartiness of phrase do not pass from page to page, but from man to man, where the brain is kindled and the lips supplied by downright living interests and by passion in its very throes. Language is the soil of thought, and our own especially is a rich leaf-mould, the slow deposit of ages, the shed foliage of feeling, fancy, and imagination, which has suffered an earth-change, that the vocal forest, as Howell called it, may clothe itself anew with living green. There is death in the dictionary; and, where language is too strictly limited by convention, the ground for expression to grow in is limited also, and we get a *potted* literature, Chinese dwarfs instead of healthy trees.

But while the schoolmaster has been busy starching our language and smoothing it flat with the mangle of a supposed classical authority, the newspaper reporter has been doing even more harm by stretching and swelling it to suit his occasions. A dozen years ago I began a list, which I have added to from time to time, of some of the changes which may be fairly laid at his door. I give a few of them as showing their tendency, all the more dangerous that their effect, like that of some poisons, is insensibly cumulative, and that they are sure at last of effect among a people whose chief reading is the daily paper. I give in two columns the old style and its modern equivalent.

Old Style.

Was hanged.
When the halter was put round his neck.

A great crowd came to see
Great fire.
The fire spread.

House burned.
The fire was got under

Man fell.
A horse and waggon ran against.

The frightened horse.
Sent for the doctor.

The mayor of the city in a short speech welcomed.

I shall say a few words.

Began his answer.
Asked him to dine.
A bystander advised.

He died.

New Style.

Was launched into eternity.
When the fatal noose was adjusted about the neck of the unfortunate victim of his own unbridled passions.

A vast concourse was assembled to witness.
Disastrous conflagration.
The conflagration extended its devastating career
Edifice consumed.
The progress of the devouring element was arrested.

Individual was precipitated.
A valuable horse attached to a vehicle driven by J. S., in the employment of J. B., collided with.

The infuriated animal.
Called into requisition the services of the family physician.

The chief magistrate of the metropolis, in well-chosen and eloquent language, frequently interrupted by the plaudits of the surging multitude, officially tendered the hospitalities.

I shall, with your permission, beg leave to offer some brief observations.

Commenced his rejoinder.
Tendered him a banquet.

One of those omnipresent characters who, as if in pursuance of some previous arrangement, are certain to be encountered in the vicinity when an accident occurs, ventured the suggestion

He deceased, he passed out of existence, his spirit quitted its earthly habitation, winged its way to eternity, shook off its burden, &c.

In one sense this is nothing new. The school of Pope in verse ended by wire-drawing its phrase to such thinness that it could bear no weight of meaning whatever. Nor is fine writing by any means confined to America. All writers without imagination fall into it of necessity whenever they attempt the figurative. I take two examples from Mr. Merivale's "History of the Romans under the Empire," which, indeed, is full of such. "The last years of the age familiarly styled the Augustan were singularly barren of the literary glories from which its celebrity was chiefly derived. One by one the stars in its firmament had been lost to the world; Virgil and Horace, etc., had long since died; the charm which the imagination of Livy had thrown over the earlier annals of Rome had ceased to shine on the details of almost contemporary history; and if the flood of his eloquence still continued flowing, we can hardly suppose that the stream was

as rapid, as fresh, and as clear as ever." I will not waste time in criticising the bad English or the mixture of metaphor in these sentences, but will simply cite another from the same author which is even worse. "The shadowy phantom of the Republic continued before the eyes of the Caesar. There was still, he apprehended, a germ of sentiment existing, on which a scion of his own house, or even a stranger, might boldly throw himself and raise the standard of patrician independence." Now a ghost may haunt a murderer, but hardly, I should think, to scare him with the threat of taking a new lease of its old tenement. And fancy the scion of a house in the act of throwing itself upon a germ of sentiment to raise a standard! I am glad, since we have so much in the same kind to answer for, that this bit of horticultural rhetoric is from beyond sea. I would not be supposed to condemn truly imaginative prose. There is a simplicity

of splendour, no less than of plainness, and prose would be poor indeed if it could not find a tongue for that meaning of the mind which is behind the meaning of the words. It has sometimes seemed to me that in England there was a growing tendency to curtail language into a mere convenience, and to defecate it of all emotion as thoroughly as algebraic signs. This has arisen, no doubt, in part from that healthy national contempt of humbug which is characteristic of Englishmen, in part from that sensitiveness to the ludicrous which makes them so shy of expressing feeling, but in part also, it is to be feared, from a growing distrust, one might almost say hatred, of whatever is super-material. There is something sad in the scorn with which their journalists treat the notion of there being such a thing as a national ideal, seeming utterly to have forgotten that even in the affairs of this world the imagination is as much matter of fact as the understanding. If we were to trust the impression made on us by some of the cleverest and most characteristic of their periodical literature, we should think England hopelessly stranded on the good-humoured cynicism of well-to-do middle-age, and should fancy it an enchanted nation, doomed to sit for ever with its feet under the mahogany in that after-dinner mood which follows conscientious repletion, and which it is ill-manners to disturb with any topics more exciting than the quality of the wines. But there are already symptoms that a large class of Englishmen are getting weary of the dominion of Consols and divine common-sense, and to believe that eternal three per cent. is not the chief end of man, nor the highest and only kind of interest to which the powers and opportunities of England are entitled.

The quality of exaggeration has often been remarked on as typical of American character, and especially of American humour. In Dr. Petri's *Gedrangtes Handbuch der Fremdwörter*, we are told that the word *humbug* is commonly used for the exaggerations of the North-Americans. To be sure, one would be tempted to think the dream of Columbus half fulfilled, and that Europe had found in the West a nearer way to Orientalism,

at least in diction. But it seems to me that a great deal of what is set down as mere extravagance is more fitly to be called intensity and picturesqueness, symptoms of the imaginative faculty in full health and strength, though producing, as yet, only the raw and formless material in which poetry is to work. By and by, perhaps, the world will see it fashioned into poem and picture, and Europe, which will be hard pushed for originality ere long, may have to thank us for a new sensation. The French continue to find Shakspeare exaggerated because he treated English just as our country-folk do when they speak of a "steep price," or say that they "freeze to" a thing. The first postulate of an original literature is that a people should use their language instinctively and unconsciously, as if it were a lively part of their growth and personality, not as the mere torpid boon of education or inheritance. Even Burns contrived to write very poor verse and prose in English. Vulgarisms are often only poetry in the egg. The late Mr. Horace Mann, in one of his public addresses, commented at some length on the beauty and moral significance of the French phrase *s'orienter*, and called on his young friends to practise upon it in life. There was not a Yankee in his audience whose problem had not always been to find out what was *about east*, and to shape his course accordingly. This charm which a familiar expression gains by being commented, as it were, and set in a new light by a foreign language, is curious and instructive. I cannot help thinking that Mr. Matthew Arnold forgets this a little too much sometimes when he writes of the beauties of French style. It would not be hard to find in the works of French Academicians phrases as coarse as those he cites from Burke, only they are veiled by the unfamiliarity of the language. But, however this may be, it is certain that poets and peasants please us in the same way by translating words back again to their primal freshness, and infusing them with a delightful strangeness which is anything but alienation. What, for example, is Milton's "edge of battle" but a doing into English of the Latin *acies*? Was die Gans gedacht das der Schwan vollbracht, what the goose but thought,

that the swan full brought (or, to de-Saxonise it a little, what the goose conceived, that the swan achieved), and it may well be that the life, invention, and vigour shown by our popular speech, and the freedom with which it is shaped to the instant want of those who use it, are of the best omen for our having a swan at last. The part I have taken on myself is that of the humble bird.

But it is affirmed that there is something innately vulgar in the Yankee dialect. M. Sainte-Beuve says, with his usual neatness: "*Je définis un patois une ancienne langue qui a eu des malheurs, ou encore une langue toute jeune et qui n'a pas fait fortune.*" The first part of his definition applies to a dialect like the Provençal, the last to the Tuscan before Dante had lifted it into a classic, and neither, it seems to me, will quite fit a *patois*, which is not properly a dialect, but rather certain archaisms, proverbial phrases, and modes of pronunciation, which maintain themselves among the uneducated side by side with the finished and universally accepted language. Norman French, for example, or Scotch down to the time of James VI., could hardly be called *patois*, while I should be half inclined to name the Yankee a *lingo* rather than a dialect. It has retained a few words now fallen into disuse in the mother-country, like *to tarry*, *to progress*, *fleshy*, *fall*, and some others; it has changed the meaning of some, as in *freshet*; and it has clung to what I suspect to have been the broad Norman pronunciation of *e* (which Molière puts into the mouth of his rustics) in such words as *sarvant*, *perfect*, *vartoo*, and the like. It maintains something of the French sound of *a* also in words like *chamber*, *danger* (though the latter had certainly begun to take its present sound so early as 1636, when I find it sometimes spelt *dainger*). But in general it may be said that nothing can be found in it which does not still survive in some one or other of the English provincial dialects.

I am not speaking now of Americanisms properly so called, that is, of words or phrases which have grown into use here either through necessity, invention, or accident, such as a *carry*, a *one-horse affair*, a *prairie*, to *vamosc*. Even these are fewer than is sometimes taken for

granted. But I think some fair defence may be made against the charge of vulgarity. Properly speaking, vulgarity is in the thought, and not in the word or the way of pronouncing it. Modern French, the most polite of languages, is barbarously vulgar if compared with the Latin out of which it has been corrupted, or even with Italian. There is a wider gap, and one implying greater boorishness, between *ministerium* and *métier*, or *sapiens* and *sachant*, than between *drov* and *drove* or *agin* and *against*, which last is plainly an arrant superlative. Our rustic *coverlid* is nearer its French original than the diminutive *coverlet*, into which it has been ignorantly corrupted in politer speech. I obtained from three cultivated Englishmen at different times three diverse pronunciations of a single word,—*cow-cumber*, *cocucumber*, and *cucumber*. Of these, the first, which is Yankee also, comes nearest to the nasality of *concombres*. Lord Ossory assures us that Voltaire saw the best society in England, and Voltaire tells his countrymen that *handkerchief* was pronounced *hankercher*. I find it so spelt in Hakluyt and elsewhere. This enormity the Yankee still persists in, and as there is always a reason for such deviations from the sound as represented by the spelling, may we not suspect two sources of derivation, and find an ancestor for *kercher* in *couverture* rather than in *couvrechef*? And what greater phonetic vagary (which Dryden, by the way, called *fegary*) in our *lingua rustica* than this *ker* for *couvre*? I copy from the fly-leaves of my books, where I have noted them from time to time, a few examples of pronunciation and phrase which will show that the Yankee often has antiquity and very respectable literary authority on his side. My list might be largely increased by referring to glossaries, but to them every one can go for himself, and I have gathered enough for my purpose.

I will take first those cases in which something like the French sound has been preserved in certain single letters and diphthongs. And this opens a curious question as to how long this Gallicism maintained itself in England. Sometimes a divergence in pronunciation has

given us two words with different meanings, as in *genteel* and *jaunty* which I find coming in toward the close of the seventeenth century, and wavering between *genteel* and *jantee*. It is usual in America to drop the *u* in words ending in *our*, — a very proper change, recommended by Howell two centuries ago, and carried out by him so far as his printers would allow. This and the corresponding changes in *musique*, *musick*, and the like, which he also advocated, show that in his time the French accent indicated by the superfluous letters (for French had once nearly as strong an accent as Italian) had gone out of use. There is plenty of French accent down to the end of Elizabeth's reign. In Daniel we have *riches* and *counsel*; in Bishop Hall, *comet*, *chaplain*; in Donne, *pictures*, *virtue*, *presence*, *mortal*, *merit*, *hainous*, *giant*, with many more, and Marston's satires are full of them. The two latter, however, are not to be relied on, as they may be suspected of Chaucerising. Herrick writes *baptism*. The tendency to throw the accent backward began early; but the incongruities are perplexing, and perhaps mark the period of transition. In Warner's "Albion's England" we have *creator* and *creature* side by side with the modern *creator* and *creature*. *Envy* and *envying* occur in Campion (1602), and yet *envy* survived Milton. In some cases we have gone back again nearer to the French, as in *rev'enne* for *reven'ue*. I had been so used to hearing *imbecile* pronounced with the accent on the first syllable, which is in accordance with the general tendency in such matters, that I was surprised to find *imbed'ile* in a verse of Wordsworth. The dictionaries all give it so. I asked a highly cultivated Englishman, and he declared for *imbecel*. In general it may be assumed that accent will finally settle on the syllable dictated by greater ease, and therefore quickness of utterance. *Blasphemous*, for example, is more rapidly pronounced than *Blasphem'ous*, to which our Yankee clings, following in this the usage of many of the older poets. *American* is easier than *Americ'an*, and therefore the false quantity has carried the day, though the true one may be

found in George Herbert, and even so late as Cowley.

To come back to the matter in hand. Our "uplandish man" retains the soft or thin sound of the *u* in some words, such as *rule*, *truth* (sometimes also pronounced *truith*, not *trooth*), while he says *noo* for *new*, and gives to *view* and *few* so indescribable a mixture of the two sounds with a slight nasal tincture that it may be called the Yankee shibboleth. Spenser writes *deow* (*dew*), which can only be pronounced with the Yankee nasality. In *rule* the least sound of *a* precedes the *u*. I find *reule* in Peacock's "Repressor." He probably pronounced it *rayoolé*, as the old French word from which it is derived was very likely to be sounded at first, with a reminiscence of its original *regula*. Tindal has *rueler*, and the Coventry Plays have *preudent*. As for *noo*, may it not claim some sanction in its derivation, whether from *nouveau* or *neuf*, the ancient sound of which may very well have been *noof*, as nearer *novus*? *Beef* would seem more like to have come from *bufe* than from *bœuf*, unless the two were mere varieties of spelling. The Saxon *few* may have caught enough from its French cousin *peu* to claim the benefit of the same doubt as to sound; and our slang phrase *a few* (as "I licked him a few") may well appeal to *un peu* for sense and authority. Nay, might not *lick* itself turn out to be the good old word *lam* in an English disguise, if the latter should claim descent, as, perhaps, he fairly might, from the Latin *lambere*? The New England *ferce* for *fierce*, and *perce* for *pierce* (sometimes heard as *fairce* and *pairce*), are also Norman. For its antiquity I cite the rhyme of *verse* and *pierce* in Chapman and Donne, and in some commendatory verses by a Mr. Berkenhead before the poems of Francis Beaumont. Our *pairlous* for *perilous* is of the same kind, and is nearer Shakspeare's *parlous* than the modern pronunciation. One other Gallicism survives in our pronunciation. Perhaps I should rather call it a semi-Gallicism, for it is the result of a futile effort to reproduce a French sound with English lips. Thus for *joint*, *employ*, *royal*, we have *jynt*, *emply*, *ryle*, the last differing only from *rile* (*roil*) in a prolongation of the *y* sound. In Walter de

Biblesworth I find *solives* Englished by *gistes*. This, it is true, may have been pronounced *feests*, but the pronunciation *fytes* must have preceded the present spelling, which was no doubt adopted after the radical meaning was forgotten, as analogical with other words in *oi*. In the same way, after Norman-French influence had softened the *l* out of *would* (we already find *woud* for *veut* in N.-F. poems), *should* followed the example, and then an *l* was foisted into *could*, where it does not belong, to satisfy the logic of the eye, which has affected the pronunciation and even the spelling of English more than is commonly supposed. I meet with *cyster* for *oyster* as early as the fourteenth century. I find *dystrye* for *destry* in the Coventry Plays, *viage* in Bishop Hall and Middleton the dramatist, *bile* for *boil* in Donne and Chrononhotonthologos, *line* in Hall, *ryall* and *chyse* (for *choice*) in the Coventry Plays. In Chapman's "All Fools" is the misprint of *employ* for *imply*, fairly inferring an identity of sound in the last syllable. Indeed, this pronunciation was habitual till after Pope, and Rogers tells us that the elegant Gray said *naise* for *noise* just as our rustics still do. Our *cornish* (which I find also in Herrick) remembers the French better than *cornice* does. While, clinging more closely to the Anglo-Saxon in dropping the *g* from the end of the present participle, the Yankee now and then pleases himself with an experiment in French nasality in words ending in *n*. It is not, so far as my experience goes, very common, though it may formerly have been more so. *Capt'ing*, for instance, I never heard save in jest, the habitual form being *kepp'n*. But at any rate it is no invention of ours. In that delightful old volume, "Ane Compendious Buke of Godly and Spirituall Songs," in which I know not whether the piety itself or the simplicity of its expression be more charming, I find *burding*, *garding*, and *cousing*, and in the State Trials *uncert-ing* used by a gentleman. I confess that I like the *n* better than the *ng*.

Of Yankee preterites I find *risse* and *rize* for *rose* in Middleton and Dryden, *cim* in Spenser, *chees* (*chase*) in Sir John Mandevill, *give* (*gave*) in the Coventry Plays, *shet* (*shut*) in Golding's

Ovid,¹ *het* in Chapman and in Weever's Epitaphs, *thriv* and *smit* in Drayton, *quit* in Ben Jonson and Henry More, and *pled* in the Paston Letters, nay, even in the fastidious Landor. *Rid* for *rode* was anciently common. So likewise was *see* for *saw*, but I find it in no writer of authority (except Golding), unless Chaucer's *seie* was so sounded. *Shew* is used by Hector Boece, Giles Fletcher, Drummond of Hawthornden, and in the Paston Letters. Similar strong preterites, like *snew*, *threw*, and even *mew*, are not without example. I find *saw* for *sowed* in "Piers Ploughman." Indeed, the anomalies in English preterites are perplexing. We have probably transferred *flew* from *flow* (as the preterite of which I have heard it) to *fly*, because we had another preterite in *fled*. Of weak preterites the Yankee retains *growed*, *blowed*, for which he has good authority, and less often *knowed*. His *sot* is merely a broad sounding of *sat*, no more elegant than the common *got* for *gat*, which he further degrades into *gut*. When he says *darst*, he uses a form as old as Chaucer.

The Yankee has retained something of the long sound of the *a* in such words as *axe*, *wax*, pronouncing them *exe*, *wex* (shortened from *aix*, *waix*). He also says *hev* and *hed* (*have*, *håd*) for *have* and *had*. In most cases he follows an Anglo-Saxon usage. In *aix* for *axe* he certainly does. I find *wex* and *aisches* (*ashes*) in Pecock, and *exe* in the Paston Letters. Golding rhymes *wax* with *wexe* and spells *challenge chelenge*. Chaucer wrote *hendy*. Dryden rhymes *can* with *men*, as Mr. Biglow would. Alexander Gill, Milton's teacher, in his "Logonomia," cites *hez* for *hath* as peculiar to Lincolnshire. I find *hayth* in Collier's "Bibliographical Account of Early English Literature" under the date 1584, and Lord Cromwell so wrote it. Sir Christopher Wren wrote *belcony*. Our *fect* is only the O.F. *faict*. *Thaim* for *them* was common in the sixteenth century. We have an example of the same thing in the double form of the verb *thrash*, *thresh*. While the New-Englander cannot be brought to say *instead* for *instid*

¹ Cited in Warton's Obs. Faery.

(commonly 'stid where not the last word in a sentence), he changes the *i* into *e* in *red* for *rid*, *tell* for *till*, *hender* for *hinder*, *rense* for *rinse*. I find *red* in the old interlude of "Thersytes," *tell* in a letter of Daborne to Henslowe, and also—I shudder to mention it—in a letter of the great Duchess of Marlborough, Atossa herself! It occurs twice in a single verse of the Chester Plays—

"*Tell* the day of dome, *tell* the beames blow."

From the word *blow* (in another sense) is formed *blowth*, which I heard again this summer after a long interval. Mr. Wright¹ explains it as meaning "a blossom." With us a single blossom is a *blow*, while *blowth* means the blossoming in general. A farmer would say that there was a good *blowth* on his fruit-trees. The word retreats farther inland and away from the railways, year by year. Wither rhymes *hinder* with *slender*, and Shakespeare and Lovelace have *renched* for *rinced*. In "Gammer Gurton" is *sence* for *since*; Marlborough's Duchess so writes it, and Donne rhymes *since* with *Amiens* and *patience*, Bishop Hall and Otway with *prelence*, Chapman with *citizens*, Dryden with *providence*. Indeed, why should not *sithence* take that form? Dryden's wife (an earl's daughter) has *tell* for *till*, Margaret, mother of Henry VII., writes *seche* for *suck*, and our *ef* finds authority in the old form *yeffe*.

E sometimes takes the place of *u*, as *jedge*, *tredge*, *bresh*. I find *tredge* in the interlude of "Jack Jugler," *bresh* in a citation by Collier from "London Cries" of the middle of the seventeenth century, and *resche* for *rush* (fifteenth century) in the very valuable "Volume of Vocabularies" edited by Mr. Wright. *Resce* is one of the Anglo-Saxon forms of the word in Bosworth's A.-S. Dictionary. Golding has *shet*. The Yankee always shortens the *u* in the ending *ture*, making *ventur*, *natur*, *pictur*, and so on. This was common, also, among the educated of the last generation. I am inclined to think it may have been once universal,

and I certainly think it more elegant than the vile *vencher*, *naycher*, *pickcher*, that have taken its place, sounding like the invention of a lexicographer with his mouth full of hot pudding. Nash in his "Pierce Penniless" has *ventur*, and so spells it, and I meet it also in Spenser, Drayton, Ben Jonson, Herrick, and Prior. Spenser has *tort rest*, which can be contracted only from *tortur* and not from *torch*. Quarles rhymes *nature* with *creator*, and Dryden with *satire*, which he doubtless pronounced according to its older form of *satyr*. Quarles has also *torture* and *mortar*. Mary Boleyn writes *kreatur*.

I shall now give some examples which cannot so easily be ranked under any special head. Gill charges the Eastern counties with *kiver* for *cover*, and *ta* for *to*. The Yankee pronounces both *too* and *to* like *ta* (like the *tau* in *touch*) where they are not emphatic. When they are, both become *tu*. In old spelling, *to* is the common (and indeed correct) form of *too*, which is only to with the sense of *in addition*. I suspect that the sound of our *too* has caught something from the French *tout*, and it is possible that the old *too too* is not a reduplication, but a reminiscence of the feminine form of the same word (*toute*) as anciently pronounced, with the *e* not yet silenced. Gill gives a Northern origin to *geaun* for *gown* and *waund* for *wound* (*vulnus*). Lovelace has *waund*, but there is something too dreadful in suspecting Spenser (who borealised in his pastorals) of having ever been guilty of *geaun*! And yet some delicate mouths even now are careful to observe the Hibernicism of *ge-ard* for *guard*, and *ge-ur*l for *girl*. Sir Philip Sidney (*credite posteri*!) wrote *furr* for *far*. I would hardly have believed it had I not seen it in *fac-simile*. As some consolation, I find *further* in Lord Bacon and Donne, and Wither rhymes *far* with *cur*. The Yankee, who omits the final *d* in many words, as do the Scotch, makes up for it by adding one in *geound*. The purist does not feel the loss of the *d* sensibly in *lawn* and *yon*, from the former of which it has dropped again after a wrongful adoption (retained in *laundry*), while it properly belongs to the latter. But what shall we make of *git*, *yit*, and *yis*? I find *yis* and *git*

¹ "Dictionary of Obsolete and Provincial English."

in Warner's "Albion's England," yet rhyming with *wit*, *admit*, and *fit* in Donne, with *wit* in the "Revenge's Tragedy," Beaumont, and Suckling, with *writ* in Dryden, and latest of all with *wit* in Sir Hanbury Williams. Prior rhymes *fitting* and *begetting*. Worse is to come. Among others, Donne rhymes *again* with *sin*, and Quarles repeatedly with *in*. Ben for *been*, of which our dear Whittier is so fond, has the authority of Sackville, "Gammer Gurton" (the work of a bishop), Chapman, Dryden, and many more, though *bin* seems to have been the common form. Whittier's accenting the first syllable of *rom'ance* finds an accomplice in Drayton among others, and, though manifestly wrong, is analogous with *Rom'ans*. Of other Yankeeisms, whether of form or pronunciation, which I have met with, I add a few at random. Pecock writes *soudiers* (*sogers*, *soudoyers*), and Chapman and Gill *sodder*. This absorption of the *l* is common in various dialects, especially in the Scottish. Pecock writes also *biyende*, and the authors of "Jack Jugler" and "Gammer Gurton" *yender*. The Yankee includes *yon* in the same category, and says "hither an' yen," for "to and fro." (Cf. German *jenseits*.) Pecock and plenty more have *wrastle*. Tindal has *agynste*, *gretter*, *shett*, *ondone*, *debytye*, and *scace*. "Jack Jugler" has *scacely* (which I have often heard, though *skurce* is the common form), and Donne and Dryden make *great* rhyme with *set*. In the inscription on Caxton's tomb I find *ynd* for *end*, which the Yankee more often makes *eend*, still using familiarly the old phrase "right anend" for "continuously." His "stret (straight) along," in the same sense, which I thought peculiar to him, I find in Pecock. Tindal's *debytye* for *deputy* is so perfectly Yankee that I could almost fancy the brave martyr to have been deacon of the First Parish at Jaalam Centre. "Jack Jugler" further gives us *playsent* and *sartayne*. Dryden rhymes *certain* with *parting*, and Chapman and Ben Jonson use *certain*, as the Yankee always does, for *certainly*. The "Coventry Mysteries" have *occapied*, *massage*, *materielle*, *material* (material), and *meracles*,—all excellent Yankeeisms. In the "Quatre fils,

Aymon" (1504),¹ is *vertus* for *virtuous* Thomas Fuller called *volume vollum*, I suspect, for he spells it *volume*. However, *per contra*, Yankees habitually say *colume* for *column*. Indeed, to prove that our ancestors brought their pronunciation with them from the Old Country, and have not wantonly debased their mother-tongue, I need only to cite the words *scriptur*, *Israll*, *athists*, and *cherfulness* from Governor Bradford's "History." So the good man wrote them, and so the good descendants of his fellow-exiles still pronounce them. Brampton Gurdon writes *shet* in a letter to Winthrop. *Purtend* (*pretend*) has crept like a serpent into the "Paradise of Dainty Devices;" *purvide*, which is not so bad, is in Chaucer. These, of course, are universal vulgarisms, and not peculiar to the Yankee. Butler has a Yankee phrase, and pronunciation too, in "To which these *carrings-on* did tend." Langham or Laneham, who wrote an account of the festivities at Kenilworth in honour of Queen Bess, and who evidently tried to spell phonetically, makes *sorrowus* into *sororz*. Herrick writes *hal-low* for *halloo*, and perhaps pronounced it (*horresco suggerens*!) *holla*, as Yankees do. Why not, when it comes from *holà*? I find *ffelaschyppe* (fellowship) in the Coventry Plays. Spenser and his queen neither of them scrupled to write *afore*, and the former feels no inelegance even in *chaw* and *idee*. *'Fore* was common till after Herrick. Dryden has *do's* for *does*, and his wife spells *worse wosce*. *Afeared* was once universal. Warner has *ery* for *ever a*; nay, he also has *illy*, with which we were once ignorantly reproached by persons more familiar with Murray's Grammar than with English literature. And why not *illy*? Mr. Bartlett says it is "a word used by writers of an inferior class, who do not seem to perceive that *ill* is itself an adverb, without the termination *ly*," and quotes Dr. Messer, President of Brown University, as asking triumphantly, "Why don't you say *uely*?" I should like to have had Dr. Messer answer his own question. It would be truer to say that it was used by people who still

¹ Cited in Collier. (I give my authority where I do not quote from the original book.)

remembered that *ill* was an adjective, the shortened form of *evil*, out of which Shakspeare ventured to make *evilly*. I find *illy* in Warner. The objection to *illy* is not an etymological one, but simply that it is contrary to good usage, — a very sufficient reason. *Ill* as an adverb was at first a vulgarism, precisely like the rustic's when he says, "I was treated *bad*." May not the reason of this exceptional form be looked for in that tendency to dodge what is hard to pronounce, to which I have already alluded? If the letters were distinctly uttered, as they should be, it would take too much time to say *ill-ly*, *well-ly*, and it is to be observed that we have avoided *smally*¹ and *tally* in the same way, though we add *ish* to them without hesitation in *smallish* and *tallish*. We have, to be sure, *dully* and *fully*, but for the one we prefer *stupidly*, and the other (though this may have come from eliding the *y* before *as*) is giving way to *full*. The uneducated, whose utterance is slower, still make adverbs when they will by adding *like* to all manner of adjectives. We have had *big* charged upon us, because we use it where an Englishman would now use *great*. I fully admit that it were better to distinguish between them, allowing to *big* a certain contemptuous quality; but as for authority, I want none better than that of Jeremy Taylor, who, in his noble sermon "On the Return of Prayer," speaks of "Jesus, whose spirit was meek and gentle up to the greatness of the *biggest* example." As for our double negative, I shall waste no time in quoting instances of it, because it was once as universal in English as it still is in the neo-Latin languages, where it does not strike us as vulgar. I am not sure that the loss of it is not to be regretted. But surely I shall admit the vulgarity of slurring or altogether eliding certain terminal consonants? I admit that a clear and sharp-cut enunciation is one of the crowning charms and elegancies of speech. Words so uttered are like coins fresh from the mint, compared with the worn and dingy drudges of long service, — I do not mean

American coins, for those look less badly the more they lose of their original ugliness. No one is more painfully conscious than I of the contrast between the rifle-crack of an Englishman's *yes* and *no*, and the wet-fuse drawl of the same monosyllables in the mouths of my countrymen. But I do not find the dropping of final consonants disagreeable in Allan Ramsay or Burns, nor do I believe that our literary ancestors were sensible of that inelegance in the fusing them together of which we are conscious. How many educated men pronounce the *t* in *chestnut*? how many say *pentise* for *penthouse*, as they should. When a Yankee skipper says that he is "boun" for Gloster" (not Gloucester, with the leave of the Universal Schoolmaster), he but speaks like Chaucer or an old ballad-singer, though they would have pronounced it *boon*. This is one of the cases where the *d* is surreptitious, and has been added in compliment to the verb *bind*, with which it has nothing to do. If we consider the root of the word (though of course I grant that every race has a right to do what it will with what is so peculiarly its own as its speech), the *d* has no more right there than at the end of *gone*, where it is often put by children, who are our best guides to the sources of linguistic corruption, and the best teachers of its processes. Cromwell, minister of Henry VIII., writes *worle* for *world*. Chapman has *wan* for *wand*, and *lawn* has rightfully displaced *laund*, though with no thought, I suspect, of etymology. Rogers tells us that Lady Bathurst sent him some letters written to William III. by Queen Mary, in which she addresses him as "*Dear Husban*." The old form *expoun*¹, which our farmers use, is more correct than the form with a barbarous *d* tacked on which has taken its place. Of the kind opposite to this, like our *gound* for *gown*, and the London Cockney's *wind* for *wine*, I find *drown* for *drown* in the "Misfortunes of Arthur" (1584), and in Swift. And, by the way, whence came the long sound of *wind* which our poets still retain, and which survives in "winding" a horn, a totally different word from "winding" a kite-string? We say *behind* and *hinder* (comparative). and yet to *hinder*. Shakspeare pro-

¹ The word occurs in a letter of Mary Boleyn, in Golding, and Warner. Milton also was fond of the word.

nounced *kind kind*, or what becomes of his play on that word and *kin* in "Hamlet"? Nay, did he not even (shall I dare to hint it?) drop the final *d* as the Yankee still does? John Lilly plays in the same way on *kindred* and *kindness*.

But to come to some other ancient instances. Warner rhymes *bounds* with *crowns*, *grounds* with *towns*, *text* with *sex*; *worst* with *crust*, *interrupts* with *cups*; Drayton, *defects* with *sex*; Chapman, *amends* with *cleanse*; Webster, *defects* with *checks*; Ben Jonson, *minds* with *combines*; Marston, *trust* and *obsequious*, *clothes* and *shows*; Dryden gives the same sound to *clothes*, and has also *minds* with *designs*. Of course, I do not affirm that their ears may not have told them that these were imperfect rhymes (though I am by no means sure even of that), but they surely would never have tolerated any such had they suspected the least vulgarity in them. Prior has the rhyme *first* and *trust*, but puts it into the mouth of a landlady. Swift has *stunted* and *burnt it*, an intentionally imperfect rhyme, no doubt, but which I cite as giving precisely the Yankee pronunciation of *burned*. Donne couples in unhallowed wedlock *after* and *matter*, thus seeming to give to both the true Yankee sound; and it is not uncommon to find *after* and *daughter*. Worse than all, in one of Dodsley's Old Plays we have *onions* rhyming with *minions*.—I have tears in my eyes while I record it. And yet what is viler than the universal *Misses* (*Mrs.*) for *Mistress*? This was once a vulgarism, and in "The Miseries of Inforced Marriage" the rhyme (printed as prose in Dodsley's Old Plays by Collier),

"To make my young *mistress*,
Delighting in *kisses*,"

is put into the mouth of the clown. Our people say *Injun* for *Indian*. The tendency to make this change where *i* follows *d* is common. The Italian *giorno* and French *jour* from *diurnus* are familiar examples. And yet *Injun* is one of those deprivations which the taste challenges peremptorily, though it have the authority of Charles Cotton—who rhymes "*Indies*" with "*cringes*"—and four English lexicographers, beginning with Dr. Sheridan, bid us say *invidgeous*. Yet after all, it is no worse than the de-

basement which all our terminations in *tion* and *tience* have undergone, which yet we hear with *resignashun* and *payshunce*, though it might have aroused both *impat-i-ence* and *indigna-ti-on* in Shakespeare's time. When George Herbert tells us that if the sermon be dull,

"God takes a text and preacheth pati-ence,"

the prolongation of the word seems to convey some hint at the longanimity of the virtue. Consider what a poor curtal we have made of Ocean. There was something of his heave and expanse in *o-ce-an*, and Fletcher knew how to use it when he wrote so fine a verse as the second of these, the best deep-sea verse I know—

"In desperate storms stem with a little rudder
The tumbling ruins of the ocean."

Oceanus was not then wholly shorn of his divine proportions, and our modern *oshun* sounds like the gush of small-beer in comparison. Some other contractions of ours have a vulgar air about them. *More'n* for *more than*, as one of the worst, may stand for a type of such. Yet our old dramatists are full of such obscurations (elisions they can hardly be called) of the *th*, making *wh'er* of *whether*, *wh're* of *whither*, *bro'r* of *brother*, *smo'r* of *smother*, *mo'r* of *mother*, and so on. Indeed, it is this that explains the word *rare* (which has Dryden's support), and which we say of meat where an Englishman would use *underdone*. I do not believe, with the dictionaries, that it had ever anything to do with the Icelandic *hrar* (*raw*), as it plainly has not in *rareripe*, which means earlier ripe. And I do not believe it, for this reason, that the earlier form of the word with us was, and the commoner now in the inland parts still is, so far as I can discover, *raredone*. Golding has "egs reere-rosted." I find *rather* as a monosyllable in Donne, and still better, as giving the sound, rhyming with *fair* in Warner. There is an epigram of Sir Thomas Browne in which the words *rather* than make a monosyllable:

"What furie is't to take Death's part
And rather than by Nature, die by Art!"

The contraction *more'n* I find in the old play "Fuimus Troes," in a verse where

the measure is so strongly accented as to leave it beyond doubt—

'A golden crown whose heirs
More than half the world subdue.'

It may be, however, that the contraction is in 'th' old.' It is unmistakable in the "Second Maiden's Tragedy"—

'It were but folly,
Dear soul, to boast of more than I can perform.'

Is our *gin* for *given* more violent than *mar'l* for *marvel*, which was once common, and which I find as late as Herrick? Nay, Herrick has *gin* (spelling it *g'en*), too, as do the Scotch, who agree with us likewise in preferring *chimly* to *chimney*.

I will now leave pronunciation and turn to words or phrases which have been supposed peculiar to us, only pausing to pick up a single dropped stitch in the pronunciation of the word *su'preme*, which I had thought native till I found it in the well-languaged Daniel. I will begin with a word of which I have never met with any example in print. We express the first stage of withering in a green plant suddenly cut down by the verb *to wilt*. It is, of course, own cousin of the German *welken*, but I have never come upon it in print, and my own books of reference give me faint help. Graff gives *welhèn*, *marcescere*, and refers to *weih* (*weak*), and conjecturally to A.-S. *hvelan*. The A.-S. *wealwian* (*to wither*) is nearer, but not so near as two words in the Icelandic, which perhaps put us on the track of its ancestry,—*velgi*, *tepefacere* (and *velki*, with the derivative) meaning *contaminare*. *Wilt*, at any rate, is a good word, filling, as it does, a sensible gap between drooping and withering, and the imaginative phrase "he wilted right down," like "he caved right in," is a true Americanism. *Wilt* occurs in English provincial glossaries, but is explained by *wither*, which with us it does not mean. We have a few words such as *cache*, *cohog*, *carry* (*portage*), *shoot* (*chute*), *timber* (*forest*), *bushwhack* (to pull a boat along by the bushes on the edge of a stream), *buckeye* (a picturesque word for the horse-chestnut); but how many can we be said to have fairly brought

into the language, as Alexander Gill, who first mentions Americanisms, meant it when he said, "*Sed et ab Americanis nonnulla mutuamur ut MAIZ et CANOA*"? Very few, I suspect, and those mostly by borrowing from the French, German, Spanish, or Indian. "The Dipper" for the "Great Bear" strikes me as having a native air. *Bagus*, in the sense of *worthless*, is undoubtedly ours, but is, I more than suspect, a corruption of the French *bagasse* (from Low Latin *bagasea*), which travelled up the Mississippi from New Orleans, where it was used for the refuse of the sugar-cane. It is true, we have modified the meaning of some words. We use *freshet* in the sense of *flood*, for which I have not chanced upon any authority. Our New England cross between Ancient Pistol and Dugald Dalgetty, Captain Underhill, uses the word (1638) to mean a current, and I do not recollect it elsewhere in that sense. I therefore leave it with a ? for future explorers. *Crick* for *creek* I find in Captain John Smith and in the dedication of Fuller's "Holy Warre," and *run*, meaning a *small stream*, in Waymouth's "Voyage" (1605). *Humans* for *men*, which Mr. Bartlett includes in his "Dictionary of Americanisms," is Chapman's habitual phrase in his translation of Homer. I find it also in the old play of "The Hog hath lost his Pearl." *Dogs* for *andirons* is still current in New England, and in Walter de Bibbesworth I find *chiens* glossed in the margin by *andirons*. *Gunning* for *shooting* is in Drayton. We once got credit for the poetical word *fall* for *autumn*, but Mr. Bartlett and the last edition of Webster's Dictionary refer us to Dryden. It is even older, for I find it in Drayton, and Bishop Hall has *autumn fall*. Middleton plays upon the word: "May'st thou have a reasonable good *spring*, for thou art like to have many dangerous foul *falls*." Daniel does the same, and Coleridge uses it as we do. Gray uses the archaism *picked* for *peaked*, and the word *smudge* (as our backwoodsmen do) for a smothered fire. Lord Herbert of Cherbury (more properly perhaps than even Sidney, the last *preux chevalier*) has "the Emperor's folks," just as a Yankee would say it. *Loan* for *lend*, with which we have hitherto been blackened, I must retort

upon the mother-island, for it appears so long ago as in "Albion's England." *Fleshy*, in the sense of *stout*, may claim Ben Jonson's warrant. *Chore* is also Jonson's word, and I am inclined to prefer it to *chare* and *char*, because I think that I see a more natural origin for it in the French *jour*—whence it might come to mean a day's work, and thence a job—than anywhere else. *At onst* for *at once* I thought a corruption of our own, till I found it in the Chester Plays. I am now inclined to suspect it no corruption at all, but only an erratic and obsolete superlative at *onest*. *To progress* was flung in our teeth till Mr. Pickering retorted with Shakspeare's "doth pro'gress down thy cheeks." I confess that I was never satisfied with this answer, because the accent was different, and because the word might here be reckoned a substantive quite as well as a verb. Mr. Bartlett (in his dictionary above cited) adds a surrebutter in a verse from Ford's "Broken Heart." Here the word is clearly a verb, but with the accent unhappily still on the first syllable. Mr. Bartlett says that he "cannot say whether the word was used in Bacon's time or not." It certainly was, and with the accent we give to it. Ben Jonson, in the "Alchemist," has this verse,

"Progress' so from extreme unto extreme,"

and Sir Philip Sidney,

"Progressing then from fair Turias' golden place."

Surely we may now sleep in peace, and our English cousins will forgive us, since we have cleared ourselves from any suspicion of originality in the matter! *Poor* for *lean*, *thirds* for *dower*, and *dry* for *thirsty* I find in Middleton's plays. *Dry* is also in Skelton and in the "World" (1754). In a note on Middleton, Mr. Dyce thinks it needful to explain the phrase *I can't tell* (universal in America) by the gloss *I could not say*. Middleton also uses *sneaked*, which I had believed an Americanism till I saw it there. It is, of course, only another form of *snatch*, analogous to *theek* and *thatch* (*cf.* the proper names Dekker and Thacher),

break (*brack*) and *breach*, *make* (still common with us) and *match*. 'Long on for occasioned by ("who is this 'long on?") occurs constantly in Gower and likewise in Middleton. 'Cause why is in Chaucer. *Raising* (an English version of the French *lever*) for *yeast* is employed by Gayton in his "Festivous Notes on Don Quixote." I have never seen an instance of our New England word *emptins* in the same sense, nor can I divine its original. Gayton has *lime-kill*; also *shuts* for *shutters*; and the latter is used by Mrs. Hutchinson in her "Life of Colonel Hutchinson." Bishop Hall, and Purchas in his "Pilgrims," have *chist* for *chest*, and it is certainly nearer *cista*, as well as to its form in the Teutonic languages, whence probably we got it. We retain the old sound from *cist*, but *chest* is as old as Chaucer. Lovelace says *wropt* for *wrapt*. "Musicianer" I had always associated with the militia musters of my boyhood, and too hastily concluded it an abomination of our own, but Mr. Wright calls it a Norfolk word, and I find it to be as old as 1642 by an extract in Collier. "Not worth the time of day" had passed with me for native till I saw it in Shakspeare's "Pericles." For *slick* (which is only a shorter sound of *sleek*, like *crick* and the now universal *britches* for *breeches*) I will only call Chapman and Jonson. "That's a sure card!" and "That's a stinger!" both sound like modern slang, but you will find the one in the old interlude of "Thersytes" (1537), and the other in Middleton. "Right here," a favourite phrase with our orators and with a certain class of our editors, turns up *passim* in the Chester and Coventry Plays. Mr. Dickens found something very ludicrous in what he considered our neologism *right away*. But I find a phrase very like it, and which I would gladly suspect to be a misprint for it, in "Gammer Gurton"—

"Lyght it and bring it tite away"

After all, what is it but another form of *straightway*? *Cussedness*, meaning *wickedness*, *malignity*, and *cuss*, a sneaking, ill-natured fellow, in such phrases as "He done it out o' pure cussedness," and "He is a nateral cuss,"

have been commonly thought Yankeeisms. To vent certain contemptuously indignant moods they are admirable in their rough-and-ready way. But neither is our own. *Cursydnesse*, in the same sense of malignant wickedness, occurs in the Coventry Plays, and *cuss* may perhaps claim to have come in with the Conqueror. At least the term is also French. Saint-Simon uses it and confesses its usefulness. Speaking of the Abbé Dubois, he says, "Qui étoit en plein ce qu'un mauvais françois appelle un *sacre*, mais qui ne se peut guère exprimer autrement." "Not worth a cuss," though supported by "not worth a damn," may be but a mere corruption, since "not worth a *cress*" is in "Piers Ploughman." "I don't see it" was the popular slang a year or two ago, and seemed to spring from the soil; but no, it is in Cibber's "Careless Husband." *Green sauce* for *vegetables* I meet in Beaumont and Fletcher, Gayton, and elsewhere. Our rustic pronunciation *sahce* (for either the diphthong *au* was anciently pronounced *ah*, or else we have followed abundant analogy in changing it to the latter sound, as we have in *chance*, *dance*, and so many more) may be the older one, and at least gives some hint at its ancestor *salva*. *Warn*, in the sense of *notify*, is, I believe, now peculiar to us, but Pecoock so employs it. *To cotton* to is, I rather think, an Americanism. The nearest approach to it I have found is *cotton together*, in Congreve's "Love for Love." *To cotton* or *cotten*, in another sense, is old and common. Our word means to *cling*, and its origin, possibly, is to be sought in another direction, perhaps in A.-S. *cwead*, which means *mud*, *clay* (both proverbially clinging), or better yet, in the Icelandic *qvoda* (otherwise *kód*, meaning *resin* and *glue*, which are *κατ' ἐξοχήν*, sticky substances. *To spit cotton* is, I think, American, and also, perhaps, *to flax* for *to beat*. *To the halves* still survives among us, though apparently obsolete in England. It means either to let or to hire a piece of land, receiving half the profit in money or in kind (*partibus locare*). I mention it because in a note by some English editor, to which I have lost my reference, I have seen it wrongly explained. The editors of Nares cite

Burton. *To put*, in the sense of *to go*, as *Put! for Begone!* would seem our own, and yet it is strictly analogous to the French *se mettre à la voie*, and the Italian *mettersi in via*. Indeed, Dante has a verse,

"Io sarei [for mi sarei] già messo per lo sentiero,"

which, but for the indignity, might be translated,

"I should, ere this, have *put* along the way."

I deprecate in advance any share in General Banks's notions of international law, but we may all take a just pride in his exuberant eloquence as something distinctively American. When he spoke a few years ago of "letting the Union slide," even those who, for political purposes, reproached him with the sentiment, admired the indigenous virtue of his phrase. Yet I find "let the world slide" in Heywood's "Edward IV.;" and in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Wit without Money," Valentine says,

"Will you go drink,
And let the world slide?"

So also in Sidney's "Arcadia,"

"Let his dominion slide."

In the one case it is put into the mouth of a clown, in the other, of a gentleman, and was evidently proverbial. It has even higher sanction, for Chaucer writes,

"Well nigh all other curés *let he slide*."

Mr. Bartlett gives "above one's bend" as an Americanism; but compare Hamlet's "to the top of my bent." *In his tracks* for *immediately* has acquired an American accent, and passes where he can for a native, but is an importation nevertheless; for what is he but the Latin *e vestigio*, or at best the Norman-French *eneslespas*, both which have the same meaning? *Hotfoot* (provincial also in England) I find in the old romance of "Tristan,"

"Si s'en parti CHAUT PAS."

Like for *as* is never used in New England, but is universal in the South and West. It has on its side the authority of two

kings) *ego sum rex Romanorum et supra grammaticam*), Henry VIII. and Charles I. This were ample, without throwing into the scale the scholar and poet Daniel. *Them* was used as a nominative by the majesty of Edward VI., by Sir P. Hoby, and by Lord Paget (in Froude's "History"). I have never seen any passage adduced where *guess* was used as the Yankee uses it. The word was familiar in the mouths of our ancestors, but with a different shade of meaning from that we have given it, which is something like *rather think*, though the Yankee implies a confident certainty by it when he says, "I guess I *du*!" There are two examples in Otway, one of which ("So in the struggle, I guess the note was lost") perhaps might serve our purpose, and Coleridge's

"I guess 'twas fearful there to see"

certainly comes very near. But I have a higher authority than either in Selden, who, in one of his notes to the "Polyolbion," writes, "The first inventor of them (I *guess* you dislike not the addition) was one Berthold Swartz." Here he must mean by it, "I take it for granted." Another peculiarity almost as prominent is the beginning sentences, especially in answer to questions, with "well." Put before such a phrase as "How d'e do?" it is commonly short, and has the sound of *wul*, but in reply it is deliberative, and the various shades of meaning which can be conveyed by difference of intonation, and by prolonging or abbreviating, I should vainly attempt to describe. I have heard *ooa-ahl*, *wahl*, *ahl*, *wul*, and something nearly approaching the sound of the *le* in *able*. Sometimes before "I" it dwindles to a mere *l*, "I dunno." A friend of mine (why should I not please myself, though I displease him, by brightening my page with the initials of the most exquisite of humorists, J. H. ?) told me that he once heard five "wells," like pioneers, precede the answer to an inquiry about the price of land. The first was the *wul*, in deference to custom; the second, the long, perpending *ooahl*, with a falling inflection of the voice; the third, the same, but with the voice rising, as if in despair of a conclusion, into a plaintively

nasal whine; the fourth, *wulh*, ending in the aspirate of a sigh; and then, fifth, came a short, sharp *wal*, showing that a conclusion had been reached. I have used this latter form in the "Biglow Papers," because, if enough nasality be added, it represents most nearly the average sound of what I may call the interjection.

A locution prevails in the Southern and Middle States which is so curious that, though never heard in New England, I will give a few lines to its discussion, the more readily because it is extinct elsewhere. I mean the use of *allow* in the sense of *affirm*, as "I allow that's a good horse." I find the word so used in 1558 by Anthony Jenkinson in Hakluyt: "Come they sowe not, neither doe eate any bread, mocking the Christians for the same, and disabling our strengthe, saying we live by eating the toppe of a weede, and drinke a drinke made of the same, *allowing* theyr great devouring of flesh and drinking of milke to be the increase of theyr strength." That is, they undervalued our strength, and affirmed their own to be the result of a certain diet. In another passage of the same narrative the word has its more common meaning of approving or praising: "The said king, much *allowing* this declaration, said." Ducange quotes Bracton *sub voce* ADLOCARE for the meaning "to admit as proved," and the transition from this to "affirm" is by no means violent. At the same time, when we consider some of the meanings of *allow* in Old English, and of *allowen* in Old French, and also remember that the verbs *prize* and *praise* are from one root, I think we must admit *allaudare* to a share in the paternity of *allow*. The sentence from Hakluyt would read equally well, "contemning our strengthe, . . . and praising (or valuing) their great eating of flesh as the cause of their increase in strength." After all, if we confine ourselves to *alloware*, it may turn out that the word was somewhere and somewhen used for *to bet*, analogously to *put up*, *put down*, *post* (cf. Spanish *apostar*), and the like. I hear boys in the street continually saying "I bet that's a good horse," or what not, meaning by no means to risk anything beyond their opinion in the matter.

The word *improve*, in the sense of "to occupy, make use of, employ," as Dr. Pickering defines it, he long ago proved to be no neologism. He would have done better, I think, had he substituted *profit by* for *employ*. He cites Dr. Franklin as saying that the word had never, so far as he knew, been used in New England before he left it in 1723, except in Dr. Mather's "Remarkable Providences," which he oddly calls a "very old book." Franklin, as Dr. Pickering goes on to show, was mistaken. Mr. Bartlett in his "Dictionary" merely abridges Pickering. Both of them should have confined the application of the word to material things, its extension to which is all that is peculiar in the supposed American use of it. For surely "Complete Letter-Writers" have been "*improving* this opportunity" time out of mind. I will illustrate the word a little further, because Pickering cites no English authorities. Skelton has a passage in his "Phyllip Sparowe," which I quote the rather as it contains also the word *allowed*, and as it distinguishes *improve* from *employ*—

"His [Chaucer's] Englysh well allowed,
So as it is *enproved*,
For as it is *employd*,
There is no English voyd."

Here the meaning is *to profit by*. In Fuller's "Holy Warre" (1647), we have "The Egyptians standing on the firm ground, were thereby enabled to *improve* and enforce their darts to the utmost." Here the word might certainly mean *to make use of*. Mrs. Hutchinson (Life of Colonel H.) uses the word in the same way: "And therefore did not *emprove* his interest to engage the country in the quarrell." Swift, in one of his letters, says: "There is not an acre of land in Ireland turned to half its advantage; yet it is better *improved* than the people." I find it also in "Strength out of Weakness" (1652), and Plutarch's "Morals" (1714), but I know of only one example of its use in the purely American sense, and that is "a very good *improvement* for a mill" in the "State Trials" (Speech of the Attorney-General in the Lady Ivy's case, 1684). In the sense of *employ*, I could cite a dozen old English authorities.

In running over the fly-leaves of those delightful folios for this reference, I find a note which reminds me of another word, for our abuse of which we have been deservedly ridiculed. I mean *lady*. It is true I might cite the example of the Italian *donna*¹ (*domina*), which has been treated in the same way by a whole nation, and not, as *lady* among us, by the uncultivated only. It perhaps grew into use in the half-democratic republics of Italy in the same way and for the same reasons as with us. But I admit that our abuse of the word is villainous. I know of an orator who once said in a public meeting where bonnets preponderated, that "the ladies were last at the cross and first at the tomb"! But similar sins were committed before our day and in the mother-country. In the "State Trials" I learn of "a *gentlewoman* that lives cook with" such a one, and I hear the Lord High Steward speaking of the wife of a waiter at a bagnio as a *gentlewoman*! From the same authority, by the way, I can state that our vile habit of chewing tobacco had the somewhat unsavoury example of Titus Oates, and I know by tradition from an eye-witness that the elegant General Burgoyne partook of the same vice. Howell, in one of his letters (dated 26 August 1623), speaks thus of another "institution" which many have thought American: "They speak much of that boisterous Bishop of Halverstadt (for so they term him here), that, having taken a place wher ther were two Monasteries of Nuns and Friers, he caus'd divers feather-beds to be rip'd, and all the feathers to be thrown in a great Hall, whither the Nuns and Friers were thrust naked with their bodies oil'd and pitch'd, and to tumble among the feathers." Howell speaks as if the thing were new to him, and I know not if the "boisterous" Bishop was the inventor of it, but I find it practised in England before our Revolution. Before leaving the subject, I will add a few comments made from time to time on the margin of Mr. Bartlett's excellent "Dictionary," to which I am glad thus publicly to acknowledge my

¹ *Dame*, in English, is a decayed gentleman of the same family.

many obligations. "Avails" is good Old English, and the *vails* of Sir Joshua Reynolds's porter are famous. Averse *from*, averse *to*, and in connection with them the English vulgarism "different *to*." The corrupt use of *to* in these cases, as well as in the Yankee "he lives *to* Salem," "to home," and others, must be a very old one, for in the one case it plainly arose from confounding the two French prepositions *à* (from Latin *ad* and *ab*), and in the other from translating the first of them. I once thought "different *to*" a modern vulgarism, and Mr. Thackeray, on my pointing it out to him in "Henry Esmond," confessed it to be an anachronism. Mr. Bartlett refers to "the old writers quoted in Richardson's Dictionary" for "different *to*," though in my edition of that work all the examples are with *from*. But I find *to* used invariably by Sir R. Hawkins in Hakluyt. *Banjo* is a negro corruption of O.E. *bandore*. *Bind-weed* can hardly be modern, for *wood-bind* is old and radically right, intertwining itself through *bindan* and *windan* with classic stems. *Bobolink*: is this a contraction for Bob o' Lincoln? I find *bobolynnes* in one of the poems attributed to Skelton, where it may be rendered *giddy-pate*, a term very fit for the bird in his ecstasies. *Cruel for great* is in Hakluyt. *Bowling-alley* is in Nash's "Pierce Pennilesses." *Curious*, meaning *nicc*, occurs continually in old writers, and is as old as Pecoock's "Repressor." *Droger* is O.E. *drugger*. *Educational* is in Burke. *Feeze* is only a form of *fix*. *To fix*, in the American sense, I find used by the Commissioners of the United Colonies so early as 1675, "their arms well *fixed* and fit for service." *To take the foot in the hand* is German; so is *to go under*. *Gundalow* is old: I find *gundelo* in Hakluyt, and *gundello* in Booth's reprint of the folio Shakspeare of 1623. *Gonoff* is O.E. *gnoffe*. *Heap* is in "Piers Ploughman" ("and other names *an heap*"), and in Hakluyt ("seeing such a *heap* of their enemies ready to devour them"). *To liquor* is in the "Puritan" ("call 'em in, and liquor 'em a little"). *To loaf*: this, I think, is unquestionably German. *Laufen* is pronounced *lofen* in some parts of Germany, and I once heard one German student say to another,

Ich lauf (lofe) *hier bis du wiederkehrst*, and he began accordingly to saunter up and down, in short, to *loaf*. *To mull*, Mr. Bartlett says, means "to soften, to dispirit," and quotes from "Margaret,"—"There has been a pretty considerable *mullin* going on among the doctors,"—where it surely cannot mean what he says it does. We have always heard *mulling* used for *stirring*, *bustling*, sometimes in an underhand way. It is a metaphor derived probably from *mulling* wine, and the word itself must be a corruption of *mell*, from O.F. *mesler*. *Pair of stairs* is in Hakluyt. *To pull up stakes* is in Curwen's Journal, and therefore pre-Revolutionary. I think I have met with it earlier. *Raise*: under this word Mr. Bartlett omits "to raise a house," that is, the frame of a wooden one, and also the substantive formed from it, a *raisin*. *Retire for go to bed* is in Fielding's "Amelia." *Setting-poles* cannot be new, for I find "some *set* [the boats] with long *poles*" in Hakluyt. *Shoulder-hitters*: I find that *shoulder-striker* is old, though I have lost the reference to my authority. *Snag* is no new word, though perhaps the Western application of it is so; but I find in Gill the proverb, "A bird in the bag is worth two on the snag." Dryden has *swoop* and *to rights*. *Trail*: Hakluyt has "many wayes *traled* by the wilde beastes."

I subjoin a few phrases not in Mr. Bartlett's book which I have heard, *Bald-headed*: "to go it bald-headed;" in great haste, as where one rushes out without his hat. *Bogue*: "I don't git much done 'thout I *bogue* right in along 'th my men." *Carry*: a *portage*. *Cat-nap*: a short doze. *Cat-stick*: a small stick. *Chowder-head*: a muddle-brain. *Cling-john*: a soft cake of rye. *Cocoonut*: the head. *Cokees*: applied to the people of certain settlements in Western Pennsylvania, from their use of the archaic form *Quo' he*. *Dunnow 's I know*: the nearest your true Yankee ever comes to acknowledging ignorance. *Essence-pedler*: a skunk. *First-rate and a half*. *Fish-flakes*, for drying fish: O.E. *fleek* (*cratis*). *Gander-party*: a social gathering of men only. *Gawnicus*: a dolt. *Hawkins's wheelstone*: rum; in derision of one Hawkins, a well-known temperance lecturer. *Hyper*: to bustle: "I

mus' *hyper* about an' git tea." *Keeler-tub*: one in which dishes are washed. ("And Greasy Joan doth *keel* the pot.") *Lap-tea*: where the guests are too many to sit at table. *Last of pea-time*: to be hard-up. *Löse-laid* (loose-laid): a weaver's term, and probably English; weak-willed. *Malahack*: to cut up hastily or awkwardly. *Moonglade*: a beautiful word: for the track of moonlight on the water. *Offox*: an unmanageable, cross-grained fellow. *Old Driver*, *Old Split-foot*: the Devil. *Onhitch*: to pull trigger (cf. Spanish *disparar*). *Popular*: conceited. *Rote*: sound of surf before a storm. *Rot-gut*: cheap whisky; the word occurs in Heywood's "English Traveller" and Addison's "Drummer," for a poor kind of drink. *Seem*: it is habitual with the New-Englander to put this verb to strange uses, as, "I can't *seem* to be suited," "I couldn't *seem* to know him." *Sidehill*, for *hillside*. *State-house*: this seems an Americanism, whether invented or derived from the Dutch *Stadhuys*, I know not. *Strike* and *string*: from the game of ninepins; to make a *strike* is to knock down all the pins with one ball, hence it has come to mean fortunate, successful. *Swampers*: men who break out roads for lumberers. *Tormented*: euphemism for damned, as, "not a tormented cent." *Virginia fence*, to make a: to walk like a drunken man.

It is always worth while to note down the erratic words or phrases which one meets with in any dialect. They may throw light on the meaning of other words, on the relationship of languages, or even on history itself. In so composite a language as ours they often supply a different form to express a different shade of meaning, as in *viol* and *fiddle*, *thrid* and *thread*, *smother* and *smoulder*, where the *l* has crept in by a false analogy with *would*. We have given back to England the excellent adjective *lengthy*, formed honestly like *earthy*, *drouthy*, and others, thus enabling their journalists to characterise our President's messages by a word civilly compromising between *long* and *tedious*, so as not to endanger the peace of the two countries by wounding our national sensitiveness to British criticism. Let me give two curious examples of the antiseptic property of

dialects at which I have already glanced. Dante has *dindi* as a childish or low word for *danari* (money), and in Shropshire small Roman coins are still dug up which the peasants call *dinders*. This can hardly be a chance coincidence, but seems rather to carry the word back to the Roman soldiery. So our farmers say *chuk, chuk*, to their pigs, and *ciacco* is one of the Italian words for *hog*. When a countryman tells us that he "fell *all of a heap*," I cannot help thinking that he unconsciously points to an affinity between our word *tumble*, and the Latin *tumulus*, that is older than most others. I believe that words, or even the mere intonation of them, have an astonishing vitality and power of propagation by the root, like the gardener's pest, quitch-grass,¹ while the application or combination of them may be new. It is in these last that my countrymen seem to me full of humour, invention, quickness of wit, and that sense of subtle analogy which needs only refining to become fancy and imagination. Prosaic as American life seems in many of its aspects to a European, bleak and bare as it is on the side of tradition, and utterly orphaned of the solemn inspiration of antiquity, I cannot help thinking that the ordinary talk of unlettered men among us is fuller of metaphor and of phrases that suggest lively images than that of any other people I have seen. Very many such will be found in Mr. Bartlett's book, though his short list of proverbs at the end seem to me, with one or two exceptions, as un-American as possible. Most of them have no character at all but coarseness, and are quite too long-skirted for working proverbs, in which language always "takes off its coat to it," as a Yankee would say. There are plenty that have a more native and puckery flavour, seedlings from the old stock often, and yet new varieties. One hears such not seldom among us Easterners, and the West would yield many more. "Mean enough to steal acorns from a blind hog;" "Cold as the north side of a Jenocary gravestone by starlight;" "Hungry as a graven image;" "Pop'lar

¹ Which, whether in that form, or under its aliases *witch-grass* and *cooch-grass*, points us back to its original Saxon *quich*.

as a hen with one chicken;" "A hen's time ain't much;" "Quicker'n greased lightnin'!" "Ther's sech a thing ez bein' *tu*" (our Yankee paraphrase of *μῆδεν ἄγαν*); hence the phrase *too'in' round*, meaning a supererogatory activity like that of flies; "Stingy enough to skim his milk at both eends;" "Hot as the Devil's kitchen;" "Handy as a pocket in a shirt;" "He's a whole team and the dog under the waggon;" "All deacons are good, but there's odds in deacons" (to *deacon* berries is to put the largest atop); "So thievish they hev to take in their stone walls nights;"¹ may serve as specimens. "I take my tea *barfoot*," said a backwoodsman when asked if he would have cream and sugar. (I find *barfoot*, by the way, in the Coventry Plays.) A man speaking to me once of a very rocky clearing said, "Stone's got a pretty heavy mortgage on that land," and I overheard a guide in the woods say to his companions who were urging him to sing, "Wal, I *did* sing once, but toons got invented, an' thet spilt my trade." Whoever has driven over a stream by a bridge made of *slabs* will feel the picturesque force of the epithet *slab-bridged* applied to a fellow of shaky character. Almost every county has some good die-sinker in phrase, whose mintage passes into the currency of the whole neighbourhood. Such a one described the county jail (the one stone building where all the dwellings are of wood) as "the house whose underpinnin' come up to the eaves," and called hell "the place where they didn't rake up their fires nights." I once asked a stage-driver if the other side of a hill were as steep as the one we were climbing: "Steep? chain lightnin' couldn' go down it 'thout puttin' the shoe on!" And this brings me back to the exaggeration of which I spoke before. To me there is something very taking in the negro "so black that charcoal made a chalk-mark on him," and the wooden shingle "painted so like marble that it sank in water," as if its very consciousness or its vanity had been over-persuaded by the cunning of the

painter. I heard a man, in order to give a notion of some very cold weather, say to another that a certain Joe, who had been taking mercury, found a lump of quicksilver in each boot, when he went home to dinner. This power of rapidly dramatising a dry fact into flesh and blood, and the vivid conception of Joe as a human thermometer, strike me as showing a poetic sense that may be refined into faculty. At any rate there is humour here, and not mere quickness of wit,—the deeper and not the shallower quality. The *tendency* of humour is always towards overplus of expression, while the very essence of wit is its logical precision. Captain Basil Hall denied that our people had any humour, deceived, perhaps, by their gravity of manner. But this very seriousness is often the outward sign of that humorous quality of the mind which delights in finding an element of identity in things seemingly the most incongruous, and then again in forcing an incongruity upon things identical. Perhaps Captain Hall had no humour himself, and if so he would never find it. Did he always feel the point of what was said to himself? I doubt it, because I happen to know a chance he once had given him in vain. The Captain was walking up and down the veranda of a country tavern in Massachusetts while the coach changed horses. A thunderstorm was going on, and, with that pleasant European air of indirect self-compliment in condescending to be surprised by American merit, which we find so conciliating, he said to a countryman lounging against the door, "Pretty heavy thunder you have here." The other, who had divined at a glance his feeling of generous concession to a new country, drawled gravely, "Waal, we *du*, considerin' the number of inhabitants." This, the more I analyse it, the more humorous does it seem. The same man was capable of wit also, when he would. He was a cabinet-maker, and was once employed to make some commandment-tables for the parish meeting-house. The parson, a very old man, annoyed him by looking into his workshop every morning, and cautioning him to be very sure to pick out "clear mahogany without any *knots* in it." At last, wearied out, he retorted one day:

¹ And, by the way, the Yankee never says "o' nights," but uses the older adverbial form, analogous to the German *nachts*.

"Wal, Dr. B., I guess ef I was to leave the *nots* out o' some o' the c'man'ments, 't 'ould soot you full ez wal!"

If I had taken the pains to write down the proverbial or pithy phrases I have heard, or if I had sooner thought of noting the Yankeeisms I met with in my reading, I might have been able to do more justice to my theme. But I have done all I wished in respect to pronunciation, if I have proved that where we are vulgar, we have the countenance of very good company. For, as to the *jus et norma loquendi*, I agree with Horace and those who have paraphrased or commented him, from Boileau to Gray. I think that a good rule for style is Galiani's definition of sublime oratory.—"L'art de tout dire sans être mis à la Bastille dans un pays où il est défendu de rien dire." I profess myself a fanatical purist, but with a hearty contempt for the speech-gilders who affect purism without any thorough, or even pedagogic, knowledge of the engendure, growth, and affinities of the noble language about whose *mésalliances* they profess (like Dean Alford) to be so solicitous. If they had their way! "Doch es sey," says Lessing, "dass jene gothische Höflichkeit eine unentbehrliche Tugend des heutigen Umganges ist. Soll sie darum unsere Schriften eben so schaal und falsch machen als unsern Umgang?" And Drayton was not wrong in affirming that

"'Tis possible to climb,
To kindle, or to slake,
Although in Skelton's rhyme."

Cumberland, in his Memoirs, tells us that when, in the midst of Admiral Rodney's great sea-fight, Sir Charles Douglas said to him, "Behold, Sir George, the Greeks and Trojans contending for the body of Patroclus!" the Admiral answered peevishly, "Damn the Greeks and damn the Trojans! I have other things to think of." After the battle was won, Rodney spoke thus to Sir Charles, "Now, my dear friend, I am at the service of your Greeks and Trojans, and the whole of Homer's Iliad, or as much of it as you please!" I had some such feeling of the impertinence of our pseudo-classicality when I chose our homely dialect to work in. Should we be nothing,

because somebody had contrived to be something (and that perhaps in a provincial dialect) ages ago? and to be nothing by our very attempt to be that something, which they had already been, and which therefore nobody could be again without being a bore? Is there no way left, then, I thought, of being natural, of being *naïf*, which means nothing more than native, of belonging to the age and country in which you are born? The Yankee, at least, is a new phenomenon; let us try to be *that*. It is perhaps a *pis aller*, but is not *No Thoroughfare* written up everywhere else? In the literary world, things seemed to me very much as they were in the latter half of the last century. Pope, skimming the cream of good sense and expression wherever he could find it, had made, not exactly poetry, but an honest, salable butter of worldly wisdom which pleasantly lubricated some of the drier morsels of life's daily bread, and, seeing this, scores of harmlessly insane people went on for the next fifty years coaxing his buttermilk with the regular up and down of the pentameter churn. And in our day do we not scent everywhere, and even carry away in our clothes against our will, that faint perfume of musk which Mr. Tennyson has left behind him, or worse, of Heine's *pachouli*? And might it not be possible to escape them by turning into one of our narrow New England lanes, shut in though it were by bleak stone walls on either hand, and where no better flowers were to be gathered than golden-rod and hardhack?

Beside the advantage of getting out of the beaten track, our dialect offered others hardly inferior. As I was about to make an endeavour to state them, I remembered something which the clear-sighted Goethe had said about Hebel's *Allemannische Gedichte*, which, making proper deduction for special reference to the book under review, expresses what I would have said far better than I could hope to do: "Allen diesen innern guten Eigenschaften kommt die behagliche naive Sprache sehr zu statten. Man findet mehrere sinnlich bedeutende und wohlklingende Worte . . . von einem, zwei Buchstaben, Abbreviationen, Contractionen, viele kurze, leichte Sylben,

neue Reime, welches, mehr als man glaubt, ein Vortheil für den Dichter ist. Diese Elemente werden durch glückliche Constructionen und lebhaft Formen zu einem Styl zusammengedrängt der zu diesem Zwecke vor unserer Büchersprache gresse Vorzüge hat." Of course I do not mean to imply that I have come near achieving any such success as the great critic here indicates, but I think the success is *there*, and to be plucked by some more fortunate hand.

Nevertheless, I was encouraged by the approval of many whose opinions I valued. With a feeling too tender and grateful to be mixed with any vanity, I mention as one of these the late A. H. Clough, who more than any one of those I have known (no longer living), except Hawthorne, impressed me with the constant presence of that indefinable thing we call genius. He often suggested that I should try my hand at some Yankee Pastoral, which would admit of more sentiment and a higher tone without foregoing the advantage offered by the dialect. I have never completed anything of the kind, but, in this Second Series, both my remembrance of his counsel and the deeper feeling called up by the great interests at stake, led me to venture some passages nearer to what is called poetical than could have been admitted without incongruity into the former series. The time seemed calling to me, with the old poet—

"Leave, then, your wonted prattle,
The oaten reed forbear;
For I hear a sound of battle,
And trumpets rend the air!"

The only attempt I had ever made at anything like a pastoral (if that may be called an attempt which was the result almost of pure accident) was in "The Courtin'." While the introduction to the First Series was going through the press, I received word from the printer that there was a blank page left which must be filled. I sat down at once and improvised another fictitious "notice of the press," in which, because verse would fill up space more cheaply than prose, I inserted an extract from a supposed ballad of Mr. Biglow. I kept no copy of it, and the printer, as directed, cut it off when the gap was filled. Pre-

sently I began to receive letters asking for the rest of it, sometimes for the *balance* of it. I had none, but, to answer such demands, I patched a conclusion upon it in a later edition. Those who had only the first continued to importune me. Afterward, being asked to write it out as an autograph for the Baltimore Sanitary Commission Fair, I added other verses, into some of which I infused a little more sentiment in a homely way, and after a fashion completed it by sketching in the characters and making a connected story. Most likely I have spoiled it, but I shall put it at the end of this introduction, to answer once for all those kindly importunings.

As I have seen extracts from what purported to be writings of Mr. Biglow which were not genuine, I may properly take this opportunity to say that the two volumes now published contain every line I ever printed under that pseudonym, and that I have never, so far as I can remember, written an anonymous article (elsewhere than in the *North American Review* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, during my editorship of it) except a review of Mrs. Stowe's "Minister's Wooing," and, some twenty years ago, a sketch of the anti-slavery movement in America for an English journal.

A word more on pronunciation. I have endeavoured to express this so far as I could by the types, taking such pains as, I fear, may sometimes make the reading harder than need be. At the same time, by studying uniformity I have sometimes been obliged to sacrifice minute exactness. The emphasis often modifies the habitual sound. For example, *for* is commonly *fer* (a shorter sound than *fur* for *far*), but when emphatic it always becomes *for*, as "wut *for*!" So *too* is pronounced like *to* (as it was anciently spelt), and to like *ta* (the sound is in the *tau* of *touch*), but *too*, when emphatic, changes into *tue*, and *to*, sometimes, in similar cases, into *toe*, as, "I did n' hardly know wut *toe* du!" Where vowels come together, or one precedes another following an aspirate, the two melt together, as was common with the older poets who formed their versification on French or Italian models. Drayton is thoroughly Yankee when he says "I 'xpect," and Pope when

he says "t' inspire." *With* becomes sometimes *'ith*, *'ath*, or *'th*, or even disappears wholly where it comes before *the*, as, "I went along th' Square" (along with the Squire), the *are* sound being an archaism which I have noticed also in *choir*, like the old Scottish *quhair*. (Herrick has, "Of flowers ne'er sucked by th' theiving bee.") *Without* becomes *athout* and *'thout*. *Afterwards* always retains its locative *s*, and is pronounced always *ahterwurds'*, with a strong accent on the last syllable. This oddity has some support in the erratic *towards'* instead of *to'wards*, which we find in the poets and sometimes hear. The sound given to the first syllable of *to'wards*, I may remark, sustains the Yankee lengthening of the *o* in *to*. At the beginning of a sentence, *ahterwurds* has the accent on the first syllable; at the end of one, on the last; as, "*ah'terwurds* he tol' me," "he tol' me *ahterwurds'*." The Yankee never makes a mistake in his aspirates. *U* changes in many words to *e*, always in *such*, *brush*, *tush*, *hush*, *rush*, *blush*, seldom in *much*, oftener in *trust* and *crust*, never in *mush*, *gust*, *bust*, *tumble*, or (?) *flush*, in the latter case probably to avoid confusion with *flesh*. I have heard *flush* with the *e* sound, however. For the same reason, I suspect, never in *gush* (at least, I never heard it), because we have already one *gush* for *gash*. *A* and *i* short frequently become *e* short. *U* always becomes *o* in the prefix *un* (except *unfo*), and *o* in return changes to *u* short in *uv* for *of*, and in some words beginning with *om*. *T* and *d*, *b* and *p*, *v* and *w*, remain intact. So much occurs to me in addition to what I said on this head in the preface to the former volume.

Of course in what I have said I wish to be understood as keeping in mind the difference between provincialisms properly so called and *slang*. *Slang* is always vulgar, because it is not a natural but an affected way of talking, and all mere tricks of speech or writing are offensive. I do not think that Mr. Biglow can be fairly charged with vulgarity, and I should have entirely failed in my design, if I had not made it appear that high and even refined sentiment may co-exist with the shrewder and more comic elements of the Yankee character. I

believe that what is essentially vulgar and mean-spirited in politics seldom has its source in the body of the people, but much rather among those who are made timid by their wealth or selfish by their love of power. A democracy can afford much better than an aristocracy to follow out its convictions, and it is perhaps better qualified to build those convictions on plain principles of right and wrong, rather than on the shifting sands of expediency. I had always thought "Sam Slick" a libel on the Yankee character, and a complete falsification of Yankee modes of speech, though, for aught I know, it may be true in both respects so far as the British provinces are concerned. To me the dialect was native, was spoken all about me when a boy, at a time when an Irish day-labourer was as rare as an American one now. Since then I have made a study of it so far as opportunity allowed. But when I write in it, it is as in a mother-tongue, and I am carried back far beyond any studies of it to long-ago noonings in my father's hay-fields, and to the talk of Sam and Job over their jug of *blackstrap* under the shadow of the ash-tree which 'till dapples the grass whence they have been gone so long.

But life is short, and prefaces should be. And so, my good friends, to whom this introductory epistle is addressed, farewell. Though some of you have remonstrated with me, I shall never write any more "Biglow Papers," however great the temptation,—great especially at the present time,—unless it be to complete the original plan of this Series by bringing out Mr. Sawin as an "original Union man." The very favour with which they have been received is a hindrance to me, by forcing on me a self-consciousness from which I was entirely free when I wrote the First Series. Moreover, I am no longer the same careless youth, with nothing to do but live to myself, my books, and my friends, that I was then. I always hated politics, in the ordinary sense of the word, and I am not likely to grow fonder of them, now that I have learned how rare it is to find a man who can keep principle clear from party and personal prejudice, or can conceive the possibility of another's doing so. I feel as if I could in some

sort claim to be an *emeritus*, and I am sure that political satire will have full justice done it by that genuine and delightful humorist, the Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby. I regret that I killed off Mr. Wilbur so soon, for he would have enabled me to bring into this preface a number of learned quotations, which must now go a-begging, and also enabled me to dispersonalise myself into a vicarious egotism. He would have helped me also in clearing myself from a charge which I shall briefly touch on, because my friend Mr. Hughes has found it needful to defend me in his preface to one of the English editions of the "Biglow Papers." I thank Mr. Hughes heartily for his friendly care of my good name, and were his Preface accessible to my readers here (as I am glad it is not, for its partiality makes me blush), I should leave the matter where he left it. The charge is of profanity, brought in by persons who proclaimed African slavery of Divine institution, and is based (so far as I have heard) on two passages in the First Series—

"An' you've gut to git up airy,
Ef you want to take in God,"
and
"God'll send the bill to you,"

and on some Scriptural illustrations by Mr. Sawin.

Now, in the first place, I was writing under an assumed character, and must talk as the person would whose mouth-piece I made myself. Will any one familiar with the New England countryman venture to tell me that he does *not* speak of sacred things familiarly? that Biblical allusions (allusions, that is, to the single book with whose language, from his church-going habits, he is intimate) are *not* frequent on his lips? If so, he cannot have pursued his studies of the character on so many long-ago muster-fields and at so many cattle-shows as I. But I scorn any such line of defence, and will confess at once that one of the things I am proud of in my countrymen is (I am not speaking now of such persons as I have assumed Mr. Sawin to be) that they do not put their Maker away far from them, or interpret the fear of God into being afraid of Him. The Talmud-

ists had conceived a deep truth when they said, that "all things were in the power of God save the fear of God;" and when people stand in great dread of an invisible power, I suspect they mistake quite another personage for the Deity. I might justify myself for the passages criticised by many parallel ones from Scripture, but I need not. The Reverend Homer Wilbur's note-books supply me with three apposite quotations. The first is from a Father of the Roman Church, the second from a Father of the Anglican, and the third from a Father of Modern English poetry. The Puritan divines would furnish me with many more such. St. Bernard says, *Sapiens nummularius est Deus: nummum fictum non recipit*; "A cunning money-changer is God: He will take in no base coin." Latimer says, "You shall perceive that God, by this example, shaketh us by the noses and taketh us by the ears." Familiar enough, both of them, one would say! But I should think Mr. Biglow had verily stolen the last of the two maligned passages from Dryden's "Don Sebastian," where I find

"And beg of Heaven to charge the bill on me!"

And there I leave the matter, being willing to believe that the Saint, the Martyr, and even the Poet, were as careful of God's honour as my critics are ever likely to be.

J. R. L.

THE COURTIN'

GOD makes sech nights, all white an' still

Fur 'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldj all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
Fetched back f'om Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, Ar,
Clear grit an' human natur',
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some*!
She seemed to 've got a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelins flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfe o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him furdur,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal . . . no . . . I come 'dassign-
in'"
'To see my Ma? She's sprinklin'
clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
Says she, "Think likely, Mister:"
Thet last word pricked him like a
pin,
An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer
mind
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt
glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

THE BIGLOW PAPERS

No. I.

BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN, ESQ., TO
MR. HOSEA BIGLOW

LETTER FROM THE REVEREND HOMER
WILBUR, M.A., ENCLOSING THE
EPISTLE AFORESAID

JAALAM, 15th Nov. 1861.

It is not from any idle wish to obtrude my humble person with undue prominence upon the publick view that I resume my pen upon the present occasion. *Juniors ad labores*. But having been a main instrument in rescuing the talent of my young parishioner from being buried in the ground, by giving it such warrant with the world as could be derived from a name already widely known by several printed discourses (all of which I may be permitted without immodesty to state have been deemed worthy of preservation in the Library of Harvard College by my esteemed friend Mr. Sibley), it seemed becoming that I should not only testify to the genuineness of the following production, but call attention to it, the more as Mr. Biglow had so long been silent as to be in danger of absolute oblivion. I insinuate no claim to any share in the authorship (*via ca nostra voco*) of the works already published by Mr. Biglow, but merely take to myself the credit of having fulfilled toward them the office of taster (*experto crede*), who, having first tried, could afterward bear witness (*credenzen* it was aptly named by the Germans), an office always arduous and sometimes even dangerous, as in the case of those devoted persons who venture their lives in the degluti-

tion of patent medicines (*dolus latet in generalibus*, there is deceit in the most of them), and thereafter are wonderfully preserved long enough to append their signatures to testimonials in the diurnal and hebdomadal prints. I say not this as covertly glancing at the authors of certain manuscripts which have been submitted to my literary judgment (though an epick in twenty-four books on the "Taking of Jericho" might, save for the prudent forethought of Mrs. Wilbur in secreting the same just as I had arrived beneath the walls and was beginning a catalogue of the various horns and their blowers, too ambitiously emulous in longanimity of Homer's list of ships, might, I say, have rendered frustrate any hope I could entertain *vacare Musis* for the small remainder of my days), but only the further to secure myself against any imputation of unseemly forthputting. I will barely subjoin, in this connexion, that whereas Job was left to desire, in the soreness of his heart, that his adversary had written a book, as perchance misanthropically wishing to indite a review thereof, yet was not Satan allowed so far to tempt him as to send Bildad, Eliphaz, and Zophar each with an unprinted work in his wallet to be submitted to his censure. But of this enough. Were I in need of other excuse, I might add that I write by the express desire of Mr. Biglow himself, whose entire winter leisure is occupied, as he assures me, in answering demands for autographs, a labour exacting enough in itself, and egregiously so to him who, being no ready penman, cannot sign so much as his name without strange contortions of the face (his nose, even, being essential

to complete success) and painfully suppressed Saint-Vitus dance of every muscle in his body. This, with his having been put in the Commission of the Peace by our excellent Governor (*O si sic omnes!*) immediately on his accession to office, keeps him continually employed. *Haud inerpertus loquor*, having for many years written myself J.P., and being not seldom applied to for specimens of my chirography, a request to which I have sometimes over-weakly assented, believing as I do that nothing written of set purpose can properly be called an autograph, but only those unpremeditated sallies and lively runnings which betray the fireside Man instead of the hunted Notoriety doubling on his pursuers. But it is time that I should bethink me of St. Austin's prayer, *libera me a meipso*, if I would arrive at the matter in hand.

Moreover, I had yet another reason for taking up the pen myself. I am informed that the *Atlantic Monthly* is mainly indebted for its success to the contributions and editorial supervision of Dr. Holmes, whose excellent "Annals of America" occupy an honoured place upon my shelves. The journal itself I have never seen; but if this be so, it might seem that the recommendation of a brother-clergyman (though *par magis quam similis*) should carry a greater weight. I suppose that you have a department for historical lucubrations, and should be glad, if deemed desirable, to forward for publication my "Collections for the Antiquities of Jaalam," and my (now happily complete) pedigree of the Wilbur family from its *fons et origo*, the Wild Boar of Ardennes. Withdrawn from the active duties of my profession by the settlement of a colleague-pastor, the Reverend Jeduthun Hitchcock, formerly of Brutus Four-Corners, I might find time for further contributions to general

literature on similar topicks. I have made large advances towards a completer genealogy of Mrs. Wilbur's family, the Pilcoxes, not, if I know myself, from any idle vanity, but with the sole desire of rendering myself useful in my day and generation. *Nulla dies sine lineâ*. I enclose a meteorological register, a list of the births, deaths, and marriages, and a few *memorabilia* of longevity in Jaalam East Parish for the last half-century. Though spared to the unusual period of more than eighty years, I find no diminution of my faculties or abatement of my natural vigour, except a scarcely sensible decay of memory and a necessity of recurring to younger eyesight for the finer print in Cruden. It would gratify me to make some further provision for declining years from the emoluments of my literary labours. I had intended to effect an insurance on my life, but was deterred therefrom by a circular from one of the offices, in which the sudden death of so large a proportion of the insured was set forth as an inducement, that it seemed to me little less than a tempting of Providence. *Neque in summâ inopid levius esse senectus potest, ne sapienti quidem*.

Thus far concerning Mr. Biglow; and so much seemed needful (*brevis esse laboro*) by way of preliminary, after a silence of fourteen years. He greatly fears lest he may in this essay have fallen below himself, well knowing that, if exercise be dangerous on a full stomach, no less so is writing on a full reputation. Beset as he has been on all sides, he could not refrain, and would only imprecate patience till he shall again have "got the hang" (as he calls it) of an accomplishment long disused. The letter of Mr. Sawin was received some time in last June, and others have followed which will in due season be submitted to the publick. How

largely his statements are to be depended on I more than merely dubitate. He was always distinguished for a tendency to exaggeration,—it might almost be qualified by a stronger term. *Fortiter mentire, aliquid hæret* seemed to be his favourite rule of rhetorick. That he is actually where he says he is, the postmark would seem to confirm; that he was received with the publick demonstrations he describes would appear consonant with what we know of the habits of those regions; but further than this I venture not to decide. I have sometimes suspected a vein of humour in him which leads him to speak by contraries; but since, in the unrestrained intercourse of private life, I have never observed in him any striking powers of invention, I am the more willing to put a certain qualified faith in the incidents and the details of life and manners which give to his narratives some portion of the interest and entertainment which characterises a Century Sermon.

It may be expected of me that I should say something to justify myself with the world for a seeming inconsistency with my well-known principles in allowing my youngest son to raise a company for the war, a fact known to all through the medium of the publick prints. I did reason with the young man, but *expellas naturam furem, tamen usque recurrit*. Having myself been a chaplain in 1812, I could the less wonder that a man of war had sprung from my loins. It was, indeed, grievous to send my Benjamin, the child of my old age; but after the discomfiture of Manassas, I with my own hands did buckle on his armour, trusting in the great Comforter and Commander for strength according to my need. For truly the memory of a brave son dead in his shroud were a greater staff of my declining years than a living

coward (if those may be said to have lived who carry all of themselves into the grave with them), though his days might be long in the land, and he should get much goods. It is not till our earthen vessels are broken that we find and truly possess the treasure that was laid up in them. *Migravi in animam meam*, I have sought refuge in my own soul; nor would I be shamed by the heathen comedian with his *Nequam illud verbum, bene vult, nisi bene facit*. During our dark days, I read constantly in the inspired Book of Job, which I believe to contain more food to maintain the fibre of the soul for right living and high thinking than all pagan literature together, though I would by no means vilipend the study of the classicks. There I read that Job said in his despair, even as the fool saith in his heart there is no God,—“The tabernacles of robbers prosper, and they that provoke God are secure” (Job xii. 6). But I sought farther till I found this Scripture also, which I would have those perpend who have striven to turn our Israel aside to the worship of strange gods: “If I did despise the cause of my man-servant or of my maid-servant when they contended with me, what then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him?” (Job xxxi. 13, 14). On this text I preached a discourse on the last day of Fast-ing and Humiliation with general acceptance, though there were not wanting one or two Laodiceans who said that I should have waited till the President announced his policy. But let us hope and pray, remembering this of Saint Gregory, *Vult Deus rogari, vult cogi, vult quâdam importunitate vinci*.

We had our first fall of snow on Friday last. Frosts have been unusually backward this fall. A singular circumstance occurred in this

town on the 20th October, in the family of Deacon Pelatiah Tinkham. On the previous evening, a few moments before family prayers,

[The editors of the *Atlantic* find it necessary here to cut short the letter of their valued correspondent, which seemed calculated rather on the rates of longevity in Jaalam than for less favoured localities. They have every encouragement to hope that he will write again.]

With esteem and respect,
Your obedient servant,
HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

It's some consid'ble of a spell sence
I hain't writ no letters,
An' ther's gret changes hez took
place in all polit'cle metters ;
Some candertates air dead an' gone,
an' some hez ben defeated,
Which 'mounts to pooty much the
same ; fer it's ben proved re-
peated
A betch o' bread thet hain't riz once
ain't goin' to rise agin,
An' it's jest money throwed away to
put the emptins in :
But thet's wutfolks wun't never larn ;
they dunno how to go,
Arter you want their room, no more'n
a bullet-headed beau ;
Ther's ollers chaps a-hangin' roun'
thet can't see peatime's past,
Mis'ble as roosters in a rain, heads
down an' tails half-mast :
It ain't disgraceful bein' beat, when
a holl nation doos it,
But Chance is like an amberill,—it
don't take twice to lose it.

I spose you're kin' o' cur'ous, now, to
know why I hain't writ :
Wal, I've ben where a litt'ry taste
don't somehow seem to git
Th' encouragement a feller'd think,
thet's used to public schools,
An' where sech things ez paper 'n'
ink air clean agin the rules :

A kind o' vicyvarsy house, built
dreffle strong an' stout,
So's 't honest people can't get in,
ner t'other sort git out,
An' with the winders so contrived,
you'd prob'ly like the view
Better alookin' in than out, though
it seems sing'lar, tu ;
But then the landlord sets by ye,
can't bear ye out o' sight,
And locks ye up ez reg'lar ez an out-
side door at night.

This world is awfle contrary : the
rope may stretch your neck
Thet mebbey kep' another chap frum
washin' off a wreck ;
An' you will see the taters grow in
one poor feller's patch,
So small no self-respectin' hen thet
vallied time 'ould scratch,
So small the rot can't find 'em out,
an' then agin, nex' door,
Ez big ez wut hogs dream on when
they're 'most too fat to snore.
But groutin' ain't no kin' o' use ; an'
ef the fust throw fails,
Why, up an' try agin, thet's all,—the
coppers ain't all tails,
Though I hev seen 'em when I thought
they hedn't no more head
Than'd sarve a nussin' Brigadier thet
gits some ink to shed.

When I writ last, I'd ben turned
loose by thet blamed nigger,
Pomp,
Ferlorner than a musquash, ef you'd
took an' dreened his swamp :
But I ain't o' the meechin' kind, thet
sets an' thinks fer weeks
The bottom's out o' th' univarse coz
their own gillpot leaks.
I hed to cross bayous an' criks, (wal,
it did beat all natur',)
Upon a kin' o' corderoy, fust log,
then alligator ;
Luck'ly, the critters warn't sharp-
sot ; I guess 'twuz overruled
They'd done their mornin's marketin'
an' gut their hunger cooled ;

Fer missionaries to the Creeks an'
runaways are viewed
By them an' folks ez sent express to
be their reg'lar food;
Wutever 'twuz, they laid an' snoozed
ez peacefully ez sinners,
Meek ez disgustin' deacons be at
ordination dinners;
Ef any on 'em turned an' snapped, I
let 'em kin' o' taste
My live-cak leg, an' so, ye see, ther'
warn't no gret o' waste;
Fer they found out in quicker time
than ef they'd ben to college
'Twarn't heartier food than though
'twuz made out o' the tree o'
knowledge.
But I tell *you* my other leg hed
larned wut pizon-nettle meant,
An' var'ous other usefule things, afore
I reached a settlement,
An' all o' me thet wuzn't sore an'
sendin' prickles thru me
Wuz jest the leg I parted with in
lickin' Montezumy:
A useful limb it's ben to me, an'
more of a support
Than wut the other hez ben,—coz I
dror my pension for't.
Wal, I gut in at last where folks wuz
civerlised an' white,
Ez I diskivered to my cost afore
'twarn't hardly night;
Fer'z I wuz settin' in the bar a-
takin' sunthin' hot,
An' feelin' like a man agin, all over
in one spot,
A feller thet sot oppersite, arter a
squint at me,
Lep' up an' drawed his peacemaker,
an', "Dash it, sir," sez he,
"I'm doubledashed ef you ain't him
thet stole my yaller chettle
(You're all the stranger thet's around),
so now you've gut to settle;
It ain't no use to argerfy ner try to
cut up frisky,
I know ye ez I know the smell of ole
chain-lightnin' whisky;
We're lor-abidin' folks down here,
we'll fix ye so's 't a bar

Wouldn't tech ye with a ten-foot pole
(Jedge, you jest warm the
tar);
You'll think you'd better ha' gut
among a tribe o' Mongrel
Tartars,
'Fore we've done showin' how we raise
our Southun prize tar-martyrs;
A moultin' fallen cherubim, ef he
should see ye, 'd snicker,
Thinkin' he warn't a suckemstance.
Come, genlemun, le' 's liquor;
An', Gin'ral, when you've mixed the
drinks an' chalked 'em up,
tote roun'
An' see ef ther's a feather-bed (thet's
borryable) in town.
We'll try ye fair, ole Grafted-Leg,
an' ef the tar wun't stick,
Th' ain't not a juror here but wut'll
'quit ye double-quick."
To cut it short, I wun't say sweet,
they gi' me a good dip
(They ain't *perfessin'* Bahptists here),
then give the bed a rip,—
The jury'd sot, an' quicker'n a
flash they hetched me out,
a livin'
Extemp'ry mammoth turkey-chick
fer a Fejee Thanksgivin'.
Thet I felt some stuck up is wut it's
nat'ral to suppose,
When poppylar enthusiasm hed fun-
nished me sech clo'es
(Ner 'tain't without edvantiges, this
kin' o' suit, ye see,
It's water-proof, an' water's wut I
like kep' out o' me);
But nut content with thet, they took
a kerridge from the fence
An' rid me roun' to see the place,
entirely free 'f expense,
With forty-'leven new kins o' sarse
without no charge acquainted
me,
Gi' me three cheers, an' vowed thet
I wuz all their fahncy painted
me;
They treated me to all their eggs
(they keep 'em, I should think,
Fer sech ovations, pooty long for
they wuz mos' distinc');

They starred me thick'z the Milky-
Way with indiscrim'nitcherity,
Fer wut we call reception eggs air
sunthin' of a reity ;
Green ones is plentife anough, skurce
wuth a nigger's getherin',
But your dead-ripe ones ranges high
fer treatin' Nothun bretherin ;
A spottedder, ringstreakeder child
the' warn't in Uncle Sam's
Holl farm,—a cross of striped pig
an' one o' Jacob's lambs ;
'Twuz Dannil in the lions' den, new
an' enlarged edition,
An' everythin' fust-rate o' 'ts kind ;
the' warn't no impersition.
People's impulsiver down here than
wut our folks to home be,
An' kin' o' go it 'ith a resh in raisin'
Hail Columby :
Thet's so : an' they swarmed out like
bees, for your real Southun
men's
Time isn't o' much more account
than an ole settin' hen's
(They jest work semioccashnally, or
else don't work at all,
An' so their time an' 'tention both
air at sac'ty's call).
Talk about hospatality ! wut Nothun
town d'ye know
Would take a totle stranger up an'
treat him gratis so ?
You'd better b'lieve ther's nothin'
like this spendin' days an'
nights
Along 'ith a dependent race fer civer-
lisin' whites.

But this wuz all prelim'nary ; it's
so Gran' Jurors here
Fin' a true bill, a hendier way than
ourn, an' nut so dear ;
So arter this they sentenced me, to
make all tight 'n' snug,
Afore a reg'lar court o' law, to ten
years in the Jug.
I didn't make no gret defence :
you don't feel much like
speakin'
When ef you let your clamshellsgape,
a quart o' tar will leak in :

I hev hearn tell o' winged words, but
pint o' fact it tethers
The spoutin' gift to hev your words
tu thick sot on with feathers,
An' Choate ner Webster wouldn't
ha' made an Ai kin' o'
speech
Astride a Southun chestnut horse
sharper'n a baby's screech.
Two year ago they ketched the thief,
'n' seein' I wuz innercent,
They jest uncorked an' le' me run,
an' in my stid the sinner
sent
To see how *he* liked pork 'n' pone
flavoured with wa'nut saplin',
An' nary social priv'ledge but a one-
hoss, starn-wheel chaplin.
When I come out, the folks be-
haved mos' gen'manly an'
harnsome ;
They 'lowed it wouldn't be more'n
right, ef I should cuss 'n' darn
some :
The Cunnle he apolergised ; sez he,
"I'll du wut's right,
I'll give ye settisfaction now by
shootin' ye at sight,
An' give the nigger (when he's
caught), to pay him fer his
trickin'
In gittin' the wrong man took up, a
most H fired lickin',—
It's jest the way with all on 'em, the
inconsistent critters,
They're 'most enough to make a
man blasphemie his mornin'
bitters ;
I'll be your frien' thru thick an' thin
an' in all kines o' weathers,
An' all you'll hev to pay fer's jest the
waste o' tar an' feathers :
A lady owned the bed, ye see, a
widder, tu, Miss Shennon ;
It wuz her mite ; we would ha'
took another, ef ther'd ben
one :
We don't make no charge for the ride
an' all the other fixins.
Le' 's liquor ; Gin'ral, you can
chalk our friend for all the
mixins."

A meetin' then wuz called, where they
 "RESOLVED, Thet we respec'
 B. S. Esquire for quallerties o' heart
 an' intellec'
 Peculiar to Columby's sile, an' not to
 no one else's,
 Thet makes Européan tyrans scringe
 in all their gilded pel'ces,
 An' doos gret honour to our race an'
 Southun instiotoons"
 (I give ye jest the substance o' the
 leadin' resolootions):
 "RESOLVED, Thet we revere in him
 a soger 'thout a flor,
 A marty'r to the princerples o' libbaty
 an' lor:
 RESOLVED, Thet other nations all,
 ef sot 'longside o' us,
 For vartoo, larnin', chivverlry, ain't
 noways wuth a cuss."
 They gut up a subscription, tu, but
 no gret come o' *that*;
 I 'xpect in cairin' of it roun' they
 took a leaky hat;
 Though Southun genelmun ain't slow
 at puttin' down their name
 (When they can write), fer in the
 eend it comes to jes' the same,
 Because, ye see, 't's the fashion here
 to sign an' not to think
 A critter'd be so sordid ez to ax 'em
 for the chink:
 I didn't call but jest on one, an' *he*
 drewd toothpick on me,
 An' reckoned he warn't goin' to stan'
 no sech doggauned econ'my;
 So nothin' more wuz realised, 'ceptin'
 the good-will shown,
 Than ef't had ben from fust to last
 a reg'lar Cotton Loan.
 It's a good way, though, come to
 think, coz ye enjy the sense
 O' lendin' lib'rally to the Lord, an'
 nary red o' 'xpense:
 Sence then I've gut my name up for
 a gin'rous-hearted man
 By jes' subscribin' right an' left on
 this high-minded plan;
 I've gin away my thousans so to
 every Southun sort
 O' missions, colleges, an' sech, ner
 ain't no poorer for't,

I warn't so bad off, arter all; I
 needn't hardly mention
 That Guv'ment owed me quite a pile
 for my arrears o' pension,—
 I mean the poor, weak thing we
hed: we run a new one now,
 Thet strings a feller with a claim up
 ta the nighes' bough,
 An' *prectises* therightso' man, purtects
 down-trodden debtors,
 Ner wun't hev creditors about a-
 scrougin' o' their betters:
 Jeff's gut the last idees ther is,
 poscrip', fourteenth edition,
 He knows it takes some enterprise to
 run an oppersition;
 Ourn's the fust thru-by-daylight
 train, with all ou'doors for
 deepot;
 You'n goes so slow you'd think 'twuz
 drawn by a las' cent'ry tea-
 pot;—
 Wal, I gut all on't paid in gold afore
 our State seceded,
 An' done wal, for Confed'rit bonds
 warn't jest the cheese I
 needed:
 Nut but wut they're ez *good* ez gold,
 but then it's hard a-breakin'
 on 'em,
 An' ignorant folks is ollers sot an'
 wun't git used to takin' on
 'em;
 They're wuth ez much ez wut they
 wuz afore ole Mem'nger signed
 'em,
 An' go off middlin' wal for drinks,
 when ther's a knife behind
 'em;
 We *du* miss silver, jes' fer thet an'
 ridin' in a bus,
 Now we've shook off the desputs thet
 wuz suckin' at our pus;
 An' it's *because* the South's so rich;
 'twuz nat'ral to expect
 Supplies o' change wuz jes' the things
 we shouldn't recollect;
 We'd ough' to ha' thought aforehan',
 though, o' thet good rule o'
 Crockett's,
 For 't's tiresome cairin' cotton-bales
 an' niggers in your pockets,

Ner 'tain't quite hendy to pass off
 one o' your six-foot Guineas
 An' git your halves an' quarters back
 in gals an' pickaninnies :
 Wal, 'tain't quite all a feller'd
 ax, but then ther's this to
 say,
 It's on'y jest among ourselves thet
 we expec' to pay ;
 Our system would ha' caird us thru
 in any Bible cent'ry,
 'Fore this onscripterl plan come up
 o' books by double entry ;
 We go the patriarkle here out o' all
 sight an' hearin',
 For Jacob warn't a suckemstance to
 Jeff at financierin' ;
 He never'd thought o' borryin' from
 Esau like all nater,
 An' then cornfiscatin' all debts to
 sech a small pertater ;
 There's p'litickle econ'my, now, com-
 bined 'ith morril beauty,
 Thet saycrifices privit eends (your
 in'my's, tu) to dooty !
 Wy, Jeff'd ha' gin him five an' won
 his eye-teeth 'fore he knowed
 it,
 An', stid o' wastin' pottage, he'd ha'
 eat it up an' owed it.
 But I wuz goin' on to say how I come
 here to dwell ;—
 'Nough said, thet, arter lookin' roun',
 I liked the place so wal,
 Where niggers doos a double good,
 with us atop to stiddy 'em,
 By bein' proofs o' prophecy an' suck-
 leatin' medium,
 Where a man's sunthin' coz he's
 white, an' whisky's cheap ez
 fleas,
 An' the financial pollercy jes' sooted
 my idees,
 Thet I friz down right where I
 wuz, married the Widder
 Shennon
 (Her thirds wuz part in cotton-land,
 part in the curse o' Canaan),
 An' here I be ez lively ez a chipmunk
 on a wall,
 With nothin' to feel riled about much
 later'n Eddam's fall.

Ez fur ez human foresight goes, we
 made an even trade :
 She gut an overseer, an' I a fem'ly
 ready-made,
 The youngest on 'em's 'mos' growed
 up, rugged an' 'spritly ez weazles,
 So's ther 's no resk o' doctors' bills
 fer hoopin'-cough an' measles.
 Our farm's at Turkey-Buzzard Roost,
 Little Big Boosy River,
 Wal located in all respex,—fer 'tain't
 the chills 'n' fever
 Thet makes my writin' seem to
 squirm ; a Southuner'd allow
 I'd
 Some call to shake, for I've jest hed
 to meller a new cowhide.
 Miss S. is all 'f a lady ; th' ain't no
 better on Big Boosy,
 Ner one with more accomplishmunts
 'twixt here an' Tuscaloosy ;
 She's an F. F., the tallest kind, an'
 prouder'n the Gran' Turk,
 An' never hed a relative thet done a
 stroke o' work ;
 Hern ain't a scrimp'n' fem'ly sech ez
 you git up Down East,
 Th' ain't a growed member on't
 but owes his thousuns et the
 least :
 She is some old ; but then agin
 ther's drawbacks in my sheer :
 Wut's left o' me ain't more'n enough
 to make a Brigadier :
 Wust is, thet she hez tantrums ; she's
 like Seth Moody's gun
 (Him thet wuz nicknamed frum his
 limp Ole Dot an' Kerry One) ;
 He'd left her loaded up a spell, an'
 hed to git her clear,
 So he onhitched,—Jeerusalem ! the
 middle o' last year
 Wuz right nex' door compared to
 where she kicked the crittur
 tu
 (Though jest where he brought up
 wuz wut no human never
 knew) ;
 His brother Asaph picked her up an'
 tied her to a tree,
 An' then she kicked an hour 'n' a half
 afore she'd let it be :

Wal, Miss S. *doos* hev cuttins-up an' pourins-out o' vials,
 But then she hez her widder's thirds,
 an' all on us hez trials.
 My objec', though, in writin' now
 warn't to allude to sech,
 But to another suckemstance more
 dellykit to tech,—
 I want thet you should grad'lly break
 my merriage to Jerushy,
 An' there's a heap of argymuntsthet's
 emple to indooce ye:
 Fust place, State's Prison,—wal, it's
 true it warn't fer crime, o'
 course,
 But then it's jest the same fer her in
 gittin' a divorce;
 Nex' place, my State's secedin' out
 hez leg'lly lef' me free
 To merry any one I please, pervidin'
 it's a she;
 Fin'lly, I never wun't come back, she
 needn't hev no fear on't,
 But then it's wal to fix things right
 fer fear Miss S. should hear
 on't;
 Lastly, I've gut religion South, an'
 Rushy she's a pagan
 Thet sets by th' graven imiges o' the
 gret Nothun Dagon
 (Now I hain't seen one in six munts,
 for, sence our Treashry Loan,
 Though yaller boys is thick enough,
 eagles hez kind o' flown);
 An' ef J wants a stronger pint than
 them thet I hev stated,
 Wy, she's an aliun in'my now, an'
 I've been cornfiscated,—
 For sence we've entered on th' estate
 o' the late nayshnul eagle,
 She hain't no kin' o' right but jes'
 wut I allow ez legle:
 Wut *doos* Secedin' mean, ef 'tain't
 thet nat'rul rights hez riz, 'n'
 Thet wut is mine's my own, but wut's
 another man's ain't hisn'?

Besides, I couldn't do no else; Miss
 S. sez she to me,
 "You've sheered my bed" [thet's
 when I paid my interduction
 fee

To Southun rites], "an' kep' your
 sheer" [wal, I allow it
 sticked
 So's 't I wuz most six weeks in jail
 afore I gut me picked],
 "Ner never paid no demmiges; but
 thet wun't do no harm,
 Pervidin' thet you'll undertake to
 oversee the farm
 (My eldes' boy he's so took up, wut
 with the Ringtail Rangers
 An' settin' in the Jestice-Court for
 welcomin' o' strangers");
 [He sot on *me*] "an' so, ef you'll
 jest undertake the care
 Upon a mod'rit sellery, we'll up an'
 call it square;
 But ef you *can't* conclude," sez she,
 an' give a kin' o' grin,
 "Wy, the Gran' Jurymen, I 'xpect,
 'll hev to set agin."

That's the way matters stood at fust;
 now wut wuz I to du,
 But jes' to make the best on't an'
 off coat an' buckle tu?
 Ther' ain't a livin' man thet finds an
 income necessarier
 Than me,—bimeby I'll tell ye how I
 fin'lly come to merry her.

She hed another motive, tu: I men-
 tion of it here
 T' encourage lads thet's growin' up
 to study 'n' persevere,
 An' show 'em how much better't
 pay to mind their winter-
 schoolin'
 Than to go off on benders 'n' sech,
 an' waste their time in
 foolin';
 Ef 'twarn't for studyin' evenins, why,
 I never'd ha' ben here,
 An orn'ment o' society, in my appro-
 prut spear:
 She wanted somebody, ye see, o'
 taste an' cultivation,
 To talk along o' preachers when they
 stopt to the plantation;
 For folks in Dixie th't read an' rite,
 unless it is by jarks,
 Is skurce ez wut they wuz among th'
 oridgenle patriarchs;

To fit a feller f' wut they call the
 soshle higherarchy,
 All thet you've gut to know is jes'
 beyund an evrage darky;
 Schoolin's wut they can't seem to
 stan', they're tu consarned
 high-pressure,
 An' knowin' t' much might spile a
 boy for bein' a Secesher.
 We hain't no settled preachin' here,
 ner ministeril taxes;
 The min'ster's only settlement's the
 carpet-bag he packs his
 Razor an' soap-brush intu, with his
 hymbook an' his Bible,—
 But they *du* preach, I swan to man,
 it's puf'kly indescrib'le!
 They go it like an Ericsson's ten-
 hoss-power coleric ingine,
 An' make Ole Split-Foot winch an'
 squirm, for all he's used to
 singein';
 Hawkins's whetstone ain't a pinch o'
 primin' to the innards
 To hearin' on 'em put free grace t' a
 lot o' tough old sinhards!
 But I must eend this letter now:
 'fore long I'll send a fresh un;
 I've lots o' things to write about, per-
 ticklerly Seceshun:
 I'm called off now to mission-work,
 to let a leetle law in
 To Cynthy's hide: an' so, till death,
 Yourn,

BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN.

NO. II.

MASON AND SLIDELL:
 A YANKEE IDYLL

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC
 MONTHLY

JAALAM, 6th Jan. 1862.

GENTLEMEN,—I was highly gratified by the insertion of a portion of my letter in the last number of your valuable and entertaining Miscellany, though in a type which rendered its

substance inaccessible even to the beautiful new spectacles presented to me by a Committee of the Parish on New Year's Day. I trust that I was able to bear your very considerable abridgment of my lucubrations with a spirit becoming a Christian. My third grand-daughter, Rebekah, aged fourteen years, and whom I have trained to read slowly and with proper emphasis (a practice too much neglected in our modern systems of education), read aloud to me the excellent essay upon "Old Age," the author of which I cannot help suspecting to be a young man who has never yet known what it was to have snow (*cavities morosa*) upon his own roof. *Dissolve frigus, large super foco ligna reponens*, is a rule for the young, whose wood-pile is yet abundant for such cheerful lenitives. A good life behind him is the best thing to keep an old man's shoulders from shivering at every breath of sorrow or ill-fortune. But methinks it were easier for an old man to feel the disadvantages of youth than the advantages of age. Of these latter I reckon one of the chiefest to be this: that we attach a less inordinate value to our own productions, and, distrusting daily more and more our own wisdom (with the conceit whereof at twenty we wrap ourselves away from knowledge as with a garment), do reconcile ourselves with the wisdom of God. I could have wished, indeed, that room might have been made for the residue of the anecdote relating to Deacon Tinkham, which would not only have gratified a natural curiosity on the part of the publick (as I have reason to know from several letters of inquiry already received), but would also, as I think, have largely increased the circulation of your Magazine in this town. *Nihil humani alienum*, there is a curiosity about the affairs of our neighbours which is not only pardonable, but even

commendable. But I shall abide a more fitting season.

As touching the following literary effort of Esquire Biglow, much might be profitably said on the topick of Idyllick and Pastoral Poetry, and concerning the proper distinctions to be made between them, from Theocritus, the inventor of the former, to Collins, the latest author I know of who has emulated the classicks in the latter style. But in the time of a Civil War worthy a Milton to defend and a Lucan to sing, it may be reasonably doubted whether the publick, never too studious of serious instruction, might not consider other objects more deserving of present attention. Concerning the title of Idyll, which Mr. Biglow has adopted at my suggestion, it may not be improper to animadvert, that the name properly signifies a poem somewhat rustick in phrase (for, though the learned are not agreed as to the particular dialect employed by Theocritus, they are univarsanious both as to its rusticity and its capacity of rising now and then to the level of more elevated sentiments and expressions), while it is also descriptive of real scenery and manners. Yet it must be admitted that the production now in question (which here and there bears perhaps too plainly the marks of my correcting hand) does partake of the nature of a Pastoral, inasmuch as the interlocutors therein are purely imaginary beings, and the whole is little better than *καπριού σκιάς ὄψαρ*. The plot was, as I believe, suggested by the "Twa Briggs" of Robert Burns, a Scottish poet of the last century, as that found its prototype in the "Mutual Complaint of Plainstanes and Causey" by Fergusson, though the metre of this latter be different by a foot in each verse. Perhaps the Two Dogs of Cervantes gave the first hint. I reminded my talented young parishioner and

friend that Concord Bridge had long since yielded to the edacious tooth of Time. But he answered me to this effect: that there was no greater mistake of an author than to suppose the reader had no fancy of his own; that, if once that faculty was to be called into activity, it were *better* to be in for the whole sheep than the shoulder; and that he knew Concord like a book,—an expression questionable in propriety, since there are few things with which he is not more familiar than with the printed page. In proof of what he affirmed, he showed me some verses which with others he had stricken out as too much delaying the action, but which I communicate in this place because they rightly define "punkin-seed" (which Mr. Bartlett would have a kind of perch,—a creature to which I have found a rod or pole not to be so easily equivalent in our inland waters as in the books of arithmetic), and because it conveys an eulogium on the worthy son of an excellent father, with whose acquaintance (*cheu, fugaces anni!*) I was formerly honoured.

"But nowadays the Bridge ain't wut they show,
So much ez Em son, Hawthorne, an' Thoreau.
I know the village, though; was sent there once
A schoolin', 'cause to home I played the dunce;
An' I've ben sence a-visitin' the Jedge,
Whose garding whispers with the river's edge,
Where I've sot mornin's lazy as the bream,
Whose on'y business is to head upstream
(We call 'em punkin-seed), or else in chat
Along 'th the Jedge, who covers with his hat
More wit an' gumption an' shrewd Yankee sense
Than there is mosses on an ole stone fence."

Concerning the subject-matter of the verses, I have not the leisure at present to write so fully as I could wish, my time being occupied with the preparation of a discourse for the forthcoming bi-centenary celebration of the first settlement of Jaalam East Parish. It may gratify the publick interest to mention the circumstance, that my investigations to this end have enabled me to verify the fact (of much historick importance, and hitherto hotly debated) that Shearjashub Tarbox was the first child of white parentage born in this town, being named in his father's will under date August 7th or 9th 1662. It is well known that those who advocate the claims of Mehetable Goings are unable to find any trace of her existence prior to October of that year. As respects the settlement of the Mason and Slidell question, Mr. Biglow has not incorrectly stated the popular sentiment, so far as I can judge by its expression in this locality. For myself, I feel more sorrow than resentment: for I am old enough to have heard those talk of England who still, even after the unhappy estrangement, could not unschool their lips from calling her the Mother-Country. But England has insisted on ripping up old wounds, and has undone the healing work of fifty years; for nations do not reason, they only feel, and the *spretæ injuria formæ* rankles in their minds as bitterly as in that of a woman. And because this is so, I feel the more satisfaction that our Government has acted (as all Governments should, standing as they do between the people and their passions) as if it had arrived at years of discretion. There are three short and simple words, the hardest of all to pronounce in any language (and I suspect they were no easier before the confusion of tongues), but which no man or nation that cannot utter can

claim to have arrived at manhood. Those words are, *I was wrong*; and I am proud that, while England played the boy, our rulers had strength enough from the People below and wisdom enough from God above to quit themselves like men.

The sore points on both sides have been skilfully exasperated by interested and unscrupulous persons, who saw in a war between the two countries the only hope of profitable return for their investment in Confederate stock, whether political or financial. The always supercilious, often insulting, and sometimes even brutal tone of British journals and publick men has certainly not tended to soothe whatever resentment might exist in America.

" Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me downstairs? "

We have no reason to complain that England, as a necessary consequence of her clubs, has become a great society for the minding of other people's business, and we can smile good-naturedly when she lectures other nations on the sins of arrogance and conceit; but we may justly consider it a breach of the political *convenances* which are expected to regulate the intercourse of one well-bred government with another, when men holding places in the ministry allow themselves to dictate our domestic policy, to instruct us in our duty, and to stigmatise as unholy a war for the rescue of whatever a high-minded people should hold most vital and most sacred. Was it in good taste, that I may use the mildest term, for Earl Russell to expound our own Constitution to President Lincoln, or to make a new and fallacious application of an old phrase for our benefit, and tell us that the Rebels were fighting for independence and we for empire?

As if all wars for independence were by nature just and deserving of sympathy, and all wars for empire ignoble and worthy only of reprobation, or as if these easy phrases in any way characterised this terrible struggle,—terrible not so truly in any superficial sense, as from the essential and deadly enmity of the principles that underlie it. His Lordship's bit of borrowed rhetoric would justify Smith O'Brien, Nana Sahib, and the Maori chieftains, while it would condemn nearly every war in which England has ever been engaged. Was it so very presumptuous in us to think that it would be decorous in English statesmen if they spared time enough to acquire some kind of knowledge, though of the most elementary kind, in regard to this country and the questions at issue here, before they pronounced so off-hand a judgment? Or is political information expected to come Dogberry-fashion in England, like reading and writing, by nature?

And now all respectable England is wondering at our irritability, and sees a quite satisfactory explanation of it in our national vanity. *Suave mari magno*, it is pleasant, sitting in the easy-chairs of Downing Street, to sprinkle pepper on the raw wounds of a kindred people struggling for life, and philosophical to find in self-conceit the cause of our instinctive resentment. Surely we were of all nations the least liable to any temptation of vanity at a time when the gravest anxiety and the keenest sorrow were never absent from our hearts. Nor is conceit the exclusive attribute of any one nation. The earliest of English travellers, Sir John Mandeville, took a less provincial view of the matter when he said, "For fro what partie of the erthe that men duellen, other aboven or beneathe, it semethe always to hem that duellen that thei gon more righte than any other folke." The

English have always had their fair share of this amiable quality. We may say of them still, as the author of the "*Lettres Cabalistiques*" said of them more than a century ago, "*Ces derniers disent naturellement qu'il n'y a qu'eux qui soient estimables.*" And, as he also says, "*J'aimerois presque autant tomber entre les mains d'un Inquisiteur que d'un Anglois qui me fait sentir sans cesse combien il s'estime plus que moi, et qui ne daigne me parler que pour injurier ma Nation et pour m'ennuyer du récit des grandes qualités de la sienne.*" Of this Bull we may safely say with Horace, *habet fenum in cornu*. What we felt to be especially insulting was the quiet assumption that the descendants of men who left the Old World for the sake of principle, and who had made the wilderness into a New World patterned after an Idea, could not possibly be susceptible of a generous or lofty sentiment, could have no feeling of nationality deeper than that of a tradesman for his shop. One would have thought, in listening to England, that we were presumptuous in fancying that we were a nation at all, or had any other principle of union than that of booths at a fair, where there is no higher notion of government than the constable, or better image of God than that stamped upon the current coin.

It is time for Englishmen to consider whether there was nothing in the spirit of their press and of their leading public men calculated to rouse a just indignation, and to cause a permanent estrangement on the part of any nation capable of self-respect, and sensitively jealous, as ours then was, of foreign interference. Was there nothing in the indecent haste with which belligerent rights were conceded to the Rebels, nothing in the abrupt tone assumed in the Trent case, nothing in the fitting out of Confederate privateers, that might stir the blood of a people already over-

charged with doubt, suspicion, and terrible responsibility? The laity in any country do not stop to consider points of law, but they have an instinctive perception of the *animus* that actuates the policy of a foreign nation; and in our own case they remembered that the British authorities in Canada did not wait till diplomacy could send home to England for her slow official tinder-box to fire the "Caroline." Add to this, what every sensible American knew, that the moral support of England was equal to an army of two hundred thousand men to the Rebels, while it insured us another year or two of exhausting war. It was not so much the spite of her words (though the time might have been more tastefully chosen) as the actual power for evil in them that we felt as a deadly wrong. Perhaps the most immediate and efficient cause of mere irritation was the sudden and unaccountable change of manner on the other side of the water. Only six months before, the Prince of Wales had come over to call us cousins; and everywhere it was nothing but "our American brethren," that great offshoot of British institutions in the New World, so almost identical with them in laws, language, and literature,—this last of the alliterative compliments being so bitterly true, that perhaps it will not be retracted even now. To this outburst of long-repressed affection we responded with genuine warmth, if with something of the awkwardness of a poor relation bewildered with the sudden tightening of the ties of consanguinity when it is rumoured that he has come into a large estate. Then came the Rebellion, and, *presto!* a flaw in our titles was discovered, the plate we were promised at the family table is flung at our head, and we were again the scum of creation, intolerably vulgar, at once cowardly and overbearing,—no relations of

theirs, after all, but a dreggy hybrid of the basest bloods of Europe. Panurge was not quicker to call Friar John his *former* friend. I cannot help thinking of Walter Mapes's jingling paraphrase of Petronius,—

"Dummodo sim splendidis vestibus ornatus,
Et multa familia sim circumvallatus,
Prudens sum et sapiens et morigeratus,
Et tuus nepos sum et tu meus cognatus,"—

which I may freely render thus:—

So long as I was prosperous, I'd dinners by the dozen,
Was well-bred, witty, virtuous, and everybody's cousin;
If luck should turn, as well she may, her fancy is so flexible,
Will virtue, cousinship, and all return with her from exile?

There was nothing in all this to exasperate a philosopher, much to make him smile rather; but the earth's surface is not chiefly inhabited by philosophers, and I revive the recollection of it now in perfect good-humour, merely by way of suggesting to our *ci-devant* British cousins that it would have been easier for them to hold their tongues than for us to keep our tempers under the circumstances.

The English Cabinet made a blunder, unquestionably, in taking it so hastily for granted that the United States had fallen for ever from their position as a first-rate power, and it was natural that they should vent a little of their vexation on the people whose inexplicable obstinacy in maintaining freedom and order, and in resisting degradation, was likely to convict them of their mistake. But if bearing a grudge be the sure mark of a small mind in the individual, can it be a proof of high spirit in a nation? If the result of the present estrange-

ment between the two countries shall be to make us more independent of British twaddle (*indomito nec diræ ferens stipendia Tauro*), so much the better; but if it is to make us insensible to the value of British opinion in matters where it gives us the judgment of an impartial and cultivated outsider, if we are to shut ourselves out from the advantages of English culture, the loss will be ours, and not theirs. Because the door of the old homestead has been once slammed in our faces, shall we in a huff reject all future advances of conciliation, and cut ourselves foolishly off from any share in the humanising influences of the place, with its ineffable riches of association, its heirlooms of immemorial culture, its historic monuments, ours no less than theirs, its noble gallery of ancestral portraits? We have only to succeed, and England will not only respect, but, for the first time, begin to understand us. And let us not, in our justifiable indignation at wanton insult, forget that England is not the England only of snobs who dread the democracy they do not comprehend, but the England of history, of heroes, statesmen, and poets, whose names are dear, and their influence as salutary to us as to her.

Let us strengthen the hands of those in authority over us, and curb our own tongues, remembering that General Wait commonly proves in the end more than a match for General Headlong, and that the Good Book ascribes safety to a multitude, indeed, but not to a mob, of counsellours. Let us remember and perpend the words of Paulus Æmilius to the people of Rome, that, "if they judged they could manage the war to more advantage by any other, he would willingly yield up his charge; but if they confided in him, they were not to make themselves his colleagues in his office, or raise reports,

or criticise his actions, but, without talking, supply him with means and assistance necessary to the carrying on of the war; for, if they proposed to command their own commander, they would render this expedition more ridiculous than the former." (*Vide Plutarchum in Vitâ P. E.*) Let us also not forget what the same excellent author says concerning Perseus's fear of spending money, and not permit the covetousness of Brother Jonathan to be the good fortune of Jefferson Davis. For my own part, till I am ready to admit the Commander-in-Chief to my pulpit, I shall abstain from planning his battles. If courage be the sword, yet is patience the armour of a nation; and in our desire for peace, let us never be willing to surrender the Constitution bequeathed us by fathers at least as wise as ourselves (even with Jefferson Davis to help us), and, with those degenerate Romans, *tuta et presentia quam vetera et periculosa nolle*.

And not only should we bridle our own tongues, but the pens of others, which are swift to convey useful intelligence to the enemy. This is no new inconvenience; for, under date 3rd June 1745, General Pepperell wrote thus to Governor Shirley from Louisbourg: "What your Excellency observes of the army's being made acquainted with any plans proposed, until ready to be put in execution, has always been disagreeable to me, and I have given many cautions relating to it. But when your Excellency considers that our Council of War consists of more than twenty members, I am persuaded you will think it impossible for me to hinder it, if any of them will persist in communicating to inferior officers and soldiers what ought to be kept secret. I am informed that the Boston newspapers are filled with paragraphs from private letters relating to the expedition. Will your Excellency permit me to say I think it may be of

ill consequence? Would it not be convenient, if your Excellency should forbid the Printers' inserting such news?" Verily, if *tempora mutantur*, we may question the *et nos mutamur in illis*; and if tongues be leaky, it will need all hands at the pumps to save the Ship of State. Our history dotes and repeats itself. If Sassycus (rather than Alcibiades) find a parallel in Beauregard, so Weakwash, as he is called by the brave Lieutenant Lion Gardiner, need not seek far among our own Sachems for his antitype.

With respect,
Your ob^d humble serv^t,
HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

I LOVE to start out arter night's begun,
An' all the chores about the farm are done,
The critters milked an' foddered, gates shet fast,
Tools cleaned aginst to-morrer, supper past,
An' Nancy darnin' by her ker'sene lamp,—
I love, I say, to start upon a tramp,
To shake the kinkles out o' back an' legs,
An' kind o' rack my life off from the dregs
Thet's apt to settle in the buttery-hutch
Of folks thet foller in one rut too much:
Hard work is good an' wholesome, past all doubt;
But 'tain't so, ef the mind gits tuckered out.
Now, bein' born in Middlesex, you know,
There's certin spots where I like best to go:
The Concord road, for instance (I, for one,
Most gin'ly ollers call it *John Bull's Run*),

The field o' Lexin'ton, where England tried

The fastest colours thet sheever dyed,
An' Concord Bridge, thet Davis, when he came,

Found was the bee-line track to heaven an' fame,

Ez all roads be by natur', ef your soul
Don't sneak thru shun-pikes so's to save the toll.

They're 'most too fur away, take too much time

To visit o'en, ef it ain't in rhyme;
But the 's a walk thet's hendier, a sight,

An' suits me fust-rate of a winter's night,—

I mean the round whale's-back o' Prospect Hill.

I love to l'iter there while night grows still,

An' in the twinklin' villages about,
Fust here, then there, the well-saved lights goes out,

An' nary sound but watch-dogs' false alarms,

Or muffled cock-crows from the drowsy farms,

Where some wise rooster (men act jest thet way)

Stands to't thet moonrise is the break o' day

(So Mister Seward sticks a three-months' pin

Where the war 'd oughto eend, then tries agin;

My gran'ther's rule was safer'n 'tis to crow:

Don't never prophesy—unless yc know).
I love to muse there till it kind o' seems

Ez ef the world went eddyin' off in dreams;

The north-west wind thet twitches at my baird

Blows out o' sturdier days not easy scared,

An' the same moon thet this December shines

Starts out the tents an' booths o' Putnam's lines;

The rail-fence posts, acrost the hill
 thet runs,
 Turn ghosts o' sogers should'rin'
 ghosts o' guns;
 Ez wheels the sentry, glints a flash
 o' light
 Along the firelock won at Conrad
 Fight,
 An', 'twixt the silences, now fur, now
 nigh,
 Rings the sharp challenge, hums the
 low reply.

Ez I was settin' so, it warn't long
 sence,
 Mixin' the pufflet with the present
 tense,
 I heerd two voices som'ers in the
 air,
 Though, ef I was to die, I can't tell
 where:
 Voices I call 'em: 'twas a kind o'
 sough
 Like pine-trees thet the wind's a-
 geth'rin' through;
 An', fact, I thought it *was* the wind
 a spell,
 Then some misdoubted, couldn't
 fairly tell,
 Fust sure, then not, jest as you hold
 an eel,
 I knowed, an' didn't,—fin'ly seemed
 to feel
 'Twas Concord Bridge a talkin' off
 to kill
 With the Stone Spike thet's druv
 thru Bunker's Hill;
 Whether 'twas so, or ef I on'y
 dreamed,
 I couldn't say; I tell it ez it seemed.

THE BRIDGE

Wal, neighbour, tell us wut's turned
 up thet's new?
 You're younger'n I be,—nigher
 Boston, tu:
 An' down to Boston, ef you take their
 showin',
 Wut they don't know ain't hardly
 wuth the knowin'.

There's *sunthin'* goin' on, I know:
 las' night
 The British sogers killed in our gret
 fight
 (Nigh fifty year they hedn't stirred
 nor spoke)
 Made sech a coil you'd thought a
 dam hed broke:
 Why, one he up an' beat a revellee
 With his own crossbones on a holler
 tree,
 Till all the graveyards swarmed out
 like a hive
 With faces I hain't seen sence
 Seventy-five.
 Wut *is* the news? 'Tain't good, or
 they'd be cheerin'.
 Speak slow an' clear, for I'm some
 hard o' hearin'.

THE MONUMENT

I don't know hardly ef it's good or
 bad,—

THE BRIDGE

At wust, it can't be wus than wut
 we've had.

THE MONUMENT

You know them envys thet the
 Rebbles sent,
 An' Cap'n Wilkes he borried o' the
Trent?

THE BRIDGE

Wut! they ha'n't hanged 'em? Then
 their wits is gone!
 Thet's the sure way to make a goose
 a swan!

THE MONUMENT

No: England she *would* hev 'em, *Fee,*
Faw, Fum!
 (Ez though she hedn't fools enough
 to home.)
 So they've returned 'em—

THE BRIDGE

Hev they? Wal, by heaven,
Thet's the wust news I've heerd
sence Seventy-seven!
By George, I meant to say, though I
declare
It's most enough to make a deacon
swear.

THE MONIMENT

Now don't go off half-cock: folks
never gains
By usin' pepper-sarse instid o' brains.
Come, neighbour, you don't under-
stan'—

THE BRIDGE

How? Hey?
Not understan'? Why, wut's to
hender, pray?
Must I go huntin' round to find a
chap
To tell me when my face hez hed a
slap?

THE MONIMENT

See here: the British they found out
a flaw
In Cap'n Wilkes's readin' o' the
law
(They *make* all laws, you know, an'
so, o' course,
It's nateral they should understan'
their force):
He'd oughto ha' took the vessel into
port,
An' hed her sot on by a reg'lar
court;
She was a mail-ship, an' a steamer, tu,
An' thet, they say, hez changed the
pint o' view,
Coz the old practice, bein' meant for
sails,
Ef tried upon a steamer, kind o'
fails;
You *may* take out despatches, but
you mus'n't
Take nary man—

THE BRIDGE

You mean to say, you dus'n't!
Changed pint o' view! No, no,—it's
overboard
With law an' gospel, when their ox
is gored!
It tell ye, England's law, on sea an' land,
Hez ollers ben, "*I've gut the heaviest
hand.*"
Take nary man? Fine preachin'
from *her* lips!
Why, she hez taken hunderds from
our ships,
An' would agin, an' swear she had a
right to,
Ef we warn't strong enough to be
perlite to.
Of all the sarse thet I can call to
mind,
England *doos* make the most on-
pleasant kind:
It's you're the sinner ollers, she's the
saint;
Wut's good's all English, all thet
isn't ain't;
Wut profits her is ollers right an' just,
An' ef you don't read Scriptur so,
you must;
She's praised herself ontill she fairly
thinks
There ain't no light in Natur when
she winks;
Hain't she the Ten Comman'ments
in her pus?
Could the world stir 'thout she went,
tu, ez nus?
She ain't like other mortals, thet's a
fact:
She never stopped the habus-corpus
act,
Norspecie payments, nor she never yet
Cut down the int'rest on her public
debt;
She don't put down rebellions, lets
'em breed,
An' 's ollers willin' Ireland should
secede;
She's all thet's honest, honnable, an'
fair,
An' when the vartooos died they made
her heir.

THE MONIMENT

Wal, wal, two wrongs don't never
make a right;
Ef we're mistaken, own up, an' don't
fight:
For gracious' sake, ha'n't we enough
to du
'Thout gettin' up a fight with Eng-
land, tu?
She thinks we're rabble-rid—

THE BRIDGE

An' so we can't
Distinguish 'twixt *You oughtn't an'*
You sha'n't!
She jedges by herself; she's no idear
How't stiddies folks to give 'em their
fair sheer:
The odds 'twixt her an' us is plain's
a steeple,—
Her People's turned to Mob, our
Mob's turned People.

THE MONIMENT

She's riled jes' now—

THE BRIDGE

Plain proof her cause ain't
strong,—
The one thet fust gits mad's 'most
ollers wrong.
Why, sence she helped in lickin'
Nap the Fust,
An' pricked a bubble jest agoin' to
bust,
With Rooshy, Prooshy, Austy, all
assistin',
Th' ain't nut a face but wut she's
shook her fist in,
Ez though she done it all, an' ten
times more,
An' nothin' never hed gut done
afore,
Nor never could agin, 'thout she wuz
spliced
On to one eend an' gin th' old airth
a hoist.

She is some punkins, thet I wan't
deny
(For ain't she some related to you
'n' I?),
But there's a few small intrists here
below
Outside the counter o' John Bull
an' Co.
An' though they can't conceit how't
should be so,
I guess the Lord druv down Creation's
spiles
'Thout no gret helpin' from the British
Isles,
An' could contrive to keep things
pooty stiff
Ef they withdrawn from business in
a miff;
I ha'n't no patience with sech swellin'
fellers ez
Think God can't forge 'thout them
to blow the bellerses.

THE MONIMENT

You're ollers quick to set your back
aridge,
Thought't suits a tom-cat more'n a
sober bridge:
Don't you git het: they thought the
thing was planned;
They'll cool off when they come to
understand.

THE BRIDGE

Ef thet's wut you expect, you'll hev
to wait:
Folks never understand the folks
they hate:
She'll fin' some other grievance jest
ez good,
'Fore the month's out, to git mis-
understood.
England cool off! She'll do it, ef
she sees
She's run her head into a swarm o'
bees.
I ain't so prejudiced ez wut you
spose:
I hev thought England was the best
thet goes;

Remember (no, you can't), when I
 was reared,
God save the King was all the tune
 you heerd :
 But it's enough to turn Wachuset
 roun'
 This stumpin' fellers when you think
 they're down.

THE MONIMENT

But, neighbour, ef they prove their
 claim at law,
 The best way is to settle, an' not
 jaw.
 An' don't le' 's mutter 'bout the awflee
 bricks
 We'll give 'em, ef we ketch 'em in a
 fix :
 That 'ere's most frequently the kin'
 o' talk
 Of critters can't be kicked to toe the
 chalk ;
 Your "You'll see *nex'* time!" an'
 "Look out bumby!"
 'Most ollers ends in eatin' umble-
 pie.
 'Twun't pay to scringe to England :
 will it pay
 To fear thet meaner bully, old
 "They'll say?"
 Suppose they *du* say: words are
 dreffle bores,
 But they ain't quiteso badez seventy-
 fours.
 Wut England wants is jest a wedge
 to fit
 Where it'll help to widen out our
 split :
 She's found her wedge, an' 'tain't
 for us to come
 An' lend the beetle thet's to drive it
 home.
 For growed-up folks like us 'twould
 be a scandle,
 When we git sarsed, to fly right off
 the handle.
 England ain't *all* bad, coz she thinks
 us blind :
 Ef she can't change her skin, she can
 her mind ;

An' we shall see her change it double-
 quick,
 Soon ez we've proved that we're a-
 goin' to lick.
 She an' Columby's gut to be fas'
 friends :
 For the world prospers by their privit
 ends :
 'Twould put the clock back all o'
 fifty years
 Ef they should fall together by the
 ears.

THE BRIDGE

I 'gree to thet ; she's nigh us to wut
 France is ;
 But then she'll hev to make the fust
 advances ;
 We've gut pride, tu, an' gut it by
 good rights,
 An' ketch *me* stoopin' to pick up the
 mites
 O' condescension she'll be lettin' fall
 When she finds out we ain't dead
 arter all !
 I tell ye wut, it takes more'n one
 good week
 Afore *my* nose forgits it'shedatweak.

THE MONIMENT

She'll come out right bumby, thet
 I'll engage,
 Soon ez she gits to seein' we're of
 age ;
 This talkin' down o' hers ain't wuth
 a fuss ;
 It's nat'ral ez nut likin' 't is to us ;
 Ef we're agoin' to prove we *be* growed-
 up,
 'Twun't be by barkin' like a tarrier
 pup,
 But turnin' to an' makin' things ez
 good
 Ez wut we're ollers braggin' that we
 could ;
 We're boun' to be good friends, an'
 so we'd oughto,
 In spite of all the fools both sides
 the water.

THE BRIDGE

I b'lieve thet's so ; but hearken in
 your ear,—
 I'm older'n you,—Peace wun't keep
 house with Fear :
 Ef you want peace, the thing you've
 gut to du
 Is jes' to show you're up to fightin',
 tu.
 I recollect how sailors' rights was
 won,
 Yard locked in yard, hot gun-lip
 kissin' gun :
 Why, afore thet, John Bull sot up
 thet he
 Hed gut a kind o' mortgage on the
 sea ;
 You'd thought he held by Gran'ther
 Adam's will,
 An' ef you knuckle down, *he'll* think
 so still.
 Better thet all our ships an' all their
 crews
 Should sink to rot in ocean's dream-
 less ooze,
 Each torn flag wavin' challenge ez it
 went,
 An' each dumb gun a brave man's
 monument,
 Than seek sech peace ez only cowards
 crave :
 Give *me* the peace of dead men or of
 brave !

THE MONIMENT

I say, ole boy, it ain't the Glorious
 Fourth :
 You'd oughto larned 'fore this wut
 talk wuz worth.
 It ain't *our* nose thet gits put out o'
 jint ;
 It's England thet gives up her
 dearest pint.
 We've gut, I tell ye now, enough to
 du
 In our own fem'ly fight, afore we're
 thru.
 I hoped, las' spring, jest arter Sum-
 ter's shame,

When every flag-staff flapped its
 tethered flame,
 An' all the people, startled from their
 doubt,
 Come must'r in' to the flag with sech
 a shout,—
 I hoped to see things settled 'fore
 this fall,
 The Rebbleslicked, Jeff Davis hanged,
 an' all ;
 Then come Bull Run, an' *sence* then
 I've ben waitin'
 Like boys in Jennoary thaw for
 skatin',
 Nothin' to du but watch my shadder's
 trace
 Swing, like a ship at anchor, roun'
 my base,
 With daylight's flood an' ebb : it's
 gittin' slow,
 An' I 'most think we'd better let
 'em go.
 I tell ye wut, this war's a-goin' to
 cost—

THE BRIDGE

An' I tell *you* it wun't be money
 lost ;
 Taxes milks dry, but, neighbour,
 you'll allow
 Thet havin' things onsettled kills
 the cow :
 We've gut to fix this thing for good
 an' all ;
 It's no use buildin' wut's a-goin' to
 fall.
 I'm older'n you, an' I've seen things
 an' men,
 An' *my* experunce,—tell ye wut it's
 ben :
 Folks thet worked thorough was the
 ones thet thriv,
 But bad work follers ye ez long's ye
 live ;
 You can't git red on't ; jest ez sure
 ez sin,
 It's ollers askin' to be done agin :
 Ef we should part, it wouldn't be a
 week
 'Fore your soft-soddered peace would
 spring a leak.

We've turned our cuffs up, but, to
 put her thru,
 We must git mad an' off with jackets,
 tu ;
 Twun't du to think thet killin' ain't
 perlite,—
 You've gut to be in airnest, ef you
 fight ;
 Why, two-thirds o' the Rebbles 'ould
 cut dirt
 Ef they once thought thet Guv'ment
 meant to hurt ;
 An' I du wish our Gin' rals hed in mind
 The folks in front more than the
 folks behind ;
 You wun't do much until you think
 it's God,
 An' not constitoots, thet holds the
 rod ;
 We want some more o' Gideon's
 sword, I jedge,
 For proclamations ha'n't no gret of
 edge ;
 There's nothin' for a cancer but the
 knife,
 Unless you set by 't more than by
 your life.
 I've seen hard times ; I see a war
 begun
 Thet folks thet love their bellies
 never'd won ;
 Pharo's lean kine hung on for seven
 long year ;
 But when 'twas done, we didn't
 count it dear.
 Why, lawan' order, honour, civil right,
 Ef they *ain't* wuth it, wut *is* wuth a
 fight ?
 I'm older'n you : the plough, the
 axe, the mill,
 All kin's o' labour an' all kin's o' skill,
 Would be a rabbit in a wile-cat's claw,
 Ef 'twarn't for thet slow critter,
 'stablished law ;
 Onsettle *thet*, an' all the world goes
 whiz,
 A screw's gut loose in everythin'
 there is :
 Good buttresses once settled, don't
 you fret
 An' stir 'em ; take a bridge's word
 for thet !

Young folks are smart, but all ain't
 good thet's new ;
 I guess the gran'thers they knowed
 sunthin', tu.

THE MONIMENT

Amen to thet ! build sure in the
 beginnin' :
 An' then don't never tech the under-
 pinnin' :
 Th' older a guv'ment is, the better 't
 suits ;
 New ones hunt folks's corns out like
 new boots :
 Change jes' for change is like them
 big hotels
 Where they shift plates, an' let ye
 live on smells.

THE BRIDGE

Wal, don't give up afore the ship
 goes down :
 It's a stiff gale, but Providence wun't
 drown ;
 An' God wun't leave us yit to sink
 or swim,
 Ef we don't fail to du wut's right by
 Him.
 This land o' ourn, I tell ye, 's gut to be
 A better country than man ever see.
 I feel my sperit swellin' with a cry
 Thet seems to say, "Break forth an'
 prophecy !"
 O strange New World, thet yit wast
 never young,
 Whose youth from thee by gripin'
 need was wrung,
 Brown foundlin' o' the woods, whose
 baby-bed
 Was prowled roun' by the Injun's
 cracklin' tread,
 An' who grew'st strong thru shifts
 an' wants an' pains,
 Nussed by stern men with empires
 in their brains,
 Who saw in vision their young Ish-
 mel strain
 With each hard hand a vassal ocean's
 mane,

Thou, skilled by Freedom an' by
gret events
To pitch new States ez Old-World
men pitch tents,
Thou, taught by Fate to know Jeho-
vah's plan
Thet man's devices can't unmake a
man,
An' whose free latch-string never was
drawed in
Against the poorest child of Adam's
kin,—
The grave's not dug where traitor
hands shall lay
In fearful haste thy murdered corse
away!
I see—

Jest here some dogs begun to
bark,
So thet I lost old Concord's last re-
mark :
I listened long, but all I seemed to
hear
Was dead leaves gossipin' on some
birch-trees near ;
But ez they hedn't no gret things
to say,
An' sed 'em often, I come right away,
An', walkin' home'ards, jest to pass
the time,
I put some thoughts thet bothered
me in rhyme ;
I hain't hed time to fairly try 'em
on,
But here they be—it's

JONATHAN TO JOHN

It don't seem hardly right, John,
When both my hands was full,
To stump me to a fight, John,—
Your cousin, tu, John Bull !
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
We know it now," sez he,
"The lion's paw is all the law,
Accordin' to J. B.,
Thet's fit for you an' me!"

You wonder why we're hot, John ?
Your mark wuz on the guns,

The neutral guns, thet shot, John,
Our brothers an' our sons :
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
There's human blood," sez he,
"By fits an' starts, in Yankee hearts,
Thought't may surprise J. B.
More'n it would you an' me."

Ef I turned mad dogs loose, John,
On *your* front-parlour stairs,
Would it jest meet your views, John,
To wait an' sue their heirs ?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
I on'y guess," sez he,
"Thet ef Vattel on *his* toes fell,
'Twould kind o' rile J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

Who made the law thet hurts, John,
Heads I win,—ditto tails?
"J. B." was on his shirts, John,
Unless my memory fails.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
(I'm good at thet)," sez he,
"Thet sauce for goose ain't *jest* the
juice
For ganders with J. B.,
No more'n with you or me!"

When your rights was our wrongs,
John,
You didn't stop for fuss,—
Britanny's trident prongs, John,
Was good 'nough law for us.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
Though physic's good," sez he,
"It doesn't foller thet he can swaller
Prescriptions signed 'J. B.,'
Put up by you an' me!"

We own the ocean, tu, John :
You mus'n' take it hard,
Ef we can't think with you, John,
It's jest your own back-yard.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
Ef *thet's* his claim," sez he,
"The fencin'-stuff'll cost enough
To bust up friend J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

Why talk so drefle big, John,
Of honour when it meant

You didn't care a fig, John,
But jest for *ten per cent.* ?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
He's like the rest," sez he :
"When all is done, it's number one
Thet's nearest to J. B.,
Ez wal ez t' you an' me !"

We give the critters back, John,
Cos Abram thought 'twas right ;
It warn't your bullyin' clack, John,
Provokin' us to fight.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
We've a hard row," sez he,
"To hoe jest now ; but thet, somehow,
May happen to J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me !"

We ain't so weak an' poor, John,
With twenty million people,
An' close to every door, John,
A school-house an' a steeple.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
It is a fact," sez he,
"The surest plan to make a Man
Is, think him so, J. B.,
Ez much ez you or me !"

Our folks believe in Law, John,
An' it's for her sake now
They've left the axe an' saw, John,
The anvil an' the plough.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
Ef 'twarn't for law," sez he,
"There'd be one shindy from here
to Indy ;
An' thet don't suit J. B.
(When 'tain't 'twixt you an'
me !)."

We know we've got a cause, John,
Thet's honest, just, an' true ;
We thought 'twould win applause,
John,
Ef nowhere else, from you.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
His love of right," sez he,
"Hangs by a rotten fibre o' cotton .
There's natur' in J. B.,
Ez wal'z in you an' me !"

The South says, "*Poor folks down !*"
John,
An' "*All men up !*" say we,—
White, yaller, black, an' brown,
John :
Now which is your idee ?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
John preaches wal," sez he ;
"But, sermon thru, an' come to *du*,
Why, there's the old J. B.
A crowdin' you an' me !"

Shall it be love or hate, John ?
It's you thet's to decide ;
Ain't *your* bonds held by Fate, John,
Like all the world's beside ?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
Wise men forgive," sez he,
"But not forgit ; an' some time yit
Thet truth may strike J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me !"

God means to make this land, John,
Clear thru, from sea to sea,
Believe an' understand, John,
The *wuth* o' hein' free.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
God's price is high," sez he ;
"But nothin' else than wut He sells
Wears long, an' thet J. B.
May larn, like you an' me !"

NO. III.

BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN, ESQ.,
TO MR. HOSEA BIGLOW

With the following Letter from the
REVEREND HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC
MONTHLY

JAALAM, 7th Feb. 1862.

RESPECTED FRIENDS,—If I know
myself,—and surely a man can hardly
be supposed to have over-passed the
limit of fourscore years without
attaining to some proficiency in that
most useful branch of learning (*e*
caelo descendit, says the pagan poet),

—I have no great smack of that weakness which would press upon the publick attention any matter pertaining to my private affairs. But since the following letter of Mr. Sawin contains not only a direct allusion to myself, but that in connection with a topick of interest to all those engaged in the publick ministrations of the sanctuary, I may be pardoned for touching briefly thereupon. Mr. Sawin was never a stated attendant upon my preaching,—never, as I believe, even an occasional one, since the erection of the new house (where we now worship) in 1845. He did, indeed, for a time, supply a not unacceptable bass in the choir; but, whether on some umbrage (*omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus*) taken against the bass-viol, then, and till his decease in 1850 (*æt. 77*), under the charge of Mr. Asaph Perley, or, as was reported by others, on account of an imminent subscription for a new bell, he thenceforth absented himself from all outward and visible communion. Yet he seems to have preserved (*altâ mente repostum*), as it were, in the pickle of a mind soured by prejudice, a lasting *scunner*, as he would call it, against our staid and decent form of worship; for I would rather in that wise interpret his fling, than suppose that any chance tares sown by my pulpit discourses should survive so long, while good seed too often fails to root itself. I humbly trust that I have no personal feeling in the matter; though I know that, if we sound any man deep enough, our lead shall bring up the mud of human nature at last. The Bretons believe in an evil spirit which they call *ar c'houkezik*, whose office it is to make the congregation drowsy; and though I have never had reason to think that he was specially busy among my flock, yet have I seen enough to make me sometimes regret the hinged seats of the ancient meeting-

house, whose lively clatter, not unwillingly intensified by boys beyond eyeshot of the tithing-man, served at intervals as a wholesome *réveil*. It is true, I have numbered among my parishioners some who are proof against the prophylactick fennel, nay, whose gift of somnolence rivalled that of the Cretan Rip Van Winkle, Epimenides, and who, nevertheless, complained not so much of the substance as of the length of my (by them unheard) discourses. Some ingenious persons of a philosophick turn have assured us that our pulpits were set too high, and that the soporifick tendency increased with the ratio of the angle in which the hearer's eye was constrained to seek the preacher. This were a curious topick for investigation. There can be no doubt that some sermons are pitched too high, and I remember many struggles with the drowsy fiend in my youth. Happy Saint Anthony of Padua, whose finny acolytes, however they might profit, could never murmur! *Quare fremuerunt gentes?* Who is he that can twice a week be inspired, or has eloquence (*ut ita dicam*) always on tap? A good man, and, next to David, a sacred poet (himself, haply, not inexpert of evil in this particular), has said,—

“The worst speak something good : if
all want sense,
God takes a text and preacheth patience.”

There are one or two other points in Mr. Sawin's letter which I would also briefly animadvert upon. And first, concerning the claim he sets up to a certain superiority of blood and lineage in the people of our Southern States, now unhappily in rebellion against lawful authority and their own better interests. There is a sort of opinions, anachronisms at once and anachorisms, foreign both to the age and the country, that maintain a feeble and

buzzing existence, scarce to be called life, like winter flies, which in mild weather crawl out from obscure nooks and crannies to expatiate in the sun, and sometimes acquire vigour enough to disturb with their enforced familiarity the studious hours of the scholar. One of the most stupid and pertinacious of these is the theory that the Southern States were settled by a class of emigrants from the Old World socially superior to those who founded the institutions of New England. The Virginians especially lay claim to this generosity of lineage, which were of no possible account, were it not for the fact that such superstitions are sometimes not without their effect on the course of human affairs. The early adventurers to Massachusetts at least paid their passages; no felons were ever shipped thither; and though it be true that many deboshed younger brothers of what are called good families may have sought refuge in Virginia, it is equally certain that a great part of the early deportations thither were the sweepings of the London streets and the leavings of the London stews. It was this my Lord Bacon had in mind when he wrote: "It is a shameful and unblest thing to take the scum of people and wicked condemned men to be the people with whom you plant." That certain names are found there is nothing to the purpose, for, even had an *alias* been beyond the invention of the knaves of that generation, it is known that servants were often called by their masters' names, as slaves are now. On what the heralds call the spindle side, some, at least, of the oldest Virginian families are descended from matrons who were exported and sold for so many hogsheads of tobacco the head. So notorious was this, that it became one of the jokes of contemporary playwrights, not only that men bank-

rupt in purse and character were "food for the Plantations" (and this before the settlement of New England), but also that any drab would suffice to wive such pitiful adventurers. "Never choose a wife as if you were going to Virginia," says Middleton in one of his comedies. The mule is apt to forget all but the equine side of his pedigree. How early the counterfeited nobility of the Old Dominion became a topick of ridicule in the Mother-Country may be learned from a play of Mrs. Behn's, founded on the Rebellion of Bacon: for even these kennels of literature may yield a fact or two to pay the raking. Mrs. Flirt, the keeper of a Virginia ordinary, calls herself the daughter of a baronet, "undone in the late rebellion,"—her father having in truth been a tailor,—and three of the Council, assuming to themselves an equal splendour of origin, are shown to have been, one "a broken exciseman who came over a poor servant," another a tinker transported for theft, and a third "a common pickpocket often flogged at the cart's tail." The ancestry of South Carolina will as little pass muster at the Herald's Visitation, though I hold them to have been more reputable, inasmuch as many of them were honest tradesmen and artisans, in some measure exiles for conscience' sake, who would have smiled at the high-flying nonsense of their descendants. Some of the more respectable were Jews. The absurdity of supposing a population of eight millions all sprung from gentle loins in the course of a century and a half is too manifest for confutation. But of what use to discuss the matter? An expert genealogist will provide any solvent man with a *genus et proavos* to order. My Lord Burleigh said (and the Emperor Frederick II. before him), that "nobility was ancient riches,"

whence also the Spanish were wont to call their nobles *ricos hombres*, and the aristocracy of America are the descendants of those who first became wealthy, by whatever means. Petroleum will in this wise be the source of much good blood among our posterity. The aristocracy of the South, such as it is, has the shallowest of all foundations, for it is only skin-deep,—the most odious of all, for, while affecting to despise trade, it traces its origin to a successful traffick in men, women, and children, and still draws its chief revenues thence. And though, as Doctor Chamberlayne consolingly says in his “Present State of England,” “to become a Merchant of Foreign Commerce, without serving any Apprentisage, hath been allowed no disparagement to a Gentleman born, especially to a younger Brother,” yet I conceive that he would hardly have made a like exception in favour of the particular trade in question. Oddly enough this trade reverses the ordinary standards of social respectability no less than of morals, for the retail and domestick is as creditable as the wholesale and foreign is degrading to him who follows it. Are our morals, then, no better than *mores* after all? I do not believe that such aristocracy as exists at the South (for I hold with Marius, *fortissimum quemque generosissimum*) will be found an element of anything like persistent strength in war,—thinking the saying of Lord Bacon (whom one quaintly called *inductionis dominus et Verulamii*) as true as it is pithy, that “the more gentlemen, ever the more books of subsidies.” It is odd enough as an historical precedent, that, while the fathers of New England were laying deep in religion, education, and freedom the basis of a polity which has substantially outlasted any then existing, the first work of the founders of

Virginia, as may be seen in Wingfield’s “Memorial,” was conspiracy and rebellion,—odder yet, as showing the changes which are wrought by circumstance, that the first insurrection in South Carolina was against the aristocratical scheme of the Proprietary Government. I do not find that the cuticular aristocracy of the South has added anything to the refinements of civilisation except the carrying of bowie-knives and the chewing of tobacco,—a high-toned Southern gentleman being commonly not only *quadrumanous* but *quid-ruminant*.

I confess that the present letter of Mr. Sawin increases my doubts as to the sincerity of the convictions which he professes, and I am inclined to think that the triumph of the legitimate Government, sure sooner or later to take place, will find him and a large majority of his newly adopted fellow-citizens (who hold with Dædalus, the primal sinner-on-the-fence, that *medium tenere tutissimum*) original Union men. The criticisms towards the close of his letter on certain of our failings are worthy to be seriously perpended; for he is not, as I think, without a spice of vulgar shrewdness. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*: there is no reckoning without your host. As to the good-nature in us which he seems to gird at, while I would not consecrate a chapel, as they have not scrupled to do in France, to *Nôtre Dame de la Haine* (Our Lady of Hate), yet I cannot forget that the corruption of good-nature is the generation of laxity of principle. Good-nature is our national characteristic; and though it be, perhaps, nothing more than a culpable weakness or cowardice, when it leads us to put up tamely with manifold impositions and breaches of implied contracts (as too frequently in our public conveyances), it becomes a positive crime when it leads us to look

unresentfully on speculation, and to regard treason to the best Government that ever existed as something with which a gentleman may shake hands without soiling his fingers. I do not think the gallows-tree the most profitable member of our *Sylva*; but, since it continues to be planted, I would fain see a Northern limb ingrafted on it, that it may bear some other fruit than loyal Tennesseeans.

A relic has recently been discovered on the east bank of Bushy Brook in North Jaalam, which I conceive to be an inscription in Runick characters relating to the early expedition of the Northmen to this continent. I shall make fuller investigations, and communicate the result in due season.

Respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
HOMER WILBUR, A. M.

P.S.—I enclose a year's subscription from Deacon Tinkham.

I HED it on my min' las' time, when
I to write ye started,
To tech the leadin' featur's o' my
gittin' me convarted;
But, ez my letters hez to go clearn
roun' by way o' Cuby,
'Twun't seem no staler now than
then, by th' time it gits where
you be.
You know up North, though secs
an' things air plenty ez you
please,
Ther' warn't nut one on 'em thet
come jes' square with my
idees:
They all on 'em wuz too much mixed
with Covenants o' Works,
An' would hev answered jest ez wal
for Afrikins an' Turks;
Fer where's a Christian's privilege
an' his rewards ensuin',
Ef 'tain't perfessin' right an' eend
'thout nary need o' doin'?

I dessay they suit workin'-folks thet
ain't noways pertic'lar,
But nut your Southun gen'leman
thet keeps his parpendic'lar;
I don't blame nary man thet casts
his lot along o' his folks,
But ef you callate to save me, 't
must be with folks thet *is*
folks.
Cov'nants o' works go 'ginst my grain,
but down here I've found
out
The true fus'-fem'ly A^r plan,—here's
how it come about.
When I fus' sot up with Miss S., sez
she to me, sez she,
"Without you git religion, sir, the
thing can't never be;
Nut but wut I respec'," sez she,
"your intellectle part,
But you wun't noways du for me
athout a change o' heart:
Nothun religion works wal North,
but it's ez soft ez spruce,
Compared to ourn, for keepin' sound,"
sez she, "upon the goose;
A day's experunce'd prove to ye, ez
easy'z pull a trigger,
It takes the Southun pint o' view to
raise ten bales a nigger;
You'll fin' thet human natur', South,
ain't wholesome more'n skin-
deep,
An' once't a darkie's took with it, he
wun't be wuth his keep."
"How *shell* I git it, Ma'am?" sez
I. "Attend the nex' camp-
meetin'."
Sez she, "an' it'll come to ye ez
cheap ez onbleached sheetin'."
Wal, so I went along an' hearn most
an impressive sarmon
About besprinklin' Afriky with fourth-
proof dew o' Harmon:
He didn't put no weaknin' in, but
gin it tu us hot,
'Z ef he an' Satan'd ben two bulls in
one five-acre lot:
I don't pertend to foller him, but
give ye jes' the heads;
For pulpit ellerkence, you know,
'most ollers kin' o' spreads.

Ham's seed wuz gin to us in chairge,
 an' shouldn't we be li'ble
 In Kingdom Come, ef we kep' back
 their priv'lege in the Bible?
 The cusses an' the promesses make
 one gret chain, an' ef
 You snake one link out here, one
 there, how much on't ud be
 lef'?

All things wuz gin to man for's use,
 his sarvice, an' delight;
 An' don't the Greek an' Hebrew words
 thet mean a Man mean White?
 Ain't it belittlin' the Good Book in
 all its proudest featur's
 To think 'twuz wrote for black
 an' brown an' 'lasses-coloured
 creaturs,
 Thet couldn' read it, ef they would,
 nor ain't by lor allowed to,
 But ough' to take wut we think suits
 their naturs, an' be proud to?
 Warn't it more prof'table to bring
 your raw materil thru
 Where you can work it inta grace an'
 inta cotton, tu,
 Than sendin' missionaries out where
 fevers might defeat 'em,
 An' ef the butcher didn' call, their
 p'rishioners might eat 'em?
 An' then, agin, wut airthly use? Nor
 'twarn't our fault, in so fur
 Ez Yankee skippers would keep on
 atotin' on 'em over.

'T improved the whites by savin' 'em
 from ary need o' workin',
 An' kep' the blacks from bein' lost
 thru idleness an' shirkin';
 We took to 'em ez nat'ral ez a barn-
 owl doos to mice,
 An' hed our hull time on our hands
 to keep us out o' vice;
 It made us feel ez pop'lar ez a hen
 doos with one chicken,
 An' fill our place in Natur's scale by
 givin' 'em a lickin':
 For why should Caesar git his dues
 more'n Juno, Pomp, an' Cuffy?
 I 's justifyin' Ham to spare a nigger
 when he's stuffy.
 Where'd their soles gotu, liketoknow,
 ef we should let 'em ketch

Freeknowledgeism an' Fourierism an'
 Speritoolism an' sech?
 When Satan sets himself to work to
 raise his very bes' muss,
 He scatters roun' onscriptur'l views
 relatin' to Ones'mus.

You'd ough' to seen, though, how his
 facts an' argymunce an' figgers
 Drawed tears o' real conviction from
 a lot o' pen'tent niggers!

It warn't like Wilbur's meetin',
 where you're shet up in a pew,
 Your dickeys sorrin' off your ears,
 an' bilin' to be thru;
 Ther' wuz a tent clost by thet hed a
 kag o' sunthin' in it,
 Where you could go, ef you wuz dry,
 an' damp ye in a minute;
 An' ef you did dror off a spell, ther'
 wuzn't no occasion
 To lose the thread, because, ye see,
 he bellered like all Bashan.

It's dry work follerin' argymunce, an'
 so, 'twix' this an' thet,
 I felt conviction weighin' down
 somehow inside my hat;
 It growed an' growed like Jonah's
 gourd, a kin' o' whirlin'
 ketched me,

Ontil I fin'ly clean gin out an' owned
 up thet he'd fetched me;
 An' when nine-tenths o' th' perrish
 took to tumblin' roun' an'
 hollerin',
 I didn' fin' no gret in th' way o'
 turnin' tu an' follerin'.

Soon ez Miss S. see thet, sez she,
 "Thet's wut I call wuth seein'!
 Thet's actin' like a reas'nable an' in-
 tellectle bein'!"

An' so we fin'ly made it up, con-
 cluded to hitch hosses,
 An' here I be 'n my ellermunt among
 creation's bosses;
 Arter I'd drawed sech heaps o' blanks,
 Fortin at last hez sent a prize,
 An' chose me for a shinin' light o'
 missionary entaprise.

This leads me to another pint on
 which I've changed my plan
 O' thinkin' so's 't I might become a
 straight-out Southun man.

Miss S. (her maiden name wuz Higgs,
o' the fus' fem'ly here)
On her Ma's side's all Juggernot, on
Pa's all Cavileer,
An' sence I've merried into her an'
stept into her shoes,
It ain't more'n nateral that I should
modderfy my views :
I've ben a-readin' in Debow ontill I've
fairly gut
So 'nlightened that I'd full ez lives
ha' ben a Dook ez nut ;
An' when we've laid ye all out stiff,
an' Jeff hez gut his crown,
An' comes to pick his nobles out,
wun't this child be in town !
We'll hev an Age o' Chivverlry sur-
passin' Mister Burke's,
Where every fem'ly is fus'-best an'
nary white man works :
Our system's sech, the thing'll root
ez easy ez a tater ;
For while your lords in furrin parts
ain't noways marked bynatur',
Nor sot apart from ornery folks in
featur's nor in figgers,
Ef ourn'll keep their faces washed,
you'll know 'em from their
niggers.
Ain't *sech* things wuth secedin' for,
an' gittin' red o' you,
Thet waller in your low idees, an'
will tell all is blue ?
Fact is, we *air* a diff'rent race, an' I,
for one, don't see,
Sech havin' ollers ben the case, how
w' ever *did* agree.
It's sunthin' thet you lab'r in'-folks up
North hed ough' to think on,
Thet Higgses can't bemean them-
selves to rulin' by a Lincoln,—
Thet men (an' guv'nors, tu), thet hez
sech Normal names ez Pickens,
Accustomed to no kin' o' work,
'thout 'tis to givin' lickins,
Can't masure votes with folks thet
get their livins from their
farms,
An' prob'ly think thet Law's ez good
ez hevin' coats-o'-arms.
Sence I've ben here, I've hired a
chap to look about for me

To git me a transplantable an' thrifty
fem'ly-tree,
An' he tells *me* the Sawins is ez much
o' Normal blood
Ez Pickens an' the rest on 'em, an'
older'n Noah's flood.
Your Normal schools wun't turn ye
into Normals, for it's clear,
Ef eddykatin' done the thing, they'd
be some skurcer here.
Pickenses, Boggses, Pettuses, Ma-
goffins, Letchers, Polks,—
Where can you scare up names like
them among your mudsill
folks ?
Ther's nothin' to compare with 'em,
you'd fin', ef you should
glance,
Among the tip-top femerlies in Eng-
lan', nor in France :
I've hearn frum 'sponsible men whose
word wuz full ez good's their
note,
Men thet can run their face for
drinks, an' keep a Sunday
coat,
That they wuz all on 'em come down,
an' come down pooty fur,
From folks thet, 'thout their crowns
wuz on, ou' doors wouldn'
never stir,
Nor thet ther' warn't a Southun man
but wut wuz *primy fashy*
O' the bes' blood in Europe, yis, an'
Afriky an' Ashy :
Sech bein' the case, is't likely we
should bend like cotton wickin',
Or set down under anythin' so low-
lived ez a lickin' ?
More'n this,—hain't we the literatoor,
an' science, tu, by gorry ?
Hain't we them intellectle twins,
them giants, Simms an' Maury,
Each with full twice the ushle brains,
like nothin' thet I know,
'Thout 'twuz a double-headed calf I
see once to a show ?
For all thet, I warn't jest at fust in
favour o' secedin' ;
I wuz for layin' low a spell to find out
where 'twuz leadin',

For hevin' South-Carliny try her
hand at sepritnationin',
She takin' resks an' findin' funds, an'
we co-operationin',—
I mean a kin' o' hangin' roun' an'
settin' on the fence,
Till Prov'dunce pinted how to jump
an' save the most expense;
I recollected thet 'ere mine o' lead to
Shiraz Centre
Thet bust up Jabez Pettibone, an'
didn't want to ventur'
'Fore I wuz sartin wut come out ud
pay for wut went in,
For swappin' silver off for lead ain't
the sure way to win
(An', fact, it *does* look now ez though
—but folks must live an' larn—
We should git lead, an' more'n we
want, out o' the Old Consarn);
But when I see a man so wise an'
honest ez Buchanan
A-lettin' us bev all the forts an' all
the arms an' cannon,
Admittin' we wuz nat'lly right an'
you wuz nat'lly wrong,
Coz you wuz lab'rin'-folks an' we wuz
wut they call *bong-tong*,
An' coz there warn't no fight in ye
more'n in a mashed potater,
While two o' us can't skurcely meet
but wut we fight by natur',
An' th' ain't a bar-room here would
pay for openin' on't a night,
Without it giv the priverlege o' bein'
shot at sight,
Which proves we're Natur's noble-
men, with whom it don't sur-
prise
The British aristoxty should feel
boun' to sympathise,—
Seein' all this, an' seein', tu, the thing
wuz strikin' roots
While Uncle Sam sot still in hopes
thet some one'd bring his
boots,
I thought th' ole Union's hoops wuz
off, an' let myself be sucked in
To rise a peg an' jine the crowd thet
went for reconstructin',—
Thet is to hev the pardnership under
th' ole name contiuner

Jest ez it wuz, we drorrin' pay, you
findin' bone an' sinner,—
On'y to put it in the bond, an' enter't
in the journals,
Thet you're the nat'ral rank an' file,
an' we the nat'ral kurnels.
Now this I thought a fees'ble plan,
thet'ud work smoothez grease,
Suitin' the Nineteenth Century an'
Upper Ten idees,
An' there I meant to stick, an' so did
most o' th' leaders, tu,
Coz we all thought the chance wuz
good o' puttin' on it thru;
But Jeff he hit upon a way o' helpin'
on us forrard
By bein' unannermous,—a trick you
ain't quite up to, Norrard.
A Baldin hain't no more 'f a chance
with them new apple-corers
Than folks's oppersition views against
the Ringtail Roarers;
They'll take 'em out on him'bout east,
—one canter on a rail
Makes a man feel unannermous ez
Jonah in the whale;
Or ef he's a slow-moulded cuss thet
can't seem quite t' 'gree,
He gits the noose by tellergraph
upon the nighes' tree:
Their mission-work with Afrikins hez
put 'em up, thet's sartin,
To all the mos' across-lot ways o'
preachin' an' convartin';
I'll bet my hat th' ain't nary priest,
nor all on 'em together,
Thet cairs conviction to the min' like
Reveren' Taranfeather;
Why, he sot up with me one night,
an' laboured to sech pur-
pose,
Thet (ez an owl by daylight 'mongst
a flock o' teasin' chirpers
Sees clearer'n mud the wickedness
o' eatin' little birds)
I see my error an' agreed to shen it
arterwards;
An' I should say (to jedge our folks
by facy in my possession),
Thet three's Unannermous where
one's a 'Riginal Secession;

So it's a thing you fellers North may
safely bet your chink on,
Thet we're all water-proofed agin th'
usurpin' reign o' Lincoln.

Jeff's *some*. He's gut another plan
thet hez pertic'lar merits,
In givin' things a cheerfie look an'
stiffnin' loose-hung sperits ;
For while your million papers, wut
with lyin' an' discussin',
Keep folks's tempers all on eend a-
fumin' an' a-fussin',
A-wondrin' this an' guessin' thet, an'
dreadin' every night
The breechin' o' the Univarse 'll
break afore it's light,
Our papers don't putend to print
on'y wut Guv'ment choose,
An' thet insures us all to git the very
best o' noose :
Jeff hez it of all sorts an' kines, an'
sarves it out ez wanted,
So's 't every man gits wut he likes an'
nobody ain't scantid ;
Sometimes it's vict'ries (they're 'bout
all ther' is that's cheap down
here),

Sometimes it's France an' England
on the jump to interfere.

Fact is, the less the people know o'
wut ther' is a-doin',

The hendier 'tis for Guv'ment, sence
it henders trouble brewin' ;

An' noose is like a shinplaster,—it's
good, ef you believe it,

Or, wut's all same, the other man
thet's goin' to receive it :

Ef you've a son in th' army, wy, it's
comfortin' to hear

He'll hev no gretter resk to run than
seein' th' in'my's rear,

Coz, ef an F. F. looks at 'em, they
ollers break an' run,

Or wilt right down ez debtors will
thet stumble on a dun

(An' this, ef an'thin', proves the wuth
o' proper femly pride.

Fer sech mean shucks ez creditors
are all on Lincoln's side) ;

Ef I hev scrip thet wun't go off no
more'n a Belgin rifle,

An' read thet it's at par on 'Change,
it makes me feel deli'fie ;

It's cheerin', tu, where every man
mus' fortify his bed,

To hear thet Freedom's the one thing
our darkies mos'ly dread,

An' thet experunce, time 'n' agin, to
Dixie's Land hez shown

Ther's nothin' like a powder-cask
fer a stiddy corner-stone ;

Ain't it ez good ez nuts, when salt is
sellin' by the ounce

For its own weight in Treash'ry-bons
(ef bought in small amounts),

When even whisky's gittin' skurce
an' sugar can't be found,

To know thet all the ellerments o'
luxury abound ?

An' don't it glorify sal' pork, to come
to understand

It's wut the Richmon' editors call
fatness o' the land !

Nex' thing to knowin' you're well off
is *wut* to know when y' ain't ;

An' ef Jeff says all's goin' wal, who'll
ventur' t' say it ain't ?

This cairn the Constitooshun roun'
ez Jeff doos in his hat

Is hendier a drefle sight, an' comes
more kin' o' pat.

I tell ye wut, my jedgment is you're
pooty sure to fail,

Ez long 'z the head keeps turnin'
back for counsel to the tail :

Th' advantages of our consarn for
bein' prompt air gret,

While, 'long o' Congress, you can't
strike, 'f you git an iron het ;

They bother roun' with argooin', an'
var'ous sorts o' foolin',

To make sure ef it's leg'lly het, an'
all the while it's coolin',

So's 't when you come to strike, it
ain't no gret to wish ye j'y on,

An' hurts the hammer 'z much or
more ez wut it doos the

iron.

Jeff don't allow no jawin'-sprees for
three months at a stretch,

Knowin' the ears long speeches suits
air mostly made to metch ;

He jes' ropes in your tonguey chaps
 an' reg'lar ten-inch bores,
 An' lets 'em play at Congress, ef
 they'll du it with closed doors;
 So they ain't no more bothersome
 than ef we'd took an' sunk 'em,
 An' yit enj'y th' exclusive right to one
 another's Buncombe
 'Thout doin' nobody no hurt, an'
 'thout its costin' nothin',
 Their pay bein' jes' Confedrit funds,
 they findin' keep an' clothin';
 They taste the sweets o' public life,
 an' plan their little jobs,
 An' suck the 'Treash'ry (no gret harm,
 for it's ez dry ez cobs),
 An' go thru all the motions jest ez
 safe ez in a prison,
 An' hev their business to themselves,
 while Buregard hez hisn :
 Ez long 'z he gives the Hessians fits,
 committees can't make bother
 'Bout whether 't's done the legle way
 or whether 't's done the tother.
 An' I tell you you've gut to larn that
 War ain't one long teeter
 Betwixt I wan' to an' 'Twun't du, de-
 batin' like a skeetur
 Afore he lights,—all is, to give the
 other side a millin',
 An' arter thet's done, th' ain't no resk
 but wut the lor 'll be willin';
 No metter wut the guv'ment is, ez
 nigh ez I can hit it,
 A lickin's constitooshunal, pervidin'
 We don't git it.
 Jeff don't stan' dilly-dallyin', afore he
 takes a dilly
 (With no one in), to git the leave o'
 the nex' Soopreme Court,
 Nor don't wait forty-leven weeks o'
 jawin' an' expoundin'
 To prove a nigger hez a right to save
 him, ef he's drowndin';
 Whereas ole Abram'd sink afore he'd
 let a darkie boost him,
 Ef Taney shouldn't come along an'
 hedn't interdooced him.
 It ain't your twenty millions thet'll
 ever block Jeff's game,
 But one Man thet wun't let 'em jog
 jest ez he's takin' aim :

Your numbers they may strengthen
 ye or weaken ye, ez't heppens
 They're willin' to be helpin' hands or
 wuss'n-nothin' cap'ns.

I've chose my side, an' 'tain't no odds
 ef I wuz drawed with magnets,
 Or ef I thought it prudenter to jine
 the nighes' bagnets;
 I've made my ch'ice, an' ciphered out,
 from all I see an' heard,
 Th' ole Constitooshun never'd git her
 Decks for action cleared
 Long 'z you elect for Congressmen
 poor shotes thet want to go
 Coz they can't seem to git their grub
 no otherways than so,
 An' let your bes' men stay to home
 coz they wun't show ez talkers,
 Nor can't be hired to fool ye an' sof-
 soap ye at a caucus,—
 Long 'z ye set by Rotashun more'n ye
 do by folks' merits,
 Ez though experunce thriv by change
 o' sile, like corn an' kerrits,—
 Long 'z you allow a critter's "claims"
 coz, spite o' shoves an' tippins,
 He's kep' his private pan jest where
 'twould ketchmos' public drip-
 pins,—
 Long 'z A.'ll turn tu an' grin' B.'s exe
 ef B.'ll help him grin' hisn
 (An' thet's the main idee by which
 your leadin' men hev risen),—
 Long 'z you let ary exe be groun',
 'less 'tis to cut the weasan'
 O' sneaks thet dunno till they're told
 wut is an' wut ain't Treason,—
 Long 'z ye give out commissions to a
 lot o' peddlin' drones
 Thet trade in whisky with their men
 an' skin 'em to their bones,—
 Long 'z ye sift out "safe" cander-
 dates thet no one ain't afear'd
 on
 Coz they're so thund'rin' eminent for
 bein' never heard on,
 An' hain't no record, ez it's called,
 for folks to pick a hole in,
 Ez ef it hurt a man to hev a body
 with a soul in,

An' it wuz ostentashun to be showin'
 on't about,
 When half his feller-citizens contrive
 to du without,—
 Long 'z you suppose your votes can
 turn biled kebbage into brain,
 An' ary man thet's pop'lar's fit to
 drive a lightnin'-train,—
 Long 'z you believe democracy means
I'm ez good ez you be,
 An' that a feller from the ranks can't
 be a knave or booby,—
 Long 'z Congress seems purvided,
 like yer street-cars an' yer
 'busses,
 With ollers room for jes' one more o'
 your spiled-in-bakin' cusses,
 Dough 'thout the emptins of a soul,
 an' yit with means about 'em
 (Like essence-peddlers¹) thet'll make
 folks long to be without 'em,
 Jes' heavy'nough to turn a scale thet's
 doubtble the wrong way,
 An' make their nat'ral arsenal o' bein'
 nasty pay,—
 Long 'z them things last (an' I don't
 see no gret signs of improvin'),
 I sha'n't up stakes, not hardly yit, nor
 'twouldn't pay for movin';
 For, 'fore you lick us, it'll be the
 long'st day ever *you* see.
 Yourn (ez I 'xpec' to be nex' spring),
 B., MARKISS O' BIG BOOSY.

No. IV.

A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS IN
SECRET SESSION*Conjecturally reported by H. BIGLOW*TO THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC
MONTHLY

JAALAM, 10th March 1862.

GENTLEMEN,—My leisure has been
 so entirely occupied with the hitherto
 fruitless endeavour to decypher the

Runick inscription whose fortunate
 discovery I mentioned in my last
 communication, that I have not
 found time to discuss, as I had in-
 tended, the great problem of what
 we are to do with slavery,—a topick
 on which the publick mind in this
 place is at present more than ever
 agitated. What my wishes and hopes
 are I need not say, but for safe con-
 clusions I do not conceive that we
 are yet in possession of facts enough
 on which to bottom them with
 certainty. Acknowledging the hand
 of Providence, as I do, in all events,
 I am sometimes inclined to think
 that they are wiser than we, and am
 willing to wait till we have made
 this continent once more a place
 where freemen can live in security
 and honour, before assuming any
 further responsibility. This is the
 view taken by my neighbour Habak-
 kuk Sloansure, Esq., the president
 of our bank, whose opinion in the
 practical affairs of life has great
 weight with me, as I have generally
 found it to be justified by the event,
 and whose counsel, had I followed
 it, would have saved me from an un-
 fortunate investment of a consider-
 able part of the painful economies
 of half a century in the North-west-
 Passage Tunnel. After a somewhat
 animated discussion with this gentle-
 man, a few days since, I expanded,
 on the *audi alteram partem* principle,
 something which he happened to say
 by way of illustration, into the follow-
 ing fable.

FESTINA LENTE

Once on a time there was a pool
 Fringed all about with flag-leaves cool
 And spotted with cow-lilies garish,
 Of frogs and pouts the ancient parish.
 Alders the creaking redwings sink on,
 Tussocks that house bliethe Bob o' Lin-
 coln
 Hedged round the unassailed seclusion,
 Where muskrats piled their cells Car-
 thusian ;

¹ A rustic euphemism for the American
 variety of the *Mephitis*. H. W.

And many a moss-embroidered log.
The watering-place of summer frog,
Slept and decayed with patient skill,
As watering-places sometimes will.

Now in this Abbey of Theleme,
Which realised the fairest dream
That ever dozing bull-frog had,
Sunned on a half-sunk lily-pad,
There rose a party with a mission
To mend the polliwogs' condition,
Who notified the sélectmen
To call a meeting there and then.
"Some kind of steps," they said, "are
needed ;
They don't come on so fast as we did :
Let's dock their tails ; if that don't make
'em
Frogs by brevet, the Old One take 'em !
That boy, that came the other day
To dig some flag-root down this way,
His jack-knife left, and 'tis a sign
That Heaven approves of our design :
'Twere wicked not to urge the step on,
When Providence has sent the weapon."

Old croakers, deacons of the mire,
That led the deep batrachian choir,
Uk! Uk! Caronk! with bass that
might
Have left Lablache's out of sight,
Shook nobby heads, and said, "No go !
You'd better let 'em try to grow :
Old Doctor Time is slow, but still
He does know how to make a pill."

But vain was all their hoarsest bass,
Their old experience out of place,
And spite of croaking and entreating,
The vote was carried in marsh-meeting.

"Lord knows," protest the polliwogs,
"We're anxious to be grown-up frogs ;
But do not undertake the work
Of Nature till she prove a shirk ;
'Tis not by jumps that she advances,
But wins her way by circumstances :
Pray, wait awhile, until you know
We're so contrived as not to grow ;
Let Nature take her own direction,
And she'll absorb our imperfection ;
You mightn't like 'em to appear with,
But we must have the things to steer
with."

"No," piped the party of reform,
"All great results are ta'en by storm ;

Fate holds her best gifts till we show
We've strength to make her let them go ;
No more reject the Age's chrism,
Your queues are an anachronism ;
No more the Future's promise mock,
But lay your tails upon the block,
Thankful that the we means have voted
To have you thus to frogs promoted."

The thing was done, the tails were
cropped,
And home each philotadpole hopped,
In faith rewarded to exult,
And wait the beautiful result.
Too soon it came ; our pool, so long
The theme of patriot bull-frog's song,
Next day was reeking, fit to smother,
With heads and tails that missed each
other,—
Here snoutless tails, there tailless snouts ;
The only gainers were the pouts.

MORAL

From lower to the higher next,
Not to the top, is Nature's text ;
And embryo Good, to reach full stature,
Absorbs the Evil in its nature.

I think that nothing will ever give
permanent peace and security to this
continent but the extirpation of
slavery therefrom, and that the
occasion is high ; but I would do
nothing hastily or vindictively, nor
presume to jog the elbow of Providence. No desperate measures for
me till we are sure that all others
are hopeless, — *flectere si nequeo
SUPEROS, Acheronta movebo*. To make
Emancipation a reform instead of a
revolution is worth a little patience,
that we may have the Border States
first, and then the non-slaveholders
of the Cotton States, with us in
principle, — a consummation that
seems to be nearer than many
imagine. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*,
is not to be taken in a literal sense
by statesmen, whose problem is to
get justice done with as little jar
as possible to existing order, which
has at least so much of heaven in it
that it is not chaos. I rejoice in the

President's late Message, which at last proclaims the Government on the side of freedom, justice, and sound policy.

As I write, comes the news of our disaster at Hampton Roads. I do not understand the supineness which, after fair warning, leaves wood to an unequal conflict with iron. It is not enough merely to have the right on our side, if we stick to the old flintlock of tradition. I have observed in my parochial experience (*haud ignarus mali*) that the devil is prompt to adopt the latest inventions of destructive warfare, and may thus take even such a three-decker as Bishop Butler at an advantage. It is curious that, as gunpowder made armour useless on shore, so armour is having its revenge by baffling its old enemy at sea; and that, while gunpowder robbed land warfare of nearly all its picturesqueness to give even greater stateliness and sublimity to a sea-fight, armour bids fair to degrade the latter into a squabble between two iron-shelled turtles.

Yours, with esteem and respect,
HOMER WILBUR, A. M.

P.S.—I had wellnigh forgotten to say that the object of this letter is to enclose a communication from the gifted pen of Mr. Biglow.

I SENT you a message, my friends,
t'other day,
Totellyou I'd nothin' perticklertosay:
'Twuz the day our new nation gut
kin' o' stillborn,
So 'twuz my pleasant dooty t'
acknowledge the corn,
An' I see clearly then, ef I didn't
before,
Thet the *augur* in inauguration means
bore.
I needn't tell you thet my messige
wuz written
'To diffuse correc' notions in France
an' Gret Britten,

An' agin to impress on the poppylar
mind
The comfort an' wisdom o' goin' it
blind,—
To say thet I didn't abate not a
hooter
O' my faith in a happy an' glorious
futur',
Ez rich in each soshle an' p'litickle
blessin'
Ez them thet we now hed the joy o'
possessin',
With a people united, an' longin' to
die
For wut we call their country, with-
out askin' why,
An' all the gret things we concluded
to slope for
Ez much within reach now ez ever
—to hope for.
We've all o' the ellerments, this very
hour,
Thet make up a fus'-class, self-
governin' power:
We've a war, an' a debt, an' a flag;
an' ef this
Ain't to be inderpendunt, why, wut
on airth is?
An' nothin' now henders our takin'
our station
Ez the freest, enlightenedest, civer-
lised nation,
Built up on our bran'-new politickle
thesis
Thet a Gov'ment's fust right is to
tumble to pieces,—
I say nothin' henders our takin' our
place
Ez the very fus'-best o' the whole
human race,
A spittin' tobacker ez proud ez you
please
On Victory's bes' carpets, or loafin'
at ease
In the Tool'ries front-parlour, dis-
cussin' affairs
With our heels on the backs o'
Napoleon's new chairs,
An' princes a-mixin' our cocktails
an' slings,—
Excep', wal, excep' jest a very few
things,

Sech ez navies an' armies an' where-
with to pay,
An' gittin' our sogers to run t'other
way,
An' not be too over-pertickler in
tryin'
To hunt up the very las' ditches to
die in.

Ther' are critters so base thet they
want it explained
Jes' wut is the totle amount thet
we've gained,
Ez ef we could maysure stupenjious
events
By the low Yankee stan'ard o' dollars
an' cents :
They seem to forgit, thet, sence last
year revolved,
We've succeeded in gittin' seceshed
an' dissolved,
An' thet no one can't hope to git
thru dissolootion
'Thout some kin' o' strain on the best
Constitootion.
Who asks for a prospec' more flettrin'
an' bright,
When from here clean to Texas it's
all one free fight ?
Hain't we rescued from Seward the
gret leadin' featur
Thet makes it wuth while to be
reasonin' creaturs ?
Hain't we saved Habus Coppers, im-
proved it in fact,
By suspendin' the Unionists 'stid o'
the Act ?
Ain't the laws free to all ? Where
on airth else d'ye see
Every freeman improvin' his own
rope an' tree ?

It's ne'ssary to take a good confident
tone
With the public ; but here, jest
amongst us, I own
Things look blacker'n thunder.
Ther's no use denyin'
We're clean out o' money, an' 'most
out o' lyin' ;
Two things a young nation can't
mennage without,

Ef she wants to look wal at her fust
comin' out ;
For the fust supplies physickle
strength, while the second
Gives a morril edvantage thet's hard
to be reckoned :
For this latter I'm willin' to du wut
I can ;
For the former you'll hev to consult
on a plan,—
Though our *fust* want (an' this
pint I want your best views
on)
Is plausible paper to print I.O.U.'s
on.
Some gennlemen think it would cure
all our cankers
In the way o' finance, ef we jes'
hanged the bankers ;
An' I own the proposle 'ud square
with my views,
Ef their lives wuzn't all thet we'd
left 'em to lose.
Some say thet more confidence
might be inspired
Ef we voted our cities an' towns to
be fired,—
A plan thet 'ud suttently tax our en-
durance,
Coz 'twould be our own bills we
should git for th' insur-
ance ;
But cinders, no metter how sacred
we think 'em,
Mightn't strike furrin minds ez good
sources of income,
Nor the people, perhaps, wouldn't
like the eclaw
O' bein' all turned into paytriots
by law.
Some want we should buy all the
cotton an' burn it,
On a pledge, when we've gut thru
the war, to return it,—
Then to take the proceeds an' hold
them ez security
For an issue o' bonds to be met at
maturity
With an issue o' notes to be paid in
hard cash
On the fus' Monday follerin' the
'tarnal Allsmash ;

This hez a safe air, an', once hold o' the gold, 'Ud leave our vile plunderers out in the cold, An' <i>might</i> temp' John Bull, ef it warn't for the dip he Once gut from the banks o' my own Massissippi. Some think we could make, by arrangin' the figgers, A hendy home-currency out of our niggers; But it wun't du to lean much on ary sech staff, For they're gittin' tu current a'ready, by half. One gennleman says, ef we lef' our loan out Where Floyd could git hold on't <i>he'd</i> take it, no doubt; But 'tain't jes' the takin', though 't hez a good look, We mus' git sunthin' out on it arter it's took, An' we need now more'n ever, with sorrer I own, Thet some one another should let us a loan, Sence a soger wun't fight, on'y jes' while he draws his Pay down on the nail, for the best of all causes, 'Thout askin' to know wut the quarrel's about,— An' once come to thet, why, our game is played out. It's ez true ez though I shouldn't never hev said it, Thet a hitch hez took place in our system o' credit; I swear it's all right in my speeches an' messiges, But ther's idees afloat, ez ther' is about sessiges: Folks wun't take a bond ez a basis to trade on Without nosin' round to find out wut it's made on, An' the thought more an' more thru the public min' crosses Thet our Tresh'ry hez gut 'mos' too many dead hosses.	Wut's called credit, you see, is some like a balloon, Thet looks while it's up 'most ez harnsome 'z a moon, But once git a leak in't, an' wut looked so grand Caves right down in a jiffy ez flat ez your hand. Now the world is a drefle mean place, for our sins, Where ther' ollus is critters about with long pins A-prickin' the globes we've blowed up with sech care, An' provin' ther's nothin' inside but bad air: They're all Stuart Millses, poor-white trash, an' sneaks, Without no more chivverly'n Choc-taws or Creeks, Whothink a real gennleman's promise to pay Is meant to be took in trade's ornery way: Them fellers an' I couldn' never agree; They're the nateral foes o' the Southun Idee; I'd gladly take all of our other resks on me To be red o' this low-lived politikle 'con'my! Now a dastardly notion is gittin' about Thet our bladder is bust an' the gas oozin' out, An' onless we can mennage in some way to stop it, Why, the thing's a gone coon, an' we might ez wal drop it. Brag works wal at fust, but it ain't jes' the thing For the stiddy inves'tment the shiners to bring, An' votin' we're prosp'rous a hundred times over Wun't change bein' starved into livin' in clover. Manassas done sunthin' tow'rds drawin' the wool O'er the green, antislavery eyes o' John Bull:
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Oh, *warn't* it a godsend, jes' when
 sech tight fixes
 Wuz crowdin' us mourners, to throw
 double-sizes !
 I wuz tempted to think, an' it wuzn't
 no wonder,
 Ther' wuz reelly a Providence,—over
 or under,—
 When, all packed for Nashville, I
 fust ascertained
 From the papers up North wut a
 victory we'd gained.
 'Twuz the time for diffusin' correc'
 views abroad
 Of our union an' strength an' relyin'
 on God ;
 An', fact, when I'd gut thru my fust
 big surprise,
 I much ez half b'lieved in my own
 tallest lies,
 An' conveyed the idee thet the whole
 Southun popperlance
 Wuz Spartans all on the keen jump
 for Thermopperlies,
 Thet set on the Lincolnites' bombs
 till they bust,
 An' fight for the priv'lege o' dyin' the
 fust ;
 But Roanoke, Bufort, Millspring, an'
 the rest
 Of our recent starn-foremost suc-
 cesses out West,
 Hain't left us a foot for our swellin'
 to stand on,—
 We've showed *too* much o' wut Bure-
 gard calls *abandon*,
 For all our Thermopperlies (an' it's a
 marcy
 We hain't hed no more) hev ben clean
 vicy-varsy,
 An' wut Spartans wuz lef' when the
 battle wuz done
 Wuz them thet wuz too unambitious
 to run.

Oh, ef we hed on'y jes' gut Reecogni-
 tion,
 Things now would ha' ben in a
 different position !
 You'd ha' hed all you wanted : the
 paper blockade

Smashed up into toothpicks—un-
 limited trade
 In the one thing thet's needfle, till
 niggers, I swow,
 Hed ben thicker'n provisional shin-
 plasters now ;—
 Quinine by the ton 'ginst the shakes
 when they seize ye ;—
 Nice paper to coin into C. S. A.
 specie ;
 The voice of the driver'd be heerd in
 our land,
 An' the univarse scringe ef we lifted
 our hand :
 Wouldn't *thet* be some like a fulfillin'
 the prophecies,
 With all the fus' fem'lies in all the
 fust offices ?
 'Twuz a beautiful dream, an' all
 sorer is idle,—
 But ef Lincoln *would* ha' hanged
 Mason an' Slidell !
 They ain't o' no good in Européan
 pellices,
 But think wut a help they'd ha' ben
 on their gallowses !
 They'd ha' felt they wuz truly ful-
 fillin' their mission,
 An', oh, how dog-cheap we'd ha' gut
 Reecognition !

But somehow another, wutever we've
 tried,
 Though the the'ry's fust-rate, the facts
wun't coincide :
 Facts are contrary 'z mules, an' ez
 hard in the mouth,
 An' they allus hev showed a mean
 spite to the South.
 Sech bein' the case, we hed best look
 about
 For some kin' o' way to slip *our* necks
 out :
 Le' 's vote our las' dollar, ef one can
 be found
 (An', at any rate, votin' it hez a good
 sound),—
 Le' 's swear thet to arms all our
 people is flyin'
 (The critters can't read, an' wun't
 know how we're lyin'),—

Thet Toombs is advancin' to sack
Cincinnati,
With a rovin' commission to pillage
an' slahter,—
Thet we've throwed to the winds all
regard for wut's lawfle,
An' gone in for sunthin' promiscu'sly
awfle.
Ye see, hitherto, it's our own knaves
an' fools
Thet we've used (those for whet-
stones, an' t'others ez tools),
An' now our las' chance is in puttin'
to test
The same kin o' cattle up North an'
out West,—
I— But, Gennlemen, here's a
despatch jes' come in
Which shows thet the tide's begun
turnin' agin',—
Gret Cornfedrit success! C'lumbus
eevacoated!
I mus' run down an' hev the thing
properly stated,
An' show wut a triumph it is, an'
how lucky
To fin'ly git red o' thet cussed Ken-
tucky,—
An' how, sence Fort Donelson,
winnin' the day
Consists in triumphantly gittin'
away.

No. V.

SPEECH OF HONOURABLE PRE-
SERVED DOE IN SECRET
CAUCUSTO THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC
MONTHLY

JAALAM, 12th April 1862.

GENTLEMEN,—As I cannot but hope that the ultimate, if not speedy, success of the national arms is now sufficiently ascertained, sure as I am of the righteousness of our cause and its consequent claim on the blessing of God (for I would not show a faith inferior to that of the

Pagan historian with his *Facile evenit quod Dis cordi est*), it seems to me a suitable occasion to withdraw our minds a moment from the confusing din of battle to objects of peaceful and permanent interest. Let us not neglect the monuments of preterite history because what shall be history is so diligently making under our eyes. *Cras ingens iterabimus æquor*; to-morrow will be time enough for that stormy sea; to-day let me engage the attention of your readers with the Runick inscription to whose fortunate discovery I have heretofore alluded. Well may we say with the poet, *Multa renascuntur quæ jam cecidere*. And I would premise that, although I can no longer resist the evidence of my own senses from the stone before me to the ante-Columbian discovery of this continent by the Northmen—*gens inclytissima*, as they are called in a Palermitan inscription, written fortunately in a less debatable character than that which I am about to decipher—yet I would by no means be understood as wishing to vilipend the merits of the great Genoese, whose name will never be forgotten so long as the inspiring strains of "Hail Columbia" shall continue to be heard. Though he must be stripped also of whatever praise may belong to the experiment of the egg, which I find proverbially attributed by Castilian authors to a certain Juanito or Jack (perhaps an offshoot of our giant-killing mythus), his name will still remain one of the most illustrious of modern times. But the impartial historian owes a duty likewise to obscure merit, and my solicitude to render a tardy justice is perhaps quickened by my having known those who, had their own field of labour been less secluded, might have found a reader acceptance with the reading publick. I could give an example, but I forbear: *for-sitan nostris ex ossibus oritur ultor*.

Touching Runick inscriptions, I find that they may be classed under three general heads: — 1°. Those which are understood by the Danish Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, and Professor Rafn, their secretary; 2°. Those which are comprehensible only by Mr. Rafn; and 3°. Those which neither the Society, Mr. Rafn, nor anybody else can be said in any definite sense to understand, and which accordingly offer peculiar temptations to enucleating sagacity. These last are naturally deemed the most valuable by intelligent antiquaries, and to this class the stone now in my possession fortunately belongs. Such give a picturesque variety to ancient events, because susceptible oftentimes of as many interpretations as there are individual archæologists; and since facts are only the pulp in which the Idea or event-seed is softly imbedded till it ripen, it is of little consequence what colour or flavour we attribute to them, provided it be agreeable. Availing myself of the obliging assistance of Mr. Arphaxad Bowers, an ingenious photographick artist, whose house-on-wheels has now stood for three years on our Meeting-House Green, with the somewhat contradictory inscription, — “*Our motto is onward,*” — I have sent accurate copies of my treasure to many learned men and societies, both native and European. I may hereafter communicate their different and (*me jndice*) equally erroneous solutions. I solicit also, Messrs. Editors, your own acceptance of the copy herewith enclosed. I need only premise further, that the stone itself is a goodly block of metamorphick sandstone, and that the Runes resemble very nearly the ornithichnites or fossil bird-tracks of Dr. Hitchcock, but with less regularity or apparent design than is displayed by those remarkable geological monuments. These are rather the *non bene junctarum dis-*

cordia semina rerum. Resolved to leave no door open to cavil, I first of all attempted the elucidation of this remarkable example of lithick literature by the ordinary modes, but with no adequate return for my labour. I then considered myself amply justified in resorting to that heroick treatment the felicity of which, as applied by the great Bentley to Milton, had long ago enlisted my admiration. Indeed, I had already made up my mind that, in case good fortune should throw any such invaluable record in my way, I would proceed with it in the following simple and satisfactory method. After a cursory examination, merely sufficing for an approximate estimate of its length, I would write down a hypothetical inscription based upon antecedent probabilities, and then proceed to extract from the characters engraven on the stone a meaning as nearly as possible conformed to this *a priori* product of my own ingenuity. The result more than justified my hopes, inasmuch as the two inscriptions were made without any great violence to tally in all essential particulars. I then proceeded, not without some anxiety, to my second test, which was to read the Runick letters diagonally, and again with the same success. With an excitement pardonable under the circumstances, yet tempered with thankful humility, I now applied my last and severest trial, my *experimentum crucis*. I turned the stone, now doubly precious in my eyes, with scrupulous exactness upside down. The physical exertion so far displaced my spectacles as to derange for a moment the focus of vision. I confess that it was with some tremulousness that I readjusted them upon my nose, and prepared my mind to bear with calmness any disappointment that might ensue. But, *O albo dies notanda lapillo!* what was my delight to find that the

change of position had effected none in the sense of the writing, even by so much as a single letter! I was now, and justly, as I think, satisfied of the conscientious exactness of my interpretation. It is as follows :—

HERE

BJARNA GRIMOLFFSSON

FIRST DRANK CLOUD-BROTHER
THROUGH CHILD-OF-LAND-AND-
WATER :

that is, drew smoke through a reed stem. In other words, we have here a record of the first smoking of the herb *Nicotianu Tabacum* by an European on this continent. The probable results of this discovery are so vast as to baffle conjecture. If it be objected that the smoking of a pipe would hardly justify the setting up of a memorial stone, I answer that even now the Moquis Indian, ere he takes his first whiff, bows reverently toward the four quarters of the sky in succession, and that the loftiest monuments have been reared to perpetuate fame, which is the dream of the shadow of smoke. The *Saga*, it will be remembered, leaves this Bjarna to a fate something like that of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, on board a sinking ship in the "wormy sea," having generously given up his place in the boat to a certain Ice-lander. It is doubly pleasant, therefore, to meet with this proof that the brave old man arrived safely in Vinland, and that his declining years were cheered by the respectful attentions of the dusky denizens of our then uninvaded forest. Most of all was I gratified, however, in thus linking for ever the name of my native town with one of the most momentous occurrences of modern times. Hitherto Jaalam, though in soil, climate, and geographical position as highly qualified to be the theatre of remarkable historical in-

cidents as any spot on the earth's surface, has been, if I may say it without seeming to question the wisdom of Providence, almost maliciously neglected, as it might appear, by occurrences of world-wide interest in want of a situation. And in matters of this nature it must be confessed that adequate events are as necessary as the *vates sacer* to record them. Jaalam stood always modestly ready, but circumstances made no fitting response to her generous intentions. Now, however, she assumes her place on the historick roll. I have hitherto been a zealous opponent of the Circean herb, but I shall now re-examine the question without bias.

I am aware that the Rev. Jonas Tutchel, in a recent communication to the "Bogus Four Corners Weekly Meridian," has endeavoured to show that this is the sepulchral inscription of Thorwald Eriksson, who, as is well known, was slain in Vinland by the natives. But I think he has been misled by a preconceived theory, and cannot but feel that he has thus made an ungracious return for my allowing him to inspect the stone with the aid of my own glasses (he having by accident left his at home) and in my own study. The heathen ancients might have instructed this Christian minister in the rites of hospitality; but much is to be pardoned to the spirit of self-love. He must indeed be ingenious who can make out the words *her hvilir* from any characters in the inscription in question, which, whatever else it may be, is certainly not mortuary. And even should the reverend gentleman succeed in persuading some fantastical wits of the soundness of his views, I do not see what useful end he will have gained. For if the English Courts of Law hold the testimony of gravesones from the burial-grounds of Protestant dissenters to be questionable,

even where it is essential in proving a descent, I cannot conceive that the epitaphial assertions of heathens should be esteemed of more authority by any man of orthodox sentiments.

At this moment, happening to cast my eyes upon the stone, whose characters a transverse light from my southern window brings out with singular distinctness, another interpretation has occurred to me, promising even more interesting results. I hasten to close my letter in order to follow at once the clue thus providentially suggested.

I inclose, as usual, a contribution from Mr. Biglow, and remain,
Gentlemen, with esteem and respect,
Your obedient humble servant,
HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

I THANK ye, my friens, for the
warmth o' your greetin':
Ther's few airthly blessin's but wut's
vain an' fleetin';
But ef ther' is one thet hain't no
cracks an' flaws,
An' is wuth goin' in for, it's pop'lar
applause;
It sends up the sperits ez lively ez
rockets,
An' I feel it—wal, down to the eend
o' my pockets.
Jes' lovin' the people is Canaan in view,
But it's Canaan paid quarterly t' hev
'em love you;
It's a blessin' thet's breakin' out ollus
in fresh spots;
It's a-follerin' Moses 'thout losin' the
flesh-pots.
But, Gennlemen, 'scuse me, I ain't
sech a raw cus
Ez to go luggin' ellersence into a
caucus,—
Thet is, into one where the call com-
prehens
Nut the People in person, but on'y
their friens;
I'm so kin' o' used to convincin' the
masses
Of th' edvantage o' bein' self-governin'
asses,

I forgut thet we're all o' the sort
thet pull wires
An' arrange for the public their wants
an' desires,
An' thet wut we hed met for wus jes'
to agree
Wut the People's opinions in futur'
should be.

Now, to come to the hub, we've ben
all disappointed,
An' our leadin' idees are a kind o'
disjinted,
Though, fur ez the nateral man could
discern,
Things ough' to ha' took most an
oppersite turn.
But Ther'y is jes' like a train on the rail,
Thet, weather or no, puts her thru
without fail,
While Fac' 's the ole stage thet gits
sloughed in the ruts,
An' hez to allow for your darned efs
an' buts,
An' so, nut intendin' no pers'nal re-
flections,
They don't—don't nut allus, thet is,
—make connections:
Sometimes, when it really doos seem
thet they'd oughter
Combine jest ez kindly ez new rum
an' water,
Both'll be jest ez sot in their ways ez
a bagnet,
Ez otherwise-minded ez th' eends of
a magnet,
An' folks like you 'n me, thet ain't
ept to be sold,
Git somehow or 'nother left out in
the cold.

I expected 'fore this, 'thout no gret
of a row,
Jeff D. would ha' ben where A. Lin-
coln is now,
With Taney to say 'twuz all legle an'
fair,
An' a jury o' Deemocrats ready to swear
Thet the ingin o' State gut throwed
into the ditch
By the fault o' the North in mis-
placin' the switch.

Things wuz ripenin' fust-rate with
 Buchanan to nuss 'em;
 But the People they wouldn't be
 Mexicans, cuss 'em!
 Ain't the safeguards o' freedom up-
 sot, 'z you may say,
 Ef the right o' rev'lution is took
 clean away?
 An' doesn't the right primy-fashy
 include
 The bein' entitled to nut be subdued?
 The fact is, we'd gone for the Union
 sq strong,
 When Union meant South ollus right
 an' North wrong,
 Thet the People gut fooled into
 thinkin' it might
 Worry on middlin' wal with the
 North in the right.
 We might ha' ben now jest ez pro-
 sp'rous ez France,
 Where p'litikle enterprise hez a fair
 chance,
 An' the People is heppy an' proud et
 this hour,
 Long ez they hev the votes, to let
 Nap hev the power;
 But *our* folks they went an' believed
 wut we'd told 'em,
 An', the flag once insulted, no mortle
 could hold 'em.
 'Twuz pervokin' jest when we wuz
 cert'in to win,—
 An' I, for one, wun't trust the masses
 agin:
 For a people thet knows much ain't
 fit to be free
 In the self-cockin', back-action style
 o' J. D.

I can't believe now but wut half on't
 is lies;
 For who'd thought the North wuz
 agoin' to rise,
 Or take the pervokin'est kin' of a
 stump,
 'Thout 'twuz sunthin' ez pressin' ez
 Gabr'el's las' trump?
 Or who'd ha' supposed, arter *sech*
 swell an' bluster
 'Bout the lick-ary-ten-on-ye fighters
 they'd muster,

Raised by hand on briled lightnin',
 ez op'lent 'z you please,
 In a primitive furrest o' femmily-
 trees,—
 Who'd ha' thought thet them Sou-
 thuners ever 'ud show
 Starns with pedigrees to 'em like
 theirn to the foe,
 Or, when the vamosin' come, ever to find
 Nat'ral masters in front an' mean
 white folks behind?
 By ginger, ef I'd ha' known half I
 know now,
 When I wuz to Congress, I wouldn't,
 I swow,
 Hev let 'em cair on so high-minded
 an' sarsy,
 'Thout *some* show o' wut you may call
 vicy-varsy.
 To be sure, we wuz under a contrac'
 jes' then
 To be drefle forbearin' towards Sou-
 thun men;
 We hed to go sheers in preservin' the
 bellance:
 An' ez they seemed to feel they wuz
 wastin' their tellents
 'Thout some un to kick, 'twarn't
 more'n proper, you know,
 Each should funnish his part; an'
 sence they found the toe,
 An' we wuzn't cherubs—wal, we
 found the buffer,
 For fear thet the Compromise System
 should suffer.

I wun't say the plan hedn't onpleasant
 featur,—
 For men are perverse an' onreasonin'
 creaturs,
 An' forgit thet in this life 'tain't
 likely to heppen
 Their own privit fancy should ollus
 be cappen,—
 But it worked jest ez smooth ez the
 key of a safe,
 An' the gret Union bearins played
 free from all chafe.
 They warn't hard to suit, ef they
 hed their own way,
 An' we (thet is, some on us) made
 the thing pay:

'Twuz a fair give-an'-take out of
 Uncle Sam's heap ;
 Ef they took wut warn't theim, wut
 we give come ez cheap ;
 The elect gut the offices down to
 tide-waiter,
 The people took skinnin' ez mild ez
 a tater,
 Seemed to choose who they wanted
 tu, footed the bills,
 An' felt kind o' 'z though they wuz
 havin' their wills,
 Which kep' 'em ez harmless an'
 cherfie ez crickets,
 While all we invested wuz names on
 the tickets :
 Wal, ther's nothin', for folks fond
 o' lib'ral consumption
 Free o' charge, like democ'acy tem-
 pered with gumption !

Now warn't thet a system wuth pains
 in presarvin',
 Where the people found jints an'
 theifrien's donethe carvin',—
 Where the many done all o' their
 thinkin' by proxy,
 An' were proud on't ez long ez 'twuz
 christened Democ'cy,—
 Where the few let us sap all o' Free-
 dom's foundations,
 Ef you callit reformin' with prudence
 an' patience,
 An' were willin' Jeff's snake-egg
 should hetch with the rest,
 Ef you writ "Constitootional" over
 the nest ?
 But it's all out o' kilter ('twuz too
 good to last),
 An' all jes' by J. D.'s perceedin' too
 fast ;
 Ef he'd on'y hung on for a month or
 two more,
 We'd ha' gut things fixed nicer'n
 they hed ben before :
 Afore he drawed off an' lef' all in
 confusion,
 We wuz safely entrenched in the ole
 Constitootion,
 With an outlyin', heavy-gun, case-
 mated fort

To rake all assailants,—I mean th'
 S. J. Court.
 Now I never'll acknowledge (nut ef
 you should skin me)
 'Twuz wise to abandon sech works to
 the in'my,
 An' let him fin' out thet wut scared
 him so long,
 Our whole line of argyments, lookin'
 so strong,
 All our Scriptur an' law, every the'ry
 an' fac',
 Wuz Quaker-guns daubed with Pro-
 slavery black.
 Why, ef the Republicans ever should
 git
 Andy Johnson or some one to lend
 'em the wit
 An' the spunk jes' to mount Con-
 stitootion an' Court
 With Columbiad guns, your realekle-
 rights sort,
 Or drill out the spike from the ole
 Declaration
 Thet can kerry a solid shot clearn
 roun' creation,
 We'd better take maysures for
 shettin' up shop,
 An' put off our stock by a vendoo or
 swop.

But they wun't never dare tu ; you'll
 see 'em in Edom
 'Fore they ventur' to go where their
 doctrines 'ud lead 'em :
 They've ben takin' our princerples up
 ez we dropt 'em,
 An' thought it wuz terrible 'cute to
 adopt 'em ;
 But they'll fin' out 'fore long thet
 their hope's ben deceivin' 'em,
 An' thet princerples ain't o' no good,
 ef you b'lieve in 'em ;
 It makes 'em tu stiff for a party to
 use,
 Where they'd ough' to be easy 'z an
 ole pair o' shoes.
 If we say'n our pletform thet all men
 are brothers,
 We don't mean thet some folks ain't
 more so'n some others ;

An' it's wal understood that we make
 a selection,
 An' thet brotherhood kin' o' subsides
 arter 'lection.
 The fust thing for sound politicians
 to larn is,
 Thet Truth, to dror kindly in all
 sorts o' harness,
 Mus' be kep' in the abstract,—for,
 come to apply it,
 You're ept to hurt some folks's in-
 terests by it.
 Wal, these 'ere Republicans (some
 on 'em) ects
 Ez though ginerall mexims 'ud suit
 speshe facts;
 An' there's where we'll nick 'em,
 there's where they'll be lost :
 For applyin' your princeple's wut
 makes it cost,
 An' folks don't want Fourth o' July
 t' interfere
 With the business consarns o' the
 rest o' the year,
 No more'n they want Sunday to pry
 an' to peek
 Into wut they are doin' the rest o'
 the week.

A ginooine statesman should be on
 his guard,
 Ef he *must* hev beliefs, nut to b'lieve
 'em tu hard ;
 For, ez sure ez he does, he'll be
 blartin' 'em out
 'Thout regardin' the natur' o' man
 more'n a spout,
 Nor it don't ask much gumption to
 pick out a flaw
 In a party whose leaders are loose
 in the jaw :

An' n'soin our own case I ventur' to hint
 Thet we'd better nut air our per-
 ceedin's in print,
 Nor pass resserlootions ez long ez
 t'four arm
 Thet may, ez things heppen to turn,
 du us w' harm ;
 For when you 'ave done all your real
 meanin' t' smother,
 The darned thing's'll up an' mean
 sunthin' or no-ther.

Jeff'son prob'ly meant wal with his
 "born free an' ekle,"
 But it's turned out a real crooked
 stick in the sekle ;
 It's taken full eighty-odd year—don't
 you see ?—
 From the pop'lar belief to root out
 thet idee,
 An', arter all, suckers on 't keep
 buddin' forth
 In the nat'lly onprincipled mind o'
 the North.
 No, never say nothin' without you're
 compelled tu,
 An' then don't say nothin' thet you
 can be held tu,
 Nor don't leave no friction-idees
 layin' loose
 For the ign'ant to put to incend'ary use.

You know I'm a feller thet keeps a
 skinned eye
 On the leetle events thet go skurryin'
 by,
 Coz it's of'ner by them than by gret
 ones you'll see
 Wut the p'litickle weather is likely
 to be.

Now I don't think the South's more'n
 begun to be licked,
 But I *du* think, ez Jeff says, the
 wind-bag's gut pricked ;
 It'll blow for a spell an' keep puffin'
 an' wheezin',
 The tighter our army an' navy keep
 squeezin',—
 For they can't help spread-eaglein'
 long 'z ther's a mouth
 To blow Enfield's Speaker thru lef'
 at the South.
 But it's high time for us to be settin'
 our faces
 Towards reconstructin' the national
 basis,
 With an eye to beginnin' agin on the
 jolly ticks
 We used to chalk up 'hind the back-
 door o' politics ;
 An' the fus' thing's to save wut of
 Slav'ry ther's lef'
 Arter this (I mus' call it) imprudence
 o' Jeff :

For a real good Abuse, with its roots
fur an' wide,
Is the kin' o' thing I like to hev on
my side ;
A Scriptur' name makes it ez sweet
ez a rose,
An' it's tougher the older an' uglier
it grows—
(I ain't speakin' now o' the righteous-
ness of it,
But the p'litickle purchase it gives
an' the profit).

Things look pooty squally, it must
be allowed,
An' I don't see much signs of a bow
in the cloud :
Ther's too many Deemocrats —
leaders, wut's wuss,
Thet go for the Union 'thout carin'
a cuss
Ef it helps ary party thet ever wuz
heard on,
So our eagle ain't made a split Aus-
trian bird on.
But ther's still some consarvative
signs to be found
Thet shows the gret heart o' the
People is sound
(Excuse me for usin' a stump phrase
agin,
But, once in the way on't, they *will*
stick like sin) :
There's Phillips, for instance, hez
jes' ketched a Tartar
In the Law-'n'-Order Party of ole
Cincinnati ;
An' the Compromise System ain't
gone out o' reach,
Long 'z you keep the right limits on
freedom o' speech.
"Twarn't none too late, neither, to
put on the gag,
For he's dangerous now he goes in
for the flag.
Nut thet I altogether approve o' bad
eggs,
They're mos' gin'lly argymunt on its
las' legs,—
An' their logic is ept to be tu indis-
criminate,

Nor don't ollus wait the right objects
to 'limate ;
But there is a variety on 'em, you'll
find,
Jest ez useffe an' more, besides bein'
refined,—
I mean o' the sort thet are laid by
the dictionary,
Sech ez sophisms an' cant, thet'll
kerry conviction ary
Way thet you want to the right class
o' men,
An' are staler than all 't ever come
from a hen :
"Disunion" done wal till our resh
Southun friends
Took the savour all out on't for
national ends ;
But I guess "Abolition" 'll work a
spell yit,
When the war's done, an' so will
"Forgive-an'-forgit."
Times mus' be pooty thoroughly out
o' all jint,
Ef we can't make a good constitoo-
tional pint ;
An' the good time 'll come to be
grindin' our exes,
When the war goes to seed in the
nettle o' texes :
Ef Jon'than don't squirm, with sech
helps to assist him,
I give up my faith in the free-suf-
frage system ;
Democ'cy wun't be nut a mite in-
terestin',
Nor p'litikle capital much wuth
investin' ;
An' my notion is, to keep dark an'
lay low
Till we see the right minute to put
in our blow.

But I've talked longer now'n I hed
any idee,
An' ther's others you want to hear
mor'n you du me ;
So I'll set down an' give thet 'ere
bottle a skrimmage,
For I've spoke till I'm dry ez a real
graven image.

No. VI.

SUNTHIN' IN THE PASTORAL
LINETO THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC
MONTHLY

JAALAM, 17th May 1862.

GENTLEMEN,—At the special request of Mr. Biglow, I intended to inclose, together with his own contribution (into which, at my suggestion, he has thrown a little more of pastoral sentiment than usual), some passages from my sermon on the day of the National Fast, from the text, "Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them" (Heb. xiii. 3). But I have not leisure sufficient at present for the copying of them, even were I altogether satisfied with the production as it stands. I should prefer, I confess, to contribute the entire discourse to the pages of your respectable miscellany, if it should be found acceptable upon perusal, especially as I find the difficulty in selection of greater magnitude than I had anticipated. What passes without challenge in the fervour of oral delivery cannot always stand the colder criticism of the closet. I am not so great an enemy of Eloquence as my friend Mr. Biglow would appear to be from some passages in his contribution for the current month. I would not, indeed, hastily suspect him of covertly glancing at myself in his somewhat caustick animadversions, albeit some of the phrases he girds at are not entire strangers to my lips. I am a more hearty admirer of the Puritans than seems now to be the fashion, and believe that, if they Hebraised a little too much in their speech, they showed remarkable practical sagacity as statesmen and founders. But such phenomena as Puritanism are the results rather of great religious than of merely social convul-

sions, and do not long survive them. So soon as an earnest conviction has cooled into a phrase, its work is over, and the best that can be done with it is to bury it. *Ite missa est.* I am inclined to agree with Mr. Biglow that we cannot settle the great political questions which are now presenting themselves to the nation by the opinions of Jeremiah or Ezekiel as to the wants and duties of the Jews in their time, nor do I believe that an entire community with their feelings and views would be practicable or even agreeable at the present day. At the same time I could wish that their habit of subordinating the actual to the moral, the flesh to the spirit, and this world to the other, were more common. They had found out, at least, the great military secret that soul weighs more than body.—But I am suddenly called to a sick-bed in the household of a valued parishioner.

With esteem and respect,
Your obedient servant,
HOMER WILBUR.

ONCE git a smell o' musk into a draw,
An' it clings hold like precerents in
law :
Your gra'ma'am put it there,—when,
goodness knows,—
To jes' this-worldify her Sunday-
clo'es ;
But the old chist wun't sarve her
gran'son's wife
(For, 'thout new funnitoo, wut good
in life ?)
An' so ole clawfoot, from the pre-
cinks dread
O' the spare chamber, slinks into the
shed,
Where, dim with dust, it fust or last
subsides
To holdin' seeds an' fifty things be-
sides ;
But better days stick fast in heart
an' husk,
An' all you keep in't gits a scent o'
musk.

Jes' so with poets : wut they've airly
 read
 Gits kind o' worked into their heart
 an' head,
 So's 't they can't seem to write but
 jest on sheers
 With furrin countries or played-out
 ideers,
 Nor hev a feelin' ef it doosn't smack
 O' wut some critter chose to feel
 'way back :
 This makes 'em talk o' daisies, larks,
 an' things,
 Ez though we'd nothin' here that
 blows an' sings
 (Why, I'd give more for one live
 bobolink
 Than a square mile o' larks in printer's
 ink),—
 This makes 'em think our fust o' May
 is May,
 Which 'tain't, for all the almanicks
 can say.

O little city-gals, don't never go it
 Blind on the word o' noospaper or
 poet !
 They're apt to puff, an' May-day
 seldom looks
 Up in the country ez it doos in
 books ;
 They're no more like than hornets'
 nests an' hives,
 Or printed sarmons be to holy lives.
 I, with my trouses perched on cow-
 hide boots,
 Tuggin' my foundered feet out by the
 roots,
 Hev seen ye come to fling on April's
 hearse
 Your muslin nosegays from the mil-
 liner's,
 Puzzlin' to find dry ground your
 queen to choo-e,
 An' dance your throats sore in mor-
 ocker shoes :
 I've seen ye, an' felt proud, thet, come
 wut would,
 Our Pilgrim stock wuz pethed with
 hardihood.
 Pleasure doos make us Yankees kind
 o' winch,

Ez though 'twuz sunthin' paid for by
 the inch ;
 But yit we du contrive to worry
 thru,
 Ef Dooty tells us thet the thing's to
 du,
 An' kerry a hollerday, ef we set out,
 Ez stiddilyez though 'twuz a redoubt.

I, country-born an' bred, know where
 to find
 Some blooms thet make the season
 suit the mind,
 An' seem to metch the doubtin' blue-
 bird's notes,—
 Half-vent'rin' liverworts in furry
 coats,
 Bloodroots, whose rolled-up leaves ef
 you oncurl,
 Each on 'em's cradle to a baby-
 pearl,—
 But these are jes' Spring's pickets ;
 sure ez sin,
 Therebble frosts'll try to drive 'em in ;
 For half our May's so awfully like
 Mayn't,
 'Twould rile a Shaker or an evrige
 saint ;
 Though I own up I like our back'ard
 springs
 Thet kind o' haggle with their greens
 an' things,
 An' when you 'most give up, 'ithout
 more words
 Toss the fields full o' blossoms, leaves,
 an' birds :
 Thet's Northun natur', slow an' apt
 to doubt,
 But when it *doos* git stirred, ther's
 no gin-out !

Fust come the blackbirds, clatt'rin' in
 tall trees,
 An' settlin' things in windy Con-
 gresses,—
 Queer politicians, though, for I'll be
 skinned
 Ef all on 'em don't head against the
 wind.
 'Fore long the trees begin to show
 belief,—
 The maple crimsons to a coral-reef,

Then saffern swarms swing off from all the willers So plump they look like yaller cater- pillars, Then gray hossches'nuts leetle hands unfold Softer'n a baby's be at three days old : Thet's robin-redbreast's almanick ; he knows Thet arter this ther's only blossom- snows ; So, choosin' out a handy crotch an' spouse, He goes to plast'rin' his adobe house. Then seems to come a hitch,—things lag behind, Till some fine mornin' Spring makes up her mind, An' ez, when snow-swelled rivers cresh their dams Heaped-up with ice thet dovetails in an' jams, A leak comes spirtin' thru some pin- hole cleft, Grows stronger, fercer, tears out right an' left, Then all the waters bow themselves an' come, Suddin, in one gret slope o' shedderin' foam, Jes' so our Spring gits everythin' in tune An' gives one leap from April into June : Then all comes crowdin' in ; afore you thiuk, Young oak-leaves mist the side-hill woods with pink ; The catbird in the laylock-bush is loud ; The orchards turn to heaps o' rosy cloud ; Red-cedars blossom tu, though few folks know it, An' look all dipt in sunshine like a poet ; The lime-trees pile their solid stacks o' shade An' drows'ly simmer with the bees' sweet trade ;	In ellum-shrouds the flashin' hang- bird clings An' for the summer vy'ge his hammock slings ; All down the loose-walled lanes in archin' bowers The barb'ry droops its strings o' golden flowers, Whose shrinkin' hearts the school- gals love to try With pins,—they'll worry yourn so, boys, bimeby ! But I don't love your cat'logue style, —do you ?— Ez ef to sell off Natur' by vendoo ; One word with blood in't 's twice ez good ez two : 'Nuff sed ! June's bridesman, poet o' the year, Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is here ; Half-hid in tip-top apple-blooms he swings, Or climbs against the breeze with quiverin' wings, Or, givin' way to't in a mock de- spair, Runs down, a brook o' laughter, thru the air. I ollus feel the sap start in my veins In Spring, with curus heats an' prickly pains, Thet drive me, when I git a chance, to walk Off by myself to hev a privit talk With a queer critter thet can't seem to 'gree Along o' me like most folks,—Mister Me. Ther's times when I'm unsoshle ez a stone, An' sort o' suffocate to be alone,— I'm crowded jes' to think thet folks are nigh, An' can't bear nothin' closer than the sky : Now the wind's full ez shifty in the mind Ez wut it is ou'-doors, ef I ain't blind,
--	--

An' sometimes, in the fairest sou'-
west weather,
My innard vane pints east for weeks
together,
My natur' gits all goose-flesh, an'
my sins
Come drizzlin' on my conscience
sharp ez pins :
Wal, et sech times I jes' slip out o'
sight
An' take it out in a fair stan'-up fight
With the one cuss I can't lay on the
shelf,
The crook'dest stick in all the heap,
—Myself.

'Twuz so las' Sabbath arter meetin'-
time :
Findin' my feelin's wouldn't noways
rhyme
With nobody's, but off the hendle
flew
An' took things from an east-wind
pint o' view,
I started off to lose me in the hills
Where the pines be, up back o'
'Siah's Mills :
Pines, ef you're blue, are the best
friends I know,
They mope an' sigh an' sheer your
feelin's so,—
They hesh the ground beneath so,
tu, I swan,
You half-forgot you've gut a body on.
Ther's a small school'us' there where
four roads meet,
The door-steps hollered out by little
feet,
An' side-posts carved with names
whose owners grew
To gret men, some on 'em, an'
deacons, tu ;
'Tain't used no longer, coz the town
bez gut
A high-school, where they teach the
Lord knows wut :
Three-story larnin's pop'lar now ; I
guess
We thriv' ez wal on jes' two stories
less,
For it strikes me ther's sech a thing
ez sinnin'

By overloadin' children's under-
pinnin' :
Wal, here it wuz I larned my A B C,
An' it's a kind o' favourite spot with
me.

We're curus critters : Now ain't jes'
the minute
Thet ever fits us easy while we're in it ;
Long ez 'twuz futur', 'twould be
perfect bliss,—
Soon ez it's past, *thet* time's wuth ten
o' this ;
An' yit there ain't a man thet need
be told
Thet Now's the only bird lays eggs
o' gold.
Aknee-high lad, I used to plot an' plan
An' think 'twuz life's cap-sheaf to be
a man ;
Now, gittin' gray, there's nothin' I
enjoy
Like dreamin' back along into a boy :
So the ole school'us' is a place I
choose
Afore all others, ef I want to muse ;
I set down where I used to set, an' git
My boyhood back, an' better things
with it,—
Faith, Hope, an' sunthin', ef it isn't
Cherrity.
It's want o' guile, an' thet's ez gret
a rerrity,—
While Fancy's cushin', free to
Prince and Clown,
Makes the hard bench ez soft ez
milk-weed-down.

Now, 'fore I knowed, thet Sabbath
arternoon
When I sot out to tramp myself in
tune,
I found me in the school'us' on my
seat,
Drummin' the march to No-wheres
with my feet.
Thinkin' o' nothin', I've heerd ole
folks say
Is a hard kind o' dooty in its way :
It's thinkin' everythin' you ever knew,
Or ever hearn, to make your feelin's
blue.

I sot there tryin' thet on for a spell :
I thought o' the Rebellion, then o'
Hell,

Which some folks tell ye now is jest
a metterfor

(A the'ry, p'raps, it wun't *feel* none
the better for);

I thought o' Reconstruction, wut
we'd win

Patchin' our patent self-blow-up agin:
I thought ef this 'ere milkin' o' the
wits,

So much a month, warn't givin'
Natur' fits,—

Ef folks warn't druv, findin' their
own milk fail,

To work the cow thet hez an iron
tail,

An' ef idees 'thout ripenin' in the pan
Would send up cream to humour
ary man :

From this to thet I let my worryin'
creep,

Till finally I must ha' fell asleep.

Our lives in sleep are some like
streams thet glide

'Twixt flesh an' sperrit boundin' on
each side,

Where both shores' shadders kind o'
mix an' mingle

In sunthin' thet ain't jes' like either
single ;

An' when you cast off moorin's from
To-day,

An' down towards To-morrer drift
away,

The imiges thet tingle on the stream
Make a new upside-down'ard world
o' dream :

Sometimes they seem like sunrise-
streaks an' warnin's

O' wut'll be in Heaven on Sabbath-
mornin's,

An', mixed right in ez ef jest out o'
spite,

Sunthin' thet says your supper ain't
gone right.

I'm gret on dreams, an' often when
I wake,

I've lived so much it makes my
mem'ry ache,

An' can't skurce take a cat-nap in
my cheer

'Thout hevin' 'em, some good, some
bad, all queer.

Now I wuz settin' where I'd ben, it
seemed,

An' ain't sure yit whether I rally
dreamed,

Nor, ef I did, how long I might ha'
slep',

When I hearn some un stompin' up
the step,

An' lookin' round, ef two an' two
make four,

I see a Pilgrim Father in the door.
He wore a steeple-hat, tall boots, an'
spurs

With rowels to 'em big ez chesnut-
burrs,

An' his gret sword behind him sloped
away

Long 'z a man's speech thet dunno
wut to say.

"Ef your name's Biglow, an' your
given-name

Hosee," sez he, "it's arter you I
came ;

I'm your gret-gran'ther multiplied
by three."

"My wut?" sez I.—"Your gret-gret-
gret," sez he :

"You wouldn't ha' never ben here
but for me.

Two hundred an' three year ago this
May

The ship I come in sailed up Boston
Bay ;

I'd been a cunnle in our Civil War,—
But wut on airth hev you gut up one
for ?

Coz we du things in England, 'tain't
for you

To git a notion you can du 'em tu :
I'm told you write in public prints :

ef true,
It's nateral you should know a thing
or two."

"Thet air's an argymunt I can't en-
dorse,—

'Twould prove, coz you wear spurs,
you kep' a horse ;

For brains," sez I, "wutever you
may think,
Ain't boun' to cash the drafts o' pen-
an'-ink,—
Though mos' folks write ez ef they
hoped jes' quickenin'
The churn would argoo skim-milk
into thickenin';
But skim-milk ain't a thing to change
its view
O' wut it's meant for mor'n a smoky
flue.
But du pray tell me, 'fore we further
go,
How in all Natur' did 'you come to
know
'Bout our affairs," sez I, "in King-
dom-Come?"—
"Wal, I worked round at sperrit-
rappin' some,
An' danced the tables till their legs
wuz gone,
In hopes o' larnin' wut wuz goin' on,"
Sez he; "but mejums lie so like all-
split,
Thet I concluded it wuz best to
quit.
But come now, ef you wun't confess
to knowin',
You've some conjectures how the
thing's a-goin'."
"Gran'ther," sez I, "a vane warn't
never known
Nor asked to hev a judgment of its
own;
An' yit, ef 'tain't gut rusty in the
jints,
It's safe to trust its say on certin
pints:
It knows the wind's opinions to a T,
An' the wind settles wut the
weather'll be."
"I never thought a scion of our
stock
Could grow the wood to make a
weather-cock;
When I wuz younger'n you, skurce
more'n a shaver,
No airthly wind," sez he, "could
make me waver!"
(Ez he said this, he clinched his jaw
an' forehead,

Hitchin' his belt to bring his sword-
hilt forrard).
"Jes so it wuz with me," sez I, "I
swow,
When I wuz younger'n wut you see
me now,—
Nothin' from Adam's fall to Huldys
bonnet,
Thet I warn't full-cocked with my
judgment on it;
But now I'm gittin' on in life, I
find
It's a sight harder to make up my
mind,—
Nor I don't often try tu, when events
Will du it for me free of all expense.
The moral question's ollus plain
enough,—
It's jes' the human-natur' side thet's
tough;
Wut's best to think mayn't puzzle
me or you,—
The pinch comes in decidin' wut
to du.
Ef you read History, all runs smooth
ez grease,
Coz there the men ain't nothin' more'n
idees,—
But come to make it, ez we must to-
day,
Th' idees hev arms an' legs an' stop
the way:
It's easy fixin' things in facts an'
figgers,—
They can't resist, nor warn't brought
up with niggers;
But come to try your the'ry on,—
why, then
Your facts an' figgers change to
ign'ant men
Actin' ez ugly—"—"Smite 'em hip
an' thigh!"
Sez gran'ther, "and let every man-
child die!
Oh, for three weeks o' Crommle an'
the Lord!
Up, Isr'el, to your tents an' grind
the sword!"
"Thet kind o' thing worked wal in
ole Judee,
But you forgit how long it's ben
A.D.;

You think thet's ellerkence,—I call
it shoddy,
A thing," sez I, "wun't cover soul
nor body;
I like the plain all-wool o' common-
sense,
Thet warms ye now, an' will a
twelvemonth hence.
You took to follerin' where the
Prophets beckoned,
An', fust you knowed on, back come
Charles the Second;
Now wut I want's to hev all *we* gain
stick,
An' not to start Millennium too
quick;
We hain't to punish only, but to
keep,
An' the cure's gut to go a cent'ry
deep."
"Wal, milk-an'-water ain't the best
o' glue,"
Sez he, "an' so you'll find afore you're
thru;
Ef reshness venters sunthin', shilly-
shally
Loses ez often wut's ten times the
vally.
Thet exe of ourn, when Charles's
neck gut split,
Opened a gap thet ain't bridged over
yit:
Slav'ry's your Charles, the Lord hez
gin the exe"—
"Our Charles," sez I, "hez gut eight
million necks.
The hardest question ain't the black
man's right,
The trouble is to 'mancipate the
white;
One's chained in body an' can be sot
free,
But t'other's chained in soul to an
idee:
It's a long job, but we shall worry
thru it;
Ef bagnets fail, the spellin'-book
must du it."
"Hosee," sez he, "I think you're
goin' to fail:
The rattlesnake ain't dangerous in
the tail;

This 'ere rebellion's nothin' but the
rattle,—
You'll stomp on thet an' think you've
won the bettle;
It's Slavery thet's the fangs an'
thinkin' head,
An' ef you want selsvation, cresh it
dead,—
An' cresh it suddin, or you'll larn by
waitin'
Thet Chance wun't stop to listen to
debatin'!"
"God's truth!" sez I,—"*an' ef I*
held the club,
An' knowed jes' where to strike,—
but there's the rub!"
"Strike soon," sez he, "or you'll be
deadly ailin',—
Folks thet's afeared to fail are sure
o' failin';
God hates your sneakin' creturs thet
believe
He'll settle things they run away an'
leave!"
He brought his foot down fercely, ez
he spoke,
An' give mesech a startle thet I woke.

No. VII.

LATEST VIEWS OF MR. BIGLOW

PRELIMINARY NOTE

[It is with feelings of the liveliest pain that we inform our readers of the death of the Reverend Homer Wilbur, A.M., which took place suddenly, by an apoplectic stroke, on the afternoon of Christmas day, 1862. Our venerable friend (for so we may venture to call him, though we never enjoyed the high privilege of his personal acquaintance) was in his eighty-fourth year, having been born June 12, 1779, at Pigsgusset Precinct (now West Jerusha) in the then District of Maine. Graduated with distinction at Hubville College in 1805, he pursued his theological studies with the late Reverend Preserved Thacker, D.D., and was called to the charge of the First Society in Jaalam in 1809, where he remained till his death.

"As an antiquary he has probably left no superior, if, indeed, an equal," writes his friend and colleague, the Reverend Jeduthun Hitchcock, to whom we are indebted for the above facts; "in proof of which I need only allude to his 'History of Jaalam, Genealogical, Topographical, and Ecclesiastical,' 1849, which has won him an eminent and enduring place in our more solid and useful literature. It is only to be regretted that his intense application to historical studies should have so entirely withdrawn him from the pursuit of poetical composition, for which he was endowed by Nature with a remarkable aptitude. His well-known hymn, beginning 'With clouds of care encompassed round,' has been attributed in some collections to the late President Dwight, and it is hardly presumptuous to affirm that the simile of the rainbow in the eighth stanza would do no discredit to that polished pen."

We regret that we have not room at present for the whole of Mr. Hitchcock's exceedingly valuable communication. We hope to lay more liberal extracts from it before our readers at an early day. A summary of its contents will give some notion of its importance and interest. It contains: 1st, A biographical sketch of Mr. Wilbur, with notices of his predecessors in the pastoral office, and of eminent clerical contemporaries; 2d, An obituary of deceased, from the Punkin-Falls "Weekly Paralel;" 3d, A list of his printed and manuscript productions and of projected works; 4th, Personal anecdotes and recollections, with specimens of table-talk; 5th, A tribute to his relict, Mrs. Dorcas (Pilcox) Wilbur; 6th, A list of graduates fitted for different colleges by Mr. Wilbur, with biographical memoranda touching the more distinguished; 7th, Concerning learned, charitable, and other societies, of which Mr. Wilbur was a member, and of those with which, had his life been prolonged, he would doubtless have been associated, with a complete catalogue of such Americans as have been Fellows of the Royal Society; 8th, A brief summary of Mr. Wilbur's latest conclusions concerning the Tenth Horn of the Beast in its special application to recent events, for which the public, as Mr. Hitchcock

assures us, have been waiting with feelings of lively anticipation; 9th, Mr. Hitchcock's own views on the same topic; and, 10th, A brief essay on the importance of local histories. It will be apparent that the duty of preparing Mr. Wilbur's biography could not have fallen into more sympathetic hands.

In a private letter with which the reverend gentleman has since favoured us, he expresses the opinion that Mr. Wilbur's life was shortened by our unhappy civil war. It disturbed his studies, dislocated all his habitual associations and trains of thought, and unsettled the foundations of a faith, rather the result of habit than conviction, in the capacity of man for self-government. "Such has been the felicity of my life," he said to Mr. Hitchcock, on the very morning of the day he died, "that, through the divine mercy, I could always say, *Summum nec metuo diem, nec opto*. It has been my habit, as you know, on every recurrence of this blessed anniversary, to read Milton's 'Hymn of the Nativity' till its sublime harmonies so dilated my soul and quickened its spiritual sense, that I seemed to hear that other song which gave assurance to the shepherds that there was One who would lead them also in green pastures and beside the still waters. But to-day I have been unable to think of anything but that mournful text, 'I came not to send peace, but a sword,' and, did it not smack of pagan presumptuousness, could almost wish I had never lived to see this day."

Mr. Hitchcock also informs us that his friend "lies buried in the Jaalam graveyard, under a large red-cedar which he specially admired. A neat and substantial monument is to be erected over his remains, with a Latin epitaph written by himself; for he was accustomed to say pleasantly, 'that there was at least one occasion in a scholar's life when he might show the advantages of a classical training.'"

The following fragment of a letter addressed to us, and apparently intended to accompany Mr. Biglow's contribution to the present number, was found upon his table after his decease.—EDITORS ATLANTIC MONTHLY.]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC
MONTHLY

JAALAM, 24th Dec. 1862.

RESPECTED SIRS,—The infirm state of my bodily health would be a sufficient apology for not taking up the pen at this time, wholesome as I deem it for the mind to apiccate in the shelter of epistolary confidence, were it not that a considerable, I might even say a large, number of individuals in this parish expect from their pastor some publick expression of sentiment at this crisis. Moreover, *Qui tacitus ardet magis uritur*. In trying times like these, the be-etting sin of undisciplined minds is to seek refuge from inexplicable realities in the dangerous stimulant of angry partisanship or the indolent narcotick of vague and hopeful vaticination: *fortunamque suo temperat arbitrio*. Both by reason of my age and my natural temperament, I am unfitted for either. Unable to penetrate the inscrutable judgments of God, I am more than ever thankful that my life has been prolonged till I could in some small measure comprehend His mercy. As there is no man who does not at some time render himself amenable to the one,—*quum vix justus sit securus*,—so there is none that does not feel himself in daily need of the other.

I confess I cannot feel, as some do, a personal consolation for the manifest evils of this war in any remote or contingent advantages that may spring from it. I am old and weak, I can bear little, and can scarce hope to see better days; nor is it any adequate compensation to know that Nature is old and strong and can bear much. Old men philosophise over the past, but the present is only a burthen and a weariness. The one lies before them like a placid evening landscape; the other is full of the vexations and anxieties of

housekeeping. It may be true enough that *miscet hæc illis, prohibetque Cloitho fortunam stare*, but he who said it was fain at last to call in Atropos with her shears before her time; and I cannot help selfishly mourning that the fortune of our Republick could not at least stay till my days were numbered.

Tibullus would find the origin of wars in the great exaggeration of riches, and does not stick to say that in the days of the beechen trencher there was peace. But averse as I am by nature from all wars, the more as they have been especially fatal to libraries, I would have this one go on till we are reduced to wooden platters again, rather than surrender the principle to defend which it was undertaken. Though I believe Slavery to have been the cause of it, by so thoroughly demoralising Northern politicks for its own purposes as to give opportunity and hope to treason, yet I would not have our thought and purpose diverted from their true object,—the maintenance of the idea of Government. We are not merely suppressing an enormous riot, but contending for the possibility of permanent order coexisting with democratical fickleness; and while I would not superstitiously venerate form to the sacrifice of substance, neither would I forget that an adherence to precedent and prescription can alone give that continuity and coherence under a democratical constitution which are inherent in the person of a despotick monarch and the selfishness of an aristocratical class. *Stet pro ratione voluntas* is as dangerous in a majority as in a tyrant.

I cannot allow the present production of my young friend to go out without a protest from me against a certain extremeness in his views, more pardonable in the poet than in the philosopher. While I agree with

him that the only cure for rebellion is suppression by force, yet I must advertise upon certain phrases where I seem to see a coincidence with a popular fallacy on the subject of compromise. On the one hand there are those who do not see that the vital principle of Government and the seminal principle of Law cannot properly be made a subject of compromise at all, and on the other those who are equally blind to the truth that without a compromise of individual opinions, interests, and even rights, no society would be possible. *In medio tutissimus*. For my own part, I would gladly—

EF I a song or two could make
Like rockets druv by their own
burnin',

All leap an' light, to leave a wake
Men's hearts an' faces skyward
turnin' !—

But, it strikes me, 'tain't jest the time
Fer stringin' words with settisfaction :

Wut's wanted now's the silent rhyme
'Twixt upright Will an' downright
Action.

Words, ef you keep 'em, pay their
keep,

But gabble's the short cut to ruin ;
It's gratis (gals half-price), but cheap
At no rate, ef it henders doin' ;

Ther's nothin' wuss, 'less 'tis to set
A martyr-prem'um upon jawrin' :
Teapots git dangerous, ef you shet
Their lids down on 'em with Fort
Warren.

'Bout long enough it's ben discussed
Who sot the magazine afire,
An' whether, ef Bob Wickliffe bust,
'Twould scare us more or blow us
higher.

D'ye s'pose the Gret Foreseer's plan
Wuz settled fer him in town-
meetin' ?

Or thet ther'd ben no Fall o' Man,
Ef Adam'd on'y bit a sweetin' ?

Oh, Jon'than, ef you want to be
A rugged chap agin an' hearty,
Go fer wutever'll hurt Jeff D.,
Nut wut'll boost up ary party.
Here's hell broke loose, an' we lay
flat

With half the univarse a-singein',
Till Sen'tor 'This an' Gov'nor Thet
Stop squabblin' fer the garding-
ingin.

It's war we're in, not politics ;
It's systems wrastlin' now, not
parties ;

An' victory in the eend'll fix
Where longest will an' truest heart
is.

An' wut's the Guv'ment folks about ?
Tryin' to hope ther's nothin' doin',
An' look ez though they didn't doubt
Sunthin' pertickler wuz a-brewin'.

Ther's critters yit thet talk an' act
Fer wut they call Conciliation ;
They'd hand a buff'lo-drove a tract
When they wuz madder than all
Bashan.

Conciliate ? it jest means *be kicked*,
'No metter how they phrase an'
tone it ;

It means that we're to set down
licked,
Thet we're poor shotes an' glad to
own it !

A war on tick's ez dear 'z the deuce,
But it wun't leave no lastin' traces,
Ez 'twould to make a sneakin' truce
Without no moral specie-basis :

Ef greenbacks ain't nut jest the
cheese,

I guess ther's evils thet's ex-
tremes,—

Fer instance, shinplaster idees
Like them put out by Gov'nor
Seymour.

Last year, the Nation, at a word,
When tremblin' Freedom cried to
shield her,
Flamed weldin' into one keen sword
Waitin' an' longin' fer a wielder :

A splendid flash!—but how'd the
grasp
With sech a chance ez thet wuz
tally?
Ther' warn't no meanin' in our clasp,—
Half this, half thet, all shilly-
shally.

More men? More Man! It's there
we fail;

Weak plans grow weaker yit by
lengthenin':

Wut use in addin' to the tail,
When it's the head's in need o'
strengthenin'?

We wanted one thet felt all Chief
From roots o' hair to sole o' stockin',
Square-sot with thousan'-ton belief
In him an' us, ef earth went
rockin'

Ole Hick'ry wouldn't ha' stood see-
saw

'Bout doin' things till they wuz
done with,—

He'd smashed the tables o' the
Law

In time o' need to load his gun
with;

He couldn't see but jest one side,—
Ef his, 'twuz God's, an' thet wuz
plenty,

An' so his "*Forrards!*" multiplied
An' army's fightin' weight by
twenty.

But this 'ere histin', creak, creak,
creak,

Your cappen's heart up with a
derrick,

This tryin' to coax a lightnin'-streak
Out of a half-discouraged hayrick,

This hangin' on mont' arter mont'
Fer one sharp purpose 'mongst the
twitter,—

I tell ye, it doos kind o' stunt
The peth and sperit of a critter.

In six months where'll the l'ople be,
Ef leaders look on revolution

Ez though it wuz a cup o' tea,—
Jest social el'ments in solution?

This weighin' things doos walenough
When war cools down, an' comes
to writin';
But while it's makin', the true stuff
Is pison-mad, pig-headed fightin'.

Democ'acy gives every man
The right to be his own oppressor;
But a loose Gov'ment ain't the plan,
Helpless ez spilled beans on a
dresser:

I tell ye one thing we might larn
From them smart critters, the
Seceders,—

Ef bein' right's the fust consarn,
The 'fore - the - fust's cast - iron
leaders.

But 'pears to me I see some signs
Thet we're a-goin' to use our
senses:

Jeff druv us into these hard lines,
An' ough' to bear his half th' ex-
penses;

Slavery's Secession's heart an' will,
South, North, East, West, where'er
you find it,

An' ef it drors in the War's mill,
D'ye say them thunder-stones
sha'n't grind it?

D'ye s'pose, ef Jeff giv *him* a lick,
Ole Hick'ry'd tried his head to
sof'n

So's 'twouldn't hurt thet ebony stick
Thet's made our side see stars so
of'n?

"No!" he'd ha' thundered, "on your
knees,

An' own one flag, one road to glory!
Soft-heartedness, in times like these,
Shows sof'ness in the upper story!"

An' why should we kick up a muss
About the Pres'dunt's proclama-
tion?

It ain't a-goin' to lib'rate us,
Ef we don't like emancipation:

The right to be a cussed fool
Is safe from all devices human,
It's common (ez a gin'l rule)
To every critter born o' woman.

So we're all right, an' I, fer one,
 Don't think our cause'll lose in
 vally
 By rammin' Scriptur' in our gun
 An' gittin' Natur' fer an' ally :
 Thank God, say I, fer even a plan
 To lift one human bein's level,
 Give one more chance to make a man,
 Or, anyhow, to spile a devil !

Not thet I'm one thet much expec'
 Millennium by express to-morrer ;
 They *will* miscarry,—I rec'lec'
 Tu many on 'em, to my sorrer :
 Men ain't made angels in a day,
 No matter how you mould an'
 labour 'em,
 Nor 'riginal ones, I guess, don't stay
 With Abe so of'n ez with Abraham.

The'ry thinks Fact a pooty thing,
 An' wants the banns read right
 ensuin' ;
 But Fact wun't noways wear the
 ring
 'Thout yearso' settin' up an' wooin' :
 Though, arter all, Time's dial-plate
 Marks cent'ries with the minute-
 finger,
 An' Good can't never come tu late,
 Though it doos seem to try an'
 linger.

An' come wut will, I think it's grand
 Abe's gut his will et last bloom-
 furnaced
 In trial-flames till it'll stand
 The strain o' bein' indeadly earnest :
 Thet's wut we want,—we want to
 know
 The folks on our side hez the
 bravery
 To b'lieve ez hard, come weal, come
 woe,
 In Freedom ez Jeff doos in Slavery.

Set the two forces foot to foot,
 An' every man knows who'll be
 winner,
 Whose faith in God hez ary root
 Thet goes down deeper than his
 dinner :

Then 'twill be felt from pole to pole,
 Without no need o' proclamation,
 Earth's biggest Country's gut her soul
 An' risen up Earth's Greatest
 Nation !

No. VIII.

KETTELOPOTOMACHIA

PRELIMINARY NOTE

In the month of February 1866, the editors of the "Atlantic Monthly" received from the Rev. Mr. Hitchcock of Jaalam a letter enclosing the macaronic verses which follow, and promising to send more if more should be communicated. "They were rapped out on the evening of Thursday last past," he says, "by what claimed to be the spirit of my late predecessor in the ministry here, the Rev. Dr. Wilbur, through the medium of a young man at present domiciled in my family. As to the possibility of such spiritual manifestations, or whether they be properly so entitled, I express no opinion, as there is a division of sentiment on that subject in the parish, and many persons of the highest respectability in social standing entertain opposing views. The young man who was improved as a medium submitted himself to the experiment with manifest reluctance, and is still unprepared to believe in the authenticity of the manifestations. During his residence with me his deportment has always been exemplary; he has been constant in his attendance upon our family devotions and the public ministrations of the Word, and has more than once privately stated to me that the latter had often brought him under deep concern of mind. The table is an ordinary quadrupedal one, weighing about thirty pounds, three feet seven inches and a half in height, four feet square on the top, and of beech or maple, I am not definitely prepared to say which. It had once belonged to my respected predecessor, and had been, so far as I can learn upon careful inquiry, of perfectly regular and correct habits up to the evening in question. On that occasion the young man previously

alluded to had been sitting with his hands resting carelessly upon it, while I read over to him at his request certain portions of my last Sabbath's discourse. On a sudden the rappings, as they are called, commenced to render themselves audible, at first faintly, but in process of time more distinctly and with violent agitation of the table. The young man expressed himself both surprised and pained by the wholly unexpected, and, so far as he was concerned, unprecedented occurrence. At the earnest solicitation, however, of several who happened to be present, he consented to go on with the experiment, and with the assistance of the alphabet commonly employed in similar emergencies, the following communication was obtained and written down immediately by myself. Whether any, and if so, how much weight should be attached to it, I venture no decision. That Dr. Wilbur had sometimes employed his leisure in Latin versification I have ascertained to be the case, though all that has been discovered of that nature among his papers consists of some fragmentary passages of a version into hexameters of portions of the Song of Solomon. These I had communicated about a week or ten days previous[ly] to the young gentleman who officiated as medium in the communication afterwards received. I have thus, I believe, stated all the material facts that have any elucidative bearing upon this mysterious occurrence."

So far Mr. Hitchcock, who seems perfectly master of Webster's unabridged quarto, and whose flowing style leads him into certain further expatiations for which we have not room. We have since learned that the young man he speaks of was a sophomore, put under his care during a sentence of rustication from — College, where he had distinguished himself rather by physical experiments on the comparative power of resistance in window-glass to various solid substances, than in the more regular studies of the place. In answer to a letter of inquiry, the professor of Latin says, "There was no harm in the boy that I know of beyond his loving mischief more than Latin, nor can I think of any spirits likely to possess him except those commonly called animal.

He was certainly not remarkable for his Latinity, but I see nothing in the verses you enclose that would lead me to think them beyond his capacity, or the result of any special inspiration, whether of beech or maple. Had that of *birch* been tried upon him earlier and more faithfully, the verses would perhaps have been better in quality and certainly in quantity." This exact and thorough scholar then goes on to point out many false quantities and barbarisms. It is but fair to say, however, that the author, whoever he was, seems not to have been unaware of some of them himself, as is shown by a great many notes appended to the verses as we received them, and purporting to be by Scaliger, Bentley, and others,—among them the *Esprit de l'oltaire!* These we have omitted as clearly meant to be humorous and altogether failing therein.

Though entirely satisfied that the verses are altogether unworthy of Mr. Wilbur, who seems to have been a tolerable Latin scholar after the fashion of his day, yet we have determined to print them here partly as belonging to the *res gestæ* of this collection, and partly as a warning to their putative author which may keep him from such indecorous pranks for the future.

KETTELOPOTOMACHIA

P. Ovidii Nasonis carmen heroicum macaronicum perplexametrum, inter Getas getico more compositum, denuo per medium ardentispiritualium, adjuvante mensâ diabolice obsessâ, recuperatum, curâque Jo. Conradi Schwarzii umbræ, aliis necnon plurimis adjuvantibus, restitutum.

LIBER I.

PUNCTORUM garretos colens et cellara Quinque,
Gutteribus quæ et gandes sundayam abstingere frontem,
Plerumque insidos solita fluitare liquore
Tanglepedem quem homines appellant Di quoque rotgut,
Pimpliidis, rubicundaque, Musa, O bourbonolensque,

Fenianas rixas procul, alma, brogi-
 potentis
 Patricii cyathos iterantis et horrida
 bella,
 Backos dum virides viridis Brigitta
 remittit,
 Linquens, eximios celebrem, da,
 Virginienses
 Rowdes, præcipue et TE, heros alte,
 Polarde! 10
 Insignes juvenesque, illo certamine
 lictos,
 Colemanæ, Tylere, nec vos oblivione
 relinquam.

Ampla aquilæ invictæ fausto est sub
 tegmine terra,
 Backyfer, ooiskeo pollens, ebenoque
 bipede,
 Socors præsidum et altrix (denique
 quidruminantium), 15
 Duplefeorum uberrima; illis et
 integre cordi est
 Deplere assidue et sine proprio in-
 comodo fiscum;
 Nunc etiam placidum hoc opus in-
 victique secuti,
 Goosam aureos ni eggos voluissent
 immo necare
 Quæ peperit, saltem ac de illis
 meliora merentem. 20
 Condidit hanc Smithius Dux,
 Captinus inclytus ille
 Regis Ulyssæ instar, docti arcum
 intendere longum;
 Condidit ille Johnsmith, Virgini-
 amque vocavit,
 Settledit autem Jacobus rex, no-
 mine primus,
 Rascalis implens ruptis, blagardis-
 que deboshtis, 25
 Militibusque ex Falstaffi legione
 fugatis
 Wenchisque illi quas poterant se-
 ducere nuptas:
 Virgineum, ah, littus matronis tali-
 bus impar!
 Progeniem stirpe ex hoc non sine
 stigmatibus ducunt
 Multi sese qui jactant regum esse
 nepotes: 30

Haud omnes, Mater, genitos quæ
 nuper habebas
 Bello fortes, consilio cautos, vir-
 tute decoros,
 Jamque et habes, sparso si patrio
 in sanguine virtus,
 Mostrabisque iterum, antiquis sub
 astris reducta!
 De illis qui upkikitant, dicebam,
 rumpora tanta, 35
 Letcheris et Floydis magnisque Ex-
 traordine Billis;
 Est his prisca fides jurare et
 breakere wordum;
 Poppere fellerum a tergo, aut
 stickere clam bowknife,
 Haud sane facinus, dignum sed
 vittrice lauro;
 Larrupere et nigerum, factum præ-
 stantius ullo: 40
 Ast chlamydem piciplumatam, Ica-
 rium, flito et ineptam,
 Yanko gratis induere, illum et
 valido raillo
 Insuper acri equitare docere est
 hospitio uti.
 Nescio an ille Polardus duplef-
 veoribus ortus,
 Sed reputo potius de radice poor-
 witemanorum; 45
 Fortuiti proles, ni fallor, Tylerus
 erat
 Præsidis, omnibus ab Whiggis no-
 minatus a poor cuss;
 Et nobilem tertium evincit venera-
 bile nomen.
 Ast animosi omnes bellicque ad tym-
 pana ha! ha!
 Vociferant læti, procul et si prælia,
 sive 50
 Hostem incautum atsito possunt
 shootere salvi;
 Imperique capaces, esset si stylus
 agmen,
 Pro dulci spoliabant et sine dangere
 fito.
 Præ ceterisque Polardus: si Seces-
 sia licta,
 Se nunquam licturum jurat, res et
 unheardof, 55
 Verbo hæsit, similisque audaci
 roosteri invicto,

Dunghilli solitus rex pullos whop-
pere molles,
Grantum, hirelingos stripes quique
et splendida tollunt
Sidera, et Yankos, territum et
omnem sarsuit orbem.

Usque dabant operam iste omnes,
noctesque diesque, ⁶⁰
Samuelem demulgere avunculum,
id vero siccum;

Uberibus sed ejus, et horum est
culpa, remotis,

Parvam domi vaccam, nec mora
minima, quæerunt,

Lactiarentem autem et droppam
vix in die dantem;

Reddite avunculi, et exclamabant,
reddite pappam! ⁶⁵

Polko ut consule, gemens, Billy
immurmurat, Extra;

Echo respondit, thesauro ex vacuo,
pappam!

Frusta explorant pocketa, ruber
nare repertum;

Officia expulsi aspiciunt rapta, et
Paradisum

Oculus, viridesque haud illis
nascere backos; ⁷⁰

Stupent tunc oculis madidis spit-
tantque silenter.

Adhibere usu ast longo vires prorsus
inepti,

Si non ut qui grindeat axve tra-
bemve reuolvat,

Virginiam excruciant totis nunc
mightibu' matrem;

Non melius, puta, nono panis dimi-
diumne est? ⁷⁵

Readere ibi non posse est casus
commoner ullo;

Tanto intentius imprimere est opus
ergo statuta;

Nemo propterea pejor, melior, sine
doubto,

Obtineat qui contractum, si et
postea rhino;

Ergo Polardus, si quis, inexaspera-
bilis heros, ⁸⁰

Colemanus impavidus nondum, atque
in purpure natus

Tylerus Iohanides celerisque in flito
Nathaniel,

Quisque optans digitos in tantum
stickere plium,

Adstant accincti imprimere aut per-
rumpere leges:

Quales os miserum rabidi tres ægre
molossi, ⁸⁵

Quales aut dubium textum atra in
veste ministri,

Tales circumstabant nunc nostri
inopes hoc job.

Hisque Polardus voce canoro talia
fatus:

Primum autem, veluti est mos,
præceps quisque liquorat,

Quisque et Nicotianum ingens quid
inserit atrum, ⁹⁰

Heroûm nitidum decus et solamen
avitum,

Masticat ac simul altisonans, spit-
tatque profuse:

Quis de Virginia meruit præstantius
unquam?

Quis se pro patria curavit impigre
tutum?

Speechisque articulisque hominum
quis fortior ullus, ⁹⁵

Ingeminans pennæ lickos et vulnera
vocis?

Quisnam putidius (hic) sarsuit Yanki-
nimicos,

Sæpius aut dedit ultro datam et
broke his parolam?

Mente inquassatus solidâque, tyranno
minante,

Horrissonis (hic) bombis mœnia et
alta quatente, ¹⁰⁰

Sese promptum (hic) jactans Yankos
lickere centum,

Atque ad lastum invictus non sur-
rendidit unquam?

Ergo haud meddite, posco, mique
relinquite (hic) hoc job,

Sinon—knifumque enormem monstrat
spittatque tremendus.

Dixerat: ast alii reliquorant et sine
pauso ¹⁰⁵

Pluggos incumbunt maxillis, uterque
vicissim

Certamine innocuo valde madidam
inquinat assem:

Tylerus autem, dumque liquorat
aridus hostis,

Mirum aspicit duplumque bibentem,
 astante Lyæo ;
 Ardens impavidusque edidit tamen
 impia verba ; 110
 Duplum quamvis te aspicio, esses
 atque viginti,
 Mendacem dicerem totumque (hic)
 thrasherem acervum ;
 Nempe et thrasham, doggonatus (hic)
 sim nisi faxem ;
 Lambastabo omnes catawompositer-
 (hic) que chawam !
 Dixit et impulsus Ryco ruitur bene
 titus, 115
 Illi nam gravidum caput et laterem
 habet in hatto.
 Hunc inhiat titubansque Polardus,
 optat et illum
 Stickere inermem, protegit autem
 rite Lyæus,
 Et pronos gminos, oculis dubitanti-
 bus, heros
 Cernit et irritus hostes, dumque ex-
 cogitat utrum 120
 Primum inpitchere, corrui, inter
 utrosque recumbit,
 Magno asino similis nimio sub pon-
 dere quassus :
 Colemanus hos mœstus, triste rumi-
 nansque solamen,
 Inspicit hiccans, circumspittat terque
 cubantes ;
 Funereisque his ritibus humidis inde
 solutis, 125
 Sternitur, invalidusque illis superin-
 cidit infans ;
 Hos sepelit somnus et snorunt corni-
 sonantes,
 Watchmanus inscios ast calybooso
 deinde reponit.

NO. IX.

[The Editors of the "Atlantic" have received so many letters of inquiry concerning the literary remains of the late Mr. Wilbur, mentioned by his colleague and successor, Rev. Jeduthun Hitchcock, in a communication from which we made some extracts in our number for February 1863, and have been so repeatedly urged to print some part of them for the

gratification of the public, that they felt it their duty at least to make some effort to satisfy so urgent a demand. They have accordingly carefully examined the papers intrusted to them, but find most of the productions of Mr. Wilbur's pen so fragmentary and even chaotic, written as they are on the backs of letters in an exceedingly cramped chirography,—here a memorandum for a sermon ; there an observation of the weather ; now the measurement of an extraordinary head of cabbage, and then of the cerebral capacity of some reverend brother deceased ; a calm inquiry into the state of modern literature, ending in a method of detecting if milk be impoverished with water, and the amount thereof ; one leaf beginning with a genealogy, to be interrupted half-way down with an entry that the brindle cow had calved,—that any attempts at selection seemed desperate. His only complete work, "An Enquiry concerning the Tenth Horn of the Beast," even in the abstract of it given by Mr. Hitchcock, would, by a rough computation of the printers, fill five entire numbers of our journal, and as he attempts, by a new application of decimal fractions, to identify it with the Emperor Julian, seems hardly of immediate concern to the general reader. Even the Table-Talk, though doubtless originally highly interesting in the domestic circle, is so largely made up of theological discussion and matters of local or preterite interest, that we have found it hard to extract anything that would at all satisfy expectation. But, in order to silence further inquiry, we subjoin a few passages as illustrations of its general character.]

I think I could go near to be a perfect Christian if I were always a visitor, as I have sometimes been, at the house of some hospitable friend. I can show a great deal of self-denial where the best of everything is urged upon me with kindly importunity. It is not so very hard to turn the other cheek for a kiss. And when I meditate upon the pains taken for our entertainment in this life, on the endless variety of seasons, of human character and fortune, on the costliness of the hangings and furniture of our dwelling here, I sometimes feel a singular joy in looking upon myself as

God's guest, and cannot but believe that we should all be wiser and happier, because more grateful, if we were always mindful of our privilege in this regard. And should we not rate more cheaply any honour that men could pay us, if we remembered that every day we sat at the table of the Great King? Yet must we not forget that we are in strictest bonds His servants also; for there is no impiety so abject as that which expects to be *dead-headed* (*ut ita dicam*) through life, and which, calling itself trust in Providence, is in reality asking Providence to trust us and taking up all our goods on false pretences. It is a wise rule to take the world as we find it, not always to leave it so.

It has often set me thinking when I find that I can always pick up plenty of empty nuts under my shagbark-tree. The squirrels know them by their lightness, and I have seldom seen one with the marks of their teeth in it. What a school-house is the world, if our wits would only not play truant! For I observe that men set most store by forms and symbols in proportion as they are mere shells. It is the outside they want, and not the kernel. What stores of such do not many, who in material things are as shrewd as the squirrels, lay up for the spiritual winter-supply of themselves and their children! I have seen churches that seemed to me garners of these withered nuts, for it is wonderful how prosaic is the apprehension of symbols by the minds of most men. It is not one sect nor another, but all, who, like the dog of the fable, have let drop the spiritual substance of symbols for their material shadow. If one attribute miraculous virtues to mere holy water, that beautiful emblem of inward purification at the door of God's house, another cannot comprehend the significance of baptism without being ducked over head and ears in the liquid vehicle thereof.

[Perhaps a word of historical comment may be permitted here. My late revered predecessor was, I would humbly affirm, as free from prejudice as falls to the lot of the most highly favoured individuals of our species. To be sure, I have heard

him say that "what were called strong prejudices were in fact only the repulsion of sensitive organisations from that moral and even physical effluvium through which some natures by providential appointment, like certain unsavoury quadrupeds, give warning of their neighbourhood. Better ten mistaken suspicions of this kind than one close encounter." This he said somewhat in heat, on being questioned as to his motives for always refusing his pulpit to those itinerant professors of vicarious benevolence who end their discourses by taking up a collection. But at another time I remember his saying, "that there was one large thing which small minds always found room for, and that was great prejudices." This, however, by the way. The statement which I purposed to make was simply this. Down to A.D. 1830, Jaalam had consisted of a single parish, with one house set apart for religious services. In that year the foundations of a Baptist Society were laid by the labours of Elder Joash Q. Balcom, 2d. As the members of the new body were drawn from the First Parish, Mr. Wilbur was for a time considerably exercised in mind. He even went so far as on one occasion to follow the reprehensible practice of the earlier Puritan divines in choosing a punning text, and preached from Hebrews xiii. 9: "Be not carried about with *divers* and strange doctrines." He afterwards, in accordance with one of his own maxims,— "to get a dead injury out of the mind, as soon as is decent, bury it, and then ventilate,"—in accordance with this maxim, I say, he lived on very friendly terms with Rev. Shearjashub Scrimgour, present pastor of the Baptist Society in Jaalam. Yet I think it was never displeasing to him that the church edifice of that society (though otherwise a creditable specimen of architecture) remained without a bell, as indeed it does to this day. So much seemed necessary to do away with any appearance of acerbity toward a respectable community of professing Christians, which might be suspected in the conclusion of the above paragraph.—J. H.]

In lighter moods he was not averse from an innocent play upon words.

Looking up from his newspaper one morning as I entered his study, he said, "When I read a debate in Congress, I feel as if I were sitting at the feet of Zeno in the shadow of the Portico." On my expressing a natural surprise, he added, smiling, "Why, at such times the only view which honourable members give me of what goes on in the world is through their intercalumniation." I smiled at this after a moment's reflection, and he added gravely, "The most punctilious refinement of manners is the only salt that will keep a democracy from stinking; and what are we to expect from the people, if their representatives set them such lessons? Mr. Everett's whole life has been a sermon from this text. There was, at least, this advantage in duelling, that it set a certain limit on the tongue. In this connection I may be permitted to recall a playful remark of his upon another occasion. The painful divisions in the First Parish, A.D. 1844, occasioned by the wild notions in respect to the rights of (what Mr. Wilbur, so far as concerned the reasoning faculty, always called) the unfarer part of creation, put forth by Miss Parthenia Almira Fitz, are too well known to need more than a passing allusion. It was during these heats, long since happily allayed, that Mr. Wilbur remarked that "the Church had more trouble in dealing with one *sheresiarch* than with twenty *heresiarchs*," and that the men's *conscia recti*, or certainty of being right, was nothing to the women's.

When I once asked his opinion of a poetical composition on which I had expended no little pains, he read it attentively, and then remarked, "Unless one's thought pack more neatly in verse than in prose, it is wiser to refrain. Common-place gains nothing by being translated into rhyme, for it is something which no hocus-pocus can transubstantiate with the real presence of living thought. You entitle your piece, 'My Mother's Grave,' and expend four pages of useful paper in detailing your emotions there. But, my dear sir, watering does not improve the quality of ink, even though you should do it with tears. To publish a sorrow to Tom, Dick, and Harry is in some sort to advertise its unreality, for I

have observed in my intercourse with the afflicted that the deepest grief instinctively hides its face with its hands and is silent. If your piece were printed, I have no doubt it would be popular, for people like to fancy that they feel much better than the trouble of feeling. I would put all poets on oath whether they have striven to say everything they possibly could think of, or to leave out all they could not help saying. In your own case, my worthy young friend, what you have written is merely a deliberate exercise, the gymnastic of sentiment. For your excellent maternal relative is still alive, and is to take tea with me this evening, *D. V.* Beware of simulated feeling; it is hypocrisy's first cousin; it is especially dangerous to a preacher; for he who says one day, 'Go to, let me seem to be pathetic,' may be nearer than he thinks to saying, 'Go to, let me seem to be virtuous, or earnest, or under sorrow for sin.' Depend upon it, Sappho loved her verses more sincerely than she did Phaon, and Petrarch his sonnets better than Laura, who was indeed but his poetical stalking-horse. After you shall have once heard that muffled rattle of clods on the coffin-lid of an irreparable loss you will grow acquainted with a pathos that will make all elegies hateful. When I was of your age, I also for a time mistook my desire to write verses for an authentic call of my nature in that direction. But one day as I was going forth for a walk, with my head full of an 'Elegy on the Death of Flirtilla,' and vainly groping after a rhyme for *lily* that should not be *silly* or *chilly*, I saw my eldest boy Homer busy over the rain-water hogshead, in that childish experiment at parthenogenesis, the changing a horse-hair into a water-snake. An immersion of six weeks showed no change in the obstinate filament. Here was a stroke of unintended sarcasm. Had I not been doing in my study precisely what my boy was doing out of doors? Had my thoughts any more chance of coming to life by being submerged in rhyme than his hair by soaking in water? I burned my elegy and took a course of Edwards on the Will. People do not make poetry; it is made out of *them* by a process for which I do not find myself fitted. Nevertheless,

the writing of verses is a good rhetorical exercitation, as teaching us what to shun most carefully in prose. For prose bewitched is like window-glass with bubbles in it, distorting what it should show with pellucid veracity."

It is unwise to insist on doctrinal points as vital to religion. The Bread of Life is wholesome and sufficing in itself, but gulped down with these kick-shaws cooked up by theologians, it is apt to produce an indigestion, nay, even at last an incurable dyspepsia of scepticism.

One of the most inexcusable weaknesses of Americans is in signing their names to what are called credentials. But for my interposition, a person who shall be nameless would have taken from this town a recommendation for an office of trust subscribed by the selectmen and all the voters of both parties, ascribing to him as many good qualities as if it had been his tombstone. The excuse was that it would be well for the town to be rid of him, as it would ere-long be obliged to maintain him. I would not refuse my name to modest merit, but I would be as cautious as in signing a bond. [I trust I shall be subjected to no imputation of unbecoming vanity, if I mention the fact that Mr. W. indorsed my own qualifications as teacher of the high-school at Pequash Junction.—J. H.] When I see a certificate of character with everybody's name to it, I regard it as a letter of introduction from the Devil. Never give a man your name unless you are willing to trust him with your reputation.

There seem nowadays to be two sources of literary inspiration,—fulness of mind and emptiness of pocket.

I am often struck, especially in reading Montaigne, with the obviousness and familiarity of a great writer's thoughts, and the freshness they gain because said by him. The truth is, we mix their greatness with all they say and give it our best attention. Johannes Faber sic cogitavit would be no enticing preface to a book, but an accredited name gives credit like the signature to a note of

hand. It is the advantage of fame that it is always privileged to take the world by the button, and a thing is weightier for Shakspeare's uttering it by the whole amount of his personality.

It is singular how impatient men are with over-praise of others, how patient with over-praise of themselves; and yet the one does them no injury, while the other may be their ruin.

People are apt to confound mere alertness of mind with attention. The one is but the flying abroad of all the faculties to the open doors and windows at every passing rumour; the other is the concentration of every one of them in a single focus, as in the alchemist over his alembic at the moment of expected projection. Attention is the stuff that memory is made of, and memory is accumulated genius.

Do not look for the Millennium as imminent. One generation is apt to get all the wear it can out of the cast clothes of the last, and is always sure to use up every paling of the old fence that will hold a nail in building the new.

You suspect a kind of vanity in my genealogical enthusiasm. Perhaps you are right; but it is a universal foible. Where it does not show itself in a personal and private way, it becomes public and gregarious. We flatter ourselves in the Pilgrim Fathers, and the Virginian offshoot of a transported convict swells with the fancy of a Cavalier ancestry. Pride of birth, I have noticed, takes two forms. One complacently traces himself up to a coronet; another, defiantly, to a lapstone. The sentiment is precisely the same in both cases, only that one is the positive and the other the negative pole of it.

Seeing a goat the other day kneeling in order to graze with less trouble, it seemed to me a type of the common notion of prayer. Most people are ready enough to go down on their knees for material blessings, but how few for those spiritual gifts which alone are an answer to our orisons, if we but knew it!

Some people, nowadays, seem to have hit upon a new moralisation of the moth and the candle. They would lock up the light of Truth, lest poor Psyche should put it out in her effort to draw nigh to it.

No. X.

MR. HOSEA BIGLOW TO THE
EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC
MONTHLY

DEAR SIR.—Your letter come to han'
Requestin' me to please be funny;
But I ain't made upon a plan
Thet knows wut's comin', gall or
honey:
'Ther's times the world doos look so
queer,
Odd fancies come afore I call 'em;
An' then agin, for half a year,
No preacher 'thout a call's more
solemn.

You're'n want o' sunthin' light an'
cute,
Rattlin' an' shrewd an' kin' o'
jingleish,
An' wish, pervidin' it 'ould suit,
I'd take an' citify my English.
I *ken* write long-tailed, ef I please,—
But when I'm jokin', no, I thankee;
Then, 'fore I know it, my idees
Run helter-skelter into Yankee.

Sence I begun to scribble rhyme,
I tell ye wut, I hain't ben foolin';
The parson's books, life, death, an'
time
Hev took some trouble with my
schoolin';
Nor th' airth don't git put out with
me,
Thet love her 'z though she wuz a
woman;
Why, th' ain't a bird upon the tree
But half forgives my bein' human.

An' yit I love th' unhighschool'd way
Ol' farmers hed when I wuz
younger;

Their talk wuz meatier, an' 'ould
stay,
While book-froth seems to whet
your hunger;
For puttin' in a downright lick
'Twixt Humbug's eyes, ther's few
can metch it,
An' then it helves my thoughts ez
slick
Ez stret-grained hickory doos a
hetchet.

But when I can't, I can't, thet's all,
For Natur' won't put up with
gullin';
Idees you hev to shove an' haul
Like a druv pig ain't wuth a
mullein:
Live thoughts ain't sent for; thru
all rifts
O' sense they pour an' resh ye
onwards,
Like rivers when south-lyin' drifts
Feel thet th' old airth's a-wheelin'
sunwards.

Time wuz the rhymes come crowdin'
thick
Ez office-seekers arter 'lection,
An' into ary place 'ould stick
Without no bother nor objection;
But sence the war my thoughts hang
back
Ez though I wanted to enlist 'em,
An' substitutes,—*they* don't never
lack,
But then they'll slope afore you've
mist 'em.

Nothin' don't seem like wut it
wuz;
I can't see wut there is to hender,
An' yit my brains jes' go buzz,
buzz,
Like bumblebees agin a winder;
'Fore these times come, in all airth's
row,
Ther' wuz one quiet place, my
head in,
Where I could hide an' think,—but
now
It's all one teeter, hopin', dreadin'.

Where's Peace? I start, some clear-
blown night,
When gaunt stone walls grown numb
an' number,
An', creakin' 'cross the snow-crus'
white,
Walk the col' starlight into summer;
Up grows the moon, an' swell by
swell
Thru the pale pasturs silvers
dimmer
Than the last smile thet strives to
tell
O' love gone heavenward in its
shimmer.

I hev ben gladder o' sech things
Than cocks o' spring or bees o'
clover,
They filled my heart with livin'
springs,
But now they seem to freeze 'em
over;
Sights innercent ez babes on knee,
Peaceful ez eyes o' pastured cattle,
Jes' coz they be so, seem to me
To rile me more with thoughts o'
battle.

In-doors an' out by spells I try;
Ma'am Natur' keeps her spin-wheel
goin',
But leaves my natur' stiff and dry
Ez fiel's o' clover arter mowin';
An' her jes' keepin' on the same,
Calmer'n a clock, an' never carin',
An' findin' nary thing to blame,
Is wuss than ef shet took to swearin'.

Snowflakes come whisperrin' on the
pane,
The charm makes blazin' logs so
pleasant,
But I can't hark to wut they're say'n',
With Grant or Sherman ollers
present;
The chimbleys shudder in the gale,
Thet lulls, then suddin takes to
flappin'
Like a shot hawk, but all's ez stale
To me ez so much spirit-rappin'.

Under the yaller-pines I house,
When sunshine makes 'em all
sweet-scented,
An' hear among their furry boughs
The baskin' west wind purr con-
tented,
While 'way o'erhead, ez sweet an' low
Ez distant bells thet ring for
meetin',
The wedged wil' geese their bugles
blow,
Further an' further South re-
treatin'.

Or up the slippery knob I strain
An' see a hundred hills like
islands
Lift their blue woods in broken
chain
Out o' the sea o' snowy silence;
The farm-smokes, sweetes' sight on
airth,
Slow thru the winter air a-shrinkin',
Seem kin' o' sad, an' roun' the hearth
Of empty places set me thinkin'.

Beaver roars hoarse with meltin'
snows,
An' rattles di'mon's from his
granite;
Time wuz, he snatched away my
prose,
An' into psalms or satires ran it;
But he, nor all the rest thet once
Started my blood to country-
dances,
Can't set me goin' more'n a dunce
Thet hain't no use for dreams an'
fancies.

Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street
I hear the drummers makin' riot,
An' I set thinkin' o' the feet
Thet follered once an' now are
quiet,—
White feet ez snowdrops innercent,
Thet never knowed the paths o'
Satan,
Whose comin' step ther's ears thet
won't,
No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'.

Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee?
 Didn't I love to see 'em growin',
 Three likely lads ez wal could be,
 Hahn'some an' brave an' not tu
 knowin'?

I set an' look into the blaze
 Whose natur', jes' like theirn,
 keeps climbin',
 Ez long 'z it lives, in shinin' ways,
 An' half despise myself for rhymin'.

Wut's words to them whose faith an'
 truth
 On War's red techstone rang true
 metal,
 Who ventered life an' love an' youth
 For the gret prize o' death in
 battle?

To him who, deadly hurt, agen
 Flashed on afore the charge's
 thunder,
 Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
 Thet rived the Rebel line asunder?

'Tain't right to hev the young go
 fust,
 All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces,
 Leavin' life's paupers, dry ez dust,
 To try an' make b'lieve fill their
 places:

Nothin' but tells us wut we miss,
 Ther's gaps our lives can't never
 fay in,
 An' *thet* world seems so fur from
 this
 Lef' for us loafers to grow gray in!

My eyes cloud up for rain; my mouth
 Will take to twitchin' roun' the
 corners;
 I pity mothers, tu, down South,
 For all they sot among the scorners:
 I'd sooner take my chance to stan'
 At Judgment where your meanest
 slave is,
 Than at God's bar hol' up a han'
 Ez drippin' redez yourn, Jeff Davis!

Come, Peace! not like a mourner
 bowed
 For honour lost an' dear ones
 wasted,

But proud to meet a people proud,
 With eyes that tell o' triumph
 tasted!

Come with han' grippin' on the hilt,
 An' step thet proves ye Victory's
 daughter!

Longin' for you, our sperits wilt
 Like shipwrecked men's on raf's
 for water.

Come while our country feels the lift
 Of a gret instinct, shoutin' "For-
 wards!"

An' knows thet freedom ain't a gift
 Thetterrieslongin'han'so'cowards!

Come, sech ez mothers prayed for,
 when
 They kissed their cross with lips
 thet quivered,

An' bring fair wages for brave men,
 A nation saved, a race delivered!

No. XI.

MR. HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH
IN MARCH MEETINGTO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC
MONTHLY

JAALAM, April 5, 1866.

MY DEAR SIR,—
 (an' noticin' by your kiver thet
 you're some dearer than wut you
 wuz, I enclose the deffrence) I dunno
 ez I know jest how to interdooce
 this las' perduction of my mews,
 ez Parson Willber allus called 'em,
 which is goin' to *be* the last an' *stay*
 the last onless sunthin' pertikler sh'd
 interfere which I don't expec' ner I
 wun't yield tu ef it wuz ez pressin'
 ez a deppity Shiriff. Sence Mr.
 Wilbur's disease I hev'n't hed no one
 thet could dror out my talons. He
 ust to kind o' wine me up an' set the
 penderlum agoin' an' then somehow
 I seemed to go on tick as it wear
 tell I run down, but the noo minister
 ain't of the same brewin' nor I can't

seem to git ahold of no kine of huming nater in him but sort of slide rite off as you du on the eedge of a mow. Minnysteeril natur is wal enough an' a site better'n most other kines I know on, but the other sort sech as Welbor hed wuz of the Lord's makin' an' naterally more wonderfle an' sweet tastin' leastways to me so fur as heerd from. He used to inter-dooce 'em smooth ez ile athout sayin' nothin' in pertickler an' I misdoubt he didn't set so much by the sec'nd Ceres as wut he done by the Fust, fact, he let on onct thet his mine misgive him of a sort of fallin' off in spots. He wuz as outspoken as a norwester *he* wuz, but I tole him I hoped the fall wuz from so high up thet a feller could ketch a good many times fust afore comin' bunt onto the ground as I see Jethro C. Swett from the meetin' house steeple up to th' old perrish, an' took up for dead but he's alive now an' spry as wut you be. Turnin' of it over I reclected how they ust to put wut they called Argymunce onto the frunts of poyms, like porches afore housen where you could rest ye a spell whilst you wuz concludin' whether you'd go in or nut espeshully ware tha wuz darters, though I most allus found it the best plan to go in fust an' think afterwards an' the gals likes it best tu. I dno as speechis ever hez any argimunt: to 'em, I never see none thet hed an' I guess they never du but tha must allus be a B'ginnin' to everythin' athout it is Eternity so I'll begin rite away an' anybody may put it afore any of his speeches ef it soots an' welcome. I don't claim no paytent.

THE ARGYMUNT

Interducshin, w'ich may be skipt. Begins by talkin' about himself: thet's jest natur an' most gin'allly allus pleasin', I b'leeve I've notist, to one of the company, an' thet's

more than wut you can say of most speshes of talkin'. Nex' comes the gittin' the goodwill of the orjunce by lettin' 'em gether from wut you kind of ex'dentally let drop thet they air about East, A one, an' no mistaik, skare 'em up an' take 'em as they rise. Spring interdoocted with a fiew approput flours. Speech finally begins witch nobuddy needn't feel obolygated to read as I never read 'em an' never shell this one ag'in. Subjick staited; expanded; delayed; extended. Pump lively. Subjick staited ag'in so's to avide all mistaiks. Ginnle remarks; continooed; kerried on; pushed furdur; kind o' gin out. Subjick ~~restaited~~; dielooted stirred up permiscoous. Pump ag'in. Gits back to where he sot out. Can't seem to stay thair. Ketches into Mr. Seaward's hair. Breaks loose ag'in an' staitis his subjick; stretches it; turns it; folds it; unfolds it; folds it ag'in so's 't no one can't find it. Argoos with an imedjinary bean thet ain't aloud to say nothin' in repleye. Gives him a real good dressin' an' is settysfide he's rite. Gits into Johnson's hair. No use tryin' to git into his head. Gives it up. Hez to stait his subjick ag'in; doos it back'ards, sideways, eendways, criss-cross, bevellin', noways. Gits finally red on it. Concluds. Concluds more. Reads some xtrax. Sees his subjick a-nosin' round arter him ag'in. Tries to avide it. Wun't du. *Misstates* it. Can't conjectur' no other plawsable way of staytin' on it. Tries pump. No fx. Finely concluds to conclud. Yeels the flore.

You kin spall an' punctooate thet as you please. I allus do, it kind of puts a noo sort of close onto a word, thisere funattick spellin' doos an' takes 'em out of the prissen dress they wair in the Dixonary. Ef I squeeze the cents out of 'em it's the main thing, an' wut they wuz made for; wut's left's jest pummis.

Mistur Wilbur sez he to me onct, sez he, "Hosee," sez he, "in littery-toor the only good thing is Natur. It's amazin' hard to come at," sez he, "but onct git it an' you've gut everythin'. Wut's the sweetest small on airth?" sez he. "Noomone hay," sez I, pooty bresk, for he wuz allus hankerin' round in hayin'. "Nawthin' of the kine," sez he. "My leetle Hully's breath," sez I ag'in. "You're a good lad," sez he, his eyes sort of ripplin' like, for he lost a babe onct nigh about her age,— "you're a good lad; but 'tain't thet nuther," sez he. "Ef you want to know," sez he, "open your winder of a mornin' et any season, and you'll larn thet the best of perfooms is jest fresh air, *fresh air*," sez he, emphysisin', "athout no mixtur. Thet's wut I call natur in writin', and it bathes my lungs and washes 'em sweet whenever I git a whiff on't," sez he. I offen think o' thet when I set down to write, but the winders are so ept to git stuck, an' breakin' a pane costs sunthin'.

Yourn for the last sunthin',

Nut to be continooed,

HOSEA BIGLOW.

I DON'T much s'pose, hows'ever I should plen it,

I could git boosted into th' House or Sennit,—

Nut while the two-legged gab-machine's so plenty,

'Nablin' one man to du the talk o' twenty;

I'm one o' them thet finds it ruther hard

To mannyfactur' wisdom by the yard, An' maysure off, accordin' to demand, The piece-goods el'kence that I keep on hand,

The same ole pattern runnin' thru an' thru,

An' nothin' but the customer thet's new.

I sometimes think, the furdur on I go, Thet it gits harder to feel sure I know,

An' when I've settled my ideas, I find 'Twarn't I sheered most in makin' up my mind;

'Twuz this an' thet an' t'other thing thet done it,

Sunthin' in th' air, I couldn' seek nor shun it.

Mos' folks go off so quick now in discussion,

All th' ole flint locks seems altered to percussion,

Whilst I in agin' sometimes git a hint, Thet I'm percussion changin' back to flint;

Wal, ef it's so, I ain't agoin' to werrit, For th' ole Queen's-arm bez this per-tickler merit,—

It gives the mind a hahnsome wedth o' margin

To kin' o' make its will afore dis-chargin' :

I can't make out but jest one ginnle rule,—

No man need go an' make himself a fool,

Nor jedgment ain't like mutton, thet can't bear

Cookin' tu long, nor be took up tu rare.

Ez I wuz say'n', I hain't no chance to speak

So's 't all the country dreads me onct a week,

But I've consid'ble o' thet sort o' head Thet sets to home an' thinks wut *might* be said,

The sense thet grows an' werrits underneath,

Comin' belated like your wisdom-teeth,

An' git so el'kent, sometimes, to my gardin

Thet I don' vally public life a fardin'. Our Parson Wilbur (blessin's on his head !)

'Mongst other stories of ole times he hed,

Talked of a feller thet rehearsed his spreads

Beforehan' to his rows o' kebbige-heads

(Ef 'twarn't Demossenes, I guess
'twuz Sisro),
Appealin' fust to thet an' then to this
row,
Accordin' ez he thought thet his ideas
Their diff'runt ev'riges o' brains 'ould
please ;
"An'," sez the Parson, "to hit right,
you must
Git used to maysurin' your hearers
fust ;
For, take my word for't, when all's
come an' past,
The kebbige-heads'll cair the day et
last ;
Th' ain't ben a meetin' sence the worl'
begun
But they made (raw or biled ones)
ten to one."

I've allus foun' 'em, I allow, sence
then,
About ez good for talkin' tu ez men ;
They'll take edvice, like other folks,
to keep
(To use it 'ould be holdin' on't tu
cheap),
They listen wal, don' kick up 'when
you scold 'em,
An' ef they've tongues, hev sense
enough to hold 'em ;
Though th' ain't no denger we shall
lose the breed,
I gin'ly keep a score or so for seed,
An' when my sappiness gits spry in
spring,
So's 't my tongue itches to run on full
swing,
I fin' 'em ready-planted in March-
meetin',
Warm ez a lyceum-audience in their
greetin',
An' pleased to hear my spoutin' frum
the fence,—
Comin' ez't doos, entirely free 'f ex-
pense.
This year I made the follerin' obser-
vations
Extrump'ry, like most other tri'ls o'
patience,
An', no reporters bein' sent express
To work their abstracs up into a mess,

Ez like th' oridg'nal ez a woodcut
pictur'
Thet chokes the life out like a boy-
constrictor,
I've writ 'em out, an' so avide all
jeal'sies
'Twixt nonsense o' my own an' some
one's else's.

(N.B.—Reporters gin'ly git a hint
'To make dull orjunces seem 'live in
print,
An', ez I hev t' report myself, I vum,
I'll put th' applauses where they'd
ough' to come !)

MY FELLER KEBBIGE-HEADS, who
look so green,
I vow to gracious thet ef I could
dreen
The world of all its hearers but jest
you,
'Twould leave 'bout all tha' is wuth
talkin' to,
An' you, my ven'able ol' frien's, thet
show
Upon your crowns a sprinklin' o'
March snow,
Ez ef mild Time had christened every
sense
For wisdom's church o' second inno-
cence,
Nut Age's winter, no, no sech a thing,
But jest a kin' o' slippin'-back o'
spring,— [Sev'ril noses blowed.]
We've gathered here, ez ushle, to
decide
Which is the Lord's an' which is
Satan's side,
Coz all the good or evil thet can
heppen
Is 'longo' which on 'em you choose for
Cappen. [Cries o' "Thet's so !"]

Aprul's come back ; the swellin' buds
of oak
Dim the fur hillsides with a purplish
smoke ;
The brooks are loose, an', singing to
be seen
(Like gals), make all the hollers soft
an' green ;

The birds are here, for all the season's
 late ;
 They take the sun's height an' don'
 never wait ;
 Soon 'z he officially declares it's spring
 Their light hearts lift 'em on a
 north'ard wing,
 An' th' ain't an acre, fur ez you can
 hear,
 Can't by the music tell the time o'
 year ;
 But thet white dove Carliny scared
 away,
 Five year ago, jes' sech an Aprul day ;
 Peace, that we hoped 'ould come an'
 build last year
 An' coo by every housedoor, isn't
 here,—
 No, nor wun't never be, for all our
 jaw,
 Till we're ez brave in pol'tics ez in
 war !
 O Lord, ef folks wuz made so's 't they
 could see
 The begnet-pint there is to an idee !
 [Sensation.]
 Ten times the danger in 'em th' is in
 steel ;
 They run your soul thru an' you never
 feel,
 But crawl about an' seem to think
 you're livin',
 Poor shells o' men, nut wuth the
 Lord's forgivin',
 Tell you come bunt ag'in a real live
 fect,
 An' go to pieces when you'd ough' to
 ect !
 Thet kin' o' begnet's wut we're crossin'
 now,
 An' no man, fit to nevvigate a scow,
 'Ould stan' expectin' help from King-
 dom Come,
 While t'other side druv their cold
 iron home.
 My frien's, you never gethered from
 my mouth,
 No, nut one word ag'in the South ez
 South,
 Nor th' ain't a livin' man, white,
 brown, nor black,
 Gladder'n wut I should be to take
 'em back ;
 But all I ask of Uncle Sam is fust
 To write up on his door, "No goods
 on trust ;"
 [Cries o' "Thet's the ticket !"]
 Give us cash down in ekle laws for all,
 An' they'll be snug inside afore nex'
 fall.
 Give wut they ask, an' we shell hev
 Jamaker,
 Wuth minussome consid'able an acre ;
 Give wut they need, an' we shell git
 'fore long
 A nation all one piece, rich, peacefule,
 strong ;
 Make 'em Amerikin, an' they'll begin
 To love their country ez they loved
 their sin ;
 Let 'em stay Southun, an' you've
 kep' a sore
 Ready to fester ez it done afore.
 No mortle man can boast of perfic'
 vision,
 But the one moleblin' thing is
 Indecision,
 An' th' ain't no futur' for the man
 nor state
 Thet out of j-u-s-t can't spell great.
 Some folks 'ould call thet reddikle ;
 do you ?
 'Twas commonsense afore the war
 wuz thru ;
 Thet loaded all our guns an' made
 'em speak
 So's 't Europe heard 'em clearn
 acrost the creek ;
 "They're drivin' o' their spiles down
 now," sez she,
 "To the hard grennit o' God's fust
 idee ;
 Ef they reach thet, Democ'cy needn't
 fear
 The tallest airthquakes we can git up
 here."
 Some call't insultin' to ask ary pledge,
 An' say 'twill only set their teeth on
 edge,
 But folks you've jest licked, fur 'z I
 ever see,
 Are 'bout ez mad 'z they wal know
 how to be ;

It's better than the Rebs themselves
 expected
 'Fore they see Uncle Sam wilt down
 henpecked;
 Be kind 'z you please, but fustly
 make things fast,
 For plain Truth's all the kindness
 thet'll last;
 Ef treason is a crime, ez *some* folks say,
 How could we punish it a milder way
 Than sayin' to 'em, "Brethren,
 looker here,
 We'll jes' divide things with ye,
 sheer an' sheer,
 An' sence both come o' pooty strong-
 backed daddies,
 You take the Darkies, ez we've took
 the Paddies;
 Ign'ant an' poor we took 'em by the
 hand,
 An' they're the bones an' sinners o'
 the land."
 I ain't o' them thet fancy there's a
 loss on
 Every invetsment thet don't start
 from Bos'on;
 But I know this: our money's safest
 trusted
 In sunthin', come wut will, thet *can't*
 be busted,
 An' thet's the old Amerikin idee,
 To make a man a Man an' let him be.
 [Gret applause.]
 Ez for their l'yalty, don't take a
 goad to't,
 But I do' want to block their only
 road to't
 By lettin' 'em believe thet they can git
 Mor'n wut they lost, out of our little
 wit:
 I tell ye wut, I'm 'fraid we'll drif' to
 leeward
 'Thout we can put more stiffenin'
 into Seward;
 He seems to think Columby'd better
 ect
 Like a scared widder with a boy
 stiff-necked
 Thet stomps an' swears he wun't
 come in to supper;
 She mus' set up for him, ez weak ez
 Tupper,

Keepin' the Constitootion onto warm,
 Tell he'll eccept her 'pologies in form:
 The neighbours tell her he's a cross-
 grained cuss
 Thet needs a hidin' 'fore he comes to
 wuss;
 "No," sez Ma Seward, "he's ez good
 'z the best,
 All he wants now is sugar-plums an'
 rest;"
 "He sarsed my Pa," sez one; "He
 stoned my son,"
 Another edds. "Oh wal, 'twuz jes'
 his fun."
 "He tried to shoot our Uncle Sam-
 well dead."
 "'Twuz only tryin' a noo gun he hed,'
 "Wal, all we ask's to hev it under-
 stood
 You'll take his gun away from him
 for good;
 We don't, wal, nut exac'ly, like his
 play,
 Seein' he allus kin' o' shoots our way.
 You kill your fattid calves to no
 good eend,
 'Thout his fust sayin', 'Mother, I
 hev sinned!'"
 ["Amen!" from Deac'n Greenleaf.]
 The Pres'dunt *he* thinks thet the
 slickest plan
 'Ould bet' allow thet he's sour on 'y man,
 An' thet we fit thru all thet dreffle war
 Jes' for his private glory an' eclor;
 "Nobody ain't a Union man," sez he,
 "'Thout he agrees, thru thick an'
 thin, with me;
 Warn't Andrew Jackson's 'nitals jes'
 like mine?
 An' ain't thet sunthin' like a right
 divine
 To cut up ez kentenkerous ez I please,
 An' treat your Congress like a nest
 o' fleas?"
 Wal, I expec' the People wouldn't
 care if
 The question now wuz techin' bank
 or tariff,
 But I conclude they've 'bout made
 up their min'
 This ain't the fittest time to go it blin',

Nor these ain't metters thet with
 pol'tics swings,
 But goes 'way down amongst the
 roots o' things;
 Coz Summer talked o' whitewashin'
 one day
 They wun't let four years' war be
 throwed away.
 "Let the South hev her rights?"
 They say, "Thet's you!"
 But nut greb hold of other folks's tu."
 Who owns this country, is it they or
 Andy?
 Leastways it ough' to be the People
and he;
 Let him be senior pardner, ef
 he's so,
 But let them kin' o' smuggle in ez Co.
 [Laughter.]
 Did he diskiver it? Consid'ble
 numbers
 Think thet the job wuz taken by
 Columbus.
 Did he set tu an' make it wut it is?
 Ef so, I guess the One-Man-power
hez riz.
 Did he put thru the rebbles, clear
 the docket,
 An' pay th' expenses out of his own
 pocket?
 Ef thet's the case, then everythin' I
 exes
 Is t' hev him come an' pay my
 ennooal texes.
 [Profoun' sensation.]
 Was't he thet shou'dered all them
 million guns?
 Did he lose all the fathers, brothers,
 sons?
 Is this ere pop'lar gov'ment thet we
 run
 A kin' o' sulky, made to kerry one?
 An' is the country goin' to knuckle
 down
 To hev Smith sort their letters 'stid
 o' Brown?
 Who wuz the 'Nited States 'fore
 Richmon' fell?
 Wuz the South needfe their full
 name to spell?
 An' can't we spell it in thet short-
 han' way

Till th' under pinnin's settled so's to
 stay?
 Who cares for the Resolves of '61,
 Thet tried to coax an airthquake with
 a bun?
 Hez act'ly nothin' taken place sence
 then
 To larn folks they must hendle feets
 like men?
 Ain't *this* the true p'int? Did the
 Rebs accep' 'em?
 Ef nut, whose fault is't thet we
 hev'n't kep' 'em?
 Warn't there *two* sides? an' don't it
 stend to reason
 Thet this week's 'Nited States ain't
 las' week's treason?
 When all these sums is done, with
 nothin' missed,
 An' nut afore, this school'll be dis-
 missed.
 I knowed ez wal ez though I'd seen't
 with eyes
 Thet when the war wuz over copper'd
 rise,
 An' thet we'd hev a rile-up in our
 kettle
 'Twould need Leviathan's whole skin
 to settle:
 I thought 'twould take about a gene-
 ration
 'Fore we could wal begin to be a
 nation,
 But I allow I never did imegine
 'Twould be our Pres'dunt thet 'ould
 drive a wedge in
 To keep the split from closin' ef it
 could,
 An' healin' over with new wholesome
 wood;
 For th' ain't no chance o' healin'
 while they think
 Thetlaw an' gov'ment's only printer's
 ink;
 I mus' confess I thank him for dis-
 coverin'
 The curus way in which the States
 are sovereign;
 They ain't nut *quite* enough so to rebel,
 But when they fin' it's costly to raise
 h—, [A groan from Deac'n G.]

Why, then, for jes' the same superl'-
 tive reason,
 They're 'most too much so to be
 tetched for treason;
 They *can't* go out, but ef they some-
 how *du*,
 Their sovereignty don't noways go
 out tu;
 The State goes out, the sovereignty
 don't stir,
 But stays to keep the door ajar for
 her.
 He thinks secession never took 'em
 out,
 An' mebbly he's correc', but I mis-
 doubt;
 Ef they war'n't out, then why, 'n the
 name o' sin,
 Make all this row 'bout lettin' of
 'em in?
 In law, p'raps nut; but there's a
 diffurence, ruther,
 Betwixt your mother-'n-law an' real
 mother, [Derisive cheers.]
 An' I, for one, shall wish they'd all
 ben *som'eres*,
 Long 'z U.S. texes are sech reg'lar
 comers.
 But, O my patience! must we wriggle
 back
 Into th' ole crooked, pettyfoggin'
 track,
 When our artil'ry-wheels a road hev
 cut
 Stret to our purpose ef we keep the
 rut?
 War's jes' dead waste excep' to wipe
 the slate
 Clean for the cyph'rin' of some nobler
 fate. [Applause.]
 Ez for dependin' on their oaths an'
 thet,
 'Twun't bind 'em mor'n the ribbin
 roun' my het;
 I heared a fable once from Othniel
 Starns,
 That pints it slick ez weathercocks
 do barns:
 Onct on a time the wolves hed certing
 rights
 Inside the fold; they used to sleep
 there nights.

An', bein' cousins o' the dogs, they
 took
 Their turns et watchin', reg'lar ez a
 book;
 But somehow, when the dogs hed gut
 asleep,
 Their love o' mutton beat their love
 o' sheep,
 Till gradilly the shepherds come to
 see
 Things war'n't agoin' ez they'd ough'
 to be;
 So they sent off a deacon to remon-
 strate
 Along 'th the wolves an' urge 'em to
 go on straight;
 They didn' seem to set much by the
 deacon,
 Nor preachin' didn' cow 'em, nut to
 speak on;
 Fin'ly they swore thet they'd go out
 an' stay,
 An' hev their fill o' mutton every day;
 Then dogs an' shepherds, after much
 hard dammin',
 [Groan from Deac'n G.]
 Turned tu an' give 'em a tormented
 lammin',
 An' sez, "Ye sha'n't go out, the
 murrain rot ye,
 To keep us wastin' half our time to
 watch ye!"
 But then the question come, How
 live together
 'Thout losin' sleep, nor nary yew nor
 wether?
 Now there wuz some dogs (noways
 wuth their keep)
 Thet sheered their cousins' tastes an'
 sheered the sheep;
 They sez, "Be gin'rous, let 'em swear
 right in,
 An', ef they backslide, let 'em swear
 ag'in;
 Jes' let 'em put on sheep-skins whilst
 they're swearin';
 To ask for more 'ould be beyond all
 bearin'.
 "Be gin'rous for yourselves, where
 you're to pay,
 Thet's the best prectice," sez a shep-
 herd gray;

"Ez for their oaths, they wun't be
wuth a button,
Long 'z you don't cure 'em o' their
taste for mutton;
Th' ain't but one solid way, how'er
you puzzle:
Tell they're converted, let 'em wear
a muzzle."

[Cries of "Bully for you!"]

I've noticed thet each half-baked
scheme's abettors
Are in the hebbit o' producin' letters
Writ by all sorts o' never-heard-on
fellers,
'Bout ez oridge'nal ez the wind in
bellers;
I've noticed, tu, it's the quack
med'cine gits
(An' needs) the grettest heaps o' stiffy-
kits; [Two pothekeries goes out.]
Now, sence I lef' off creepin' on all
fours,
I hain't ast no man to endorse my
course;
It's full ez cheap to be your own
endorser,
An' ef I've made a cup, I'll fin' the
saucer;
But I've some letters here from t'other
side,
An' them's the sort thet helps me to
decide;
Tell me for wut the copper-comp'nies
hanker,
An' I'll tell you jest where it's safe to
anchor. [Faint hiss.]
Fus'ly the Hon'ble B. O. Sawin writes
Thet for a spell he couldn't sleep o'
nights,
Puzzlin' which side wuz preudentest
to pin to,
Which wuz th' ole homestead, which
the temp'ry leanto;
Et fust he jedged 'twould right-side-
up his pan
To come out ez a 'ridge'nal Union
man,
"But now," he sez, "I ain't nut quite
so fresh;
The winnin' horse is goin' to be
Secesh;

You might, las' spring, hev eas'ly
walked the course,
'Fore we contrived to doctor th'
Union horse;
Now we're the ones to walk aroun' the
nex' track:
Jes' you take hold an' read the fol-
lerin' extrac'
Out of a letter I received last
week
From an ole frien' thet never sprung
a leak,
A Nothun Dem'crat o' th' ole Jarsey
blue,
Born copper-sheathed an' copper-
fastened tu."

"These four years past it hez ben
tough
To say which side a feller went
for;
Guideposts all gone, roads muddy
'n' rough,
An' nothin' duin' wut 'twuz meant
for;
Pickets a-firin' left an' right,
Both sides a lettin' rip et sight,—
Life war'n't wuth hardly payin' rent
for.

"Columby gut her back up so,
It war'n't no use a-tryin' to stop
her,—
War's emptin's riled her very dough
An' made it rise an' act improper;
'Twuz full ez much ez I could du
To jes' lay low an' worry thru,
'Thout hevin' to sell out my
copper.

"Afore the war your mod'rit men
Could set an' sun 'em on the
fences,
Cyph'rin' the chances up, an'
then
Jump off which way bes' paid ex-
penses;
Sence, 'twuz so resky ary way,
I didn't hardly darst to say
I 'greed with Paley's Evidences.
[Groan from Deac'n G.]

"Ask Mac ef tryin' to set the fence
Warn't like bein' rid upon a rail
on't,
Headin' your party with a sense
O' bein' tipjint in the tail on't,
An' tryin' to think thet, on the
whole,
You kin' o' quasi own your soul
When Belmont's gut a bill o' sale
on't ?

[Three cheers for Grant and Sherman.]

"Come peace, I sposed thet folks
'ould like
Their pol'tics done ag'in by proxy,
Give their noo loves the bag an'
strike
A fresh trade with their reg'lar
doxy ;
But the drag's broke, now slavery's
gone,
An' there's gret resk they'll blunder
on,
Ef they ain't stopped, to real De-
moc'cy.

"We've gut an awful row to hoe
In this 'ere job o' reconstruct-
in' ;
Folks dunno skurce which way to
go,
Where th' ain't some boghole to be
ducked in ;
But one thing's clear ; there is a
crack,
Ef we pry hard, 'twixt white an'
black,
Where the ole makebate can be
tucked in.

"No white man sets in airth's
broad aisle
Thet I ain't willin' t' own ez
brother,
An' ef he's heppened to strike ile,
I dunno, fin'ly, but I'd ruther ;
An' Paddies, long 'z they vote all
right,
Though they ain't jest a nat'ral
white,
I hold one on 'em good 'z another.
[Applause.]

"Wut is there lef' I'd like to
know,
Ef 'taint the difference o' colour,
To keep up self-respec' an' show
The human natur' of a fullah ?
Wut good in bein' white, onless
It's fixed by law, nut lef' to guess,
We're a heap smarter an' they
duller !

"Ef we're to hev our ekle rights,
'Twun't du to 'low no competition ;
Th' ole debt doo us for bein'
whites
Ain't safe onless we stop th' emis-
sion
O' these [noo notes, whose specie
base
Is human natur', 'thout no trace
O' shape, nor colour, nor condition.
[Continood applause.]

"So fur I'd writ an' couldn't jedge
Aboard wut boat I'd best take
pessige,
My brains all mincemeat, 'thout
no edge
Upon 'em more than tu a sessige,
But now it seems ez though I see
Sunthin' resemblin' an idee,
Sence Johnson's speech an' veto
message.

"I like the speech best, I confess,
The logic, preudence, an' good taste
on't,
An' it's so mad, I ruther guess
There's some dependence to be
placed on't ; [Laughter.]
It's narrer, but 'twixt you an' me,
Out o' the allies o' J. D.
A temp'ry party can be based on't.

"Jes' to hold on till Johnson's thru
An' dug his Presidential grave is,
An' then /—who knows but we
could slew
The country roun' to put in — ?
Wun't some folks rare up when we
pull
Out o' their eyes our Union wool
An' larn 'em wut a plit'cle shave is !

"Oh, did it seem 'z ef Providence
Could ever send a second Tyler?
 To see the South all back to once,
 Reapin' the spiles o' the Freesiler,
 Is cute ez though an ingineer
 Should claim th' old iron for his
 sheer
 Coz't was himself that bust the
 biler!" [Gret laughter.]

Thet tells the story! Thet's wut we
 shall git
 By tryin' squirtguns on the burnin'
 Pit;
 For the day never comes when it'll
 du
 To kick off Dooty like a worn-out
 shoe.
 I seem to hear a whisperin' in the
 air,
 A sighin' like, of unconsolated despair,
 Thet comes from nowhere an' from
 everywhere,
 An' seems to say, "Why died we?
 warn't it, then,
 To settle, once for all, thet men wuz
 men?
 Oh, airth's sweet cup snatched from
 us barely tasted,

The grave's real chill is feelin' life
 wuz wasted!

Oh, you we lef', long-lingerin' et the
 door,

Lovin' you best, coz we loved Her
 the more,

Thet Death, not we, had conquered,
 we should feel

Ef she upon our memory turned her
 heel,

An' unregretful throwed us all
 away

To flaunt it in a Blind Man's Holi-
 day!"

My frien's, I've talked nigh on to
 long enough,

I hain't no call to bore ye coz ye're
 tough;

My lungs are sound, an' our own v'ice
 delights

Our ears, but even kebbige-heads hez
 rights.

It's the las' time thet I shell e'er
 address ye,

But you'll soon fin' some new tor-
 mentor: bless ye!

[Tumultuous applause and cries of "Goon!"
 "Don't stop!"]

And, though the wedding-day was
set,

Jenny was more so, rather,
Declaring, in a pretty pet,
That, howsoe'er they spread their
net,

She would out-Jennyrall them yet,
The Colonel and her father.

Just at this time the Public's eyes

Were keenly on the watch, a stir
Beginning slowly to arise

About those questions and replies,
Those raps that unwrapped mysteries

So rapidly at Rochester ;
And Knott, already nervous grown

By lying much awake alone,
And listening, sometimes to a moan,

And sometimes to a clatter,
Whene'er the wind at night would
rouse

The gingerbread-work on his house,
Or when some hasty-tempered mouse,
Behind the plastering, made a towse

About a family matter,
Began to wonder if his wife,
A paralytic half her life,

Which made it more surprising,
Might not, to rule him from her urn,
Have taken a peripatetic turn

For want of exorcising.

This thought, once nestled in his
head,

Erelong contagious grew and spread,
Infecting all his mind with dread,
Until at last he lay in bed

And heard his wife, with well-known
tread,

Entering the kitchen through the
shed

(Or was't his fancy mocking ?)

Opening the pantry, cutting bread,
And then (she'd been some ten years
dead)

Closets and drawers unlocking ;
Or, in his room (his breath grew
thick)

He heard the long-familiar click
Of slender needles flying quick,

As if she knit a stocking ;

For whom ?—he prayed that years
might flit,

With pains rheumatic shooting,
Before those ghostly things she knit
Upon his unflashed sole might fit,
He did not fancy it a bit

To stand upon that footing ;
At other times, his frightened hairs
Above the bedclothes trusting,
He heard her, full of household
cares

(No dream entrapped in supper's
snares,

The foal of horrible nightmares,
But broad awake, as he declares),
Go bustling up and down the stairs,
Or setting back last evening's chairs,

Or with the poker thrusting
The raked-up sea-coal's hardened
crust—

And—what ! impossible ! it must !
He knew she had returned to dust,
And yet could scarce his senses
trust,

Hearing her as she poked and fussed
About the parlour, dusting !

Night after night he strove to sleep
And take his ease in spite of it ;
But still his flesh would chill and
creep,

And, though two night-lamps he
might keep,

He could not so make light of it.

At last, quite desperate, he goes
And tells his neighbours all his woes,

Which did but their amount en-
hance ;

They made such mockery of his
fears

That soon his days were of all jeers,
His nights of the rueful counte-
nance ;

"I thought most folks," one neigh-
bour said,

"Gave up the ghost when they were
dead ?"

Another gravely shook his head,
Adding, "From all we hear, it's
Quite plain poor Knott is going mad—
For how can he at once be sad

And think he's full of spirits ?"

A third declared he knew a knife

Would cut this Knott much quicker,
 "The surest way to end all strife,
 And lay the spirit of a wife,
 Is just to take and lick her!"

A temperance man caught up the word,

"Ah, yes," he groaned, "I've always heard

Our poor friend somewhat slanted
 Tow'rd taking liquor overmuch;
 I fear these spirits may be Dutch
 (A sort of gins, or something such),

With which his house is haunted;
 I see the thing as clear as light,—
 If Knott would give up getting tight,
 Naught further would be wanted:"

So all his neighbours stood aloof,
 And, that the spirits 'neath his roof
 Were not entirely up to proof,
 Unanimously granted.

Knott knew that cocks and sprites
 were foes,

And so bought up Heaven only knows
 How many, for he wanted crows
 To give ghosts caws, as I suppose,

To think that day was breaking;
 Moreover, what he called his park
 He turned into a kind of ark

For dogs, because a little bark
 Is a good tonic in the dark,

If one is given to waking.
 But things went on from bad to
 worse,

His curs were nothing but a curse,
 And, what was still more shocking,
 Foul ghosts of living fowl made
 scoff,

And would not think of going off

In spite of all his cocking.
 Shanghais, Bucks - counties, Domi-
 niques,

Malays (that didn't lay for weeks),

Polanders, Bantams, Dorkings
 (Waiving the cost, no trifling ill,
 Since each brought in his little bill),
 By day or night were never still,
 But every thought of rest would kill

With cacklings and with quorkings;
 Henry the Eighth of wives got free
 By a way he had of axing;

But poor Knott's Tudor henery

Was not so fortunate, and he
 Still found his trouble waxing.
 As for the dogs, the rows they made,
 And how they howled, snarled, barked,
 and bayed,

Beyond all human knowledge is;
 All night, as wide awake as gnats,
 The terriers rumpused after rats,
 Or, just for practice, taught their brats
 To worry cast-off shoes and hats,
 The bull-dogs settled private spats,
 All chased imaginary cats,
 Or raved behind the fence's slats
 At real ones, or, from their mats,
 With friends, miles off, held pleasant
 chats,

Or, like some folks in white cravats,
 Contemptuous of sharps and flats,
 Sat up and sang dogsologies.

Meanwhile the cats set up a squall,
 And, safe upon the garden-wall,
 All night kept cat-a-walling,

As if the feline race were all,
 In one wild cataleptic sprawl,
 Into love's tortures falling.

PART II.

SHOWING WHAT IS MEANT BY A FLOW OF SPIRITS

AT first the ghosts were somewhat
 shy,

Coming when none but Knott was
 nigh,

And people said 'twas all their eye
 (Or rather his), a flam, the sly

Digestion's machination:
 Some recommended a wet sheet,
 Some a nice broth of pounded peat,
 Some a cold flat-iron to the feet,
 Some a decoction of lamb's-bleat,
 Some a southwesterly grain of wheat;
 Meat was by some pronounced un-
 meet,

Others thought fish most indiscreet,
 And that 'twas worse than all to eat
 Of vegetables, sour or sweet
 (Except, perhaps, the skin of beet),
 In such a concatenation:

One quack his button gently plucks
And murmurs, "Biliary ducks!"

Says Knott, "I never ate one;"
But all, though brimming full of
wrath,

Homœo-, Allo-, Hydropath,
Concurred in this — that t'other's
path

To death's door was the straight
one.

Still, spite of medical advice,
The ghosts came thicker, and a spice
Of mischief grew apparent;

Nor did they only come at night,
But seemed to fancy broad daylight,
Till Knott, in horror and affright,

His unoffending hair rent;
Whene'er, with handkerchief on lap,
He made his elbow-chair a trap
To catch an after-dinner nap,
The spirits, always on the tap,
Would make a sudden *rap, rap, rap*,
The half-spun cord of sleep to snap
(And what is life without its nap
But threadbareness and mere mis-
hap?),

As 'twere with a percussion-cap
The trouble's climax capping;
It seemed a party, dried and grim,
Of mummies had come to visit him,
Each getting off from every limb
Its multitudinous wrapping;
Scratchings sometimes the walls ran
round,

The merest pennyweights of sound;
Sometimes 'twas only by the pound
They carried on their dealing,
A thumping 'neath the parlour floor,
Thump-bump-thump-bumping o'er
and o'er,

As if the vegetables in store
(Quiet and orderly before)

Were all together peeling;
You would have thought the thing
was done

By the spirit of some son of a gun,
And that a forty-two-pounder,
Or that the ghost which made such
sounds

Could be none other than John
Pounds,
Of Ragged Schools the founder.

Through three gradations of affright,
The awful noises reached their
height;

At first they knocked nocturnally,
Then, for some reason, changing
quite

(As mourners, after six months'
flight,

Turn suddenly from dark to light),
Began to knock diurnally,

And last, combining all their stocks
(Scotland was ne'er so full of
Knox)

Into one Chaos (father of Nox),
Nocte pluit—they showered knocks,

And knocked, knocked, knocked,
eternally;

Ever upon the go, like buoys
(Wooden sea-urchins), all Knott's
joys

They turned to troubles and a noise
That preyed on him internally.

Soon they grew wider in their
scope;

Whenever Knott a door would ope,
It would ope not, or else elope
And fly back (curbless as a trope
Once started down a stanza's slope
By a bard that gave it too much
rope)

Like a clap of thunder slamming;
And, when kind Jenny brought his
hat

(She always, when he walked, did
that),

Just as upon his head it sat,
Submitting to his settling pat,
Some unseen hand would jam it
flat,

Or give it such a furious bat
That eyes and nose went cramming

Up out of sight, and consequently,
As when in life it paddled free,

His beaver caused much damning.

If these things seem o'erstrained to be,
Read the account of Doctor Dee,

'Tis in our college library;
Read Wesley's circumstantial plea,

And Mrs. Crowe, more like a bee,
Sucking the nightshade's honeyed fee,
And Stilling's Pneumatology;

Consult Scot, Glanvil, grave Wierus,
and both Mathers; further see Webster,
Casaubon, James First's trea-

tise, a right royal Q. E. D.
Writ with the moon in perigee,
Bodin de la Demonomanie—
(Accent that last line gingerly)
All full of learning as the sea
Of fishes, and all disagree,
Save in *Sathanas apage!*
Or, what will surely put a flea
In unbelieving ears—with glee,
Out of a paper (sent to me
By some friend who forgot to P . . .
A . . . Y . . . —I use cryptography
Lest I his vengeful pen should dree—
His P . . . O . . . S . . . T . . . A . . . G . . . E . . .)

Things to the same effect I cut,
About the tantrums of a ghost,
Not more than three weeks since, at
most,

Near Stratford, in Connecticut.

Knott's Upas daily spread its roots,
Sent up on all sides livelier shoots,
And bore more pestilential fruits;
The ghosts behaved like downright
brutes,

Theysnipped holes inhisSundaysuits,
Practised all night on octave flutes,
Put peas (not peace) into his boots,

Whereof grew corns in season,
They scotched his sheets, and, what
was worse,

Stuck his silk nightcap full of burrs,
Till he, in language plain and terse
(But much unlike a Bible verse),
Swore he should lose his reason.

The tables took to spinning, too,
Perpetual yarns, and arm-chairs grew

To prophets and apostles;
One footstool vowed that only he
Of law and gospel held the key,
That teachers of whate'er degree
To whom opinion bows the knee
Wer'n't fit to teach Truth's A B C,
And were (the whole lot) to a T
Mere fogies all and fossils;
A teapoy, late the property
Of Knox's Aunt Keziah

(Whom Jenny most irreverently
Had nicknamed her aunt-tipathy),
With tips emphatic claimed to be

The prophet Jeremiah;
The tins upon the kitchen-wall,
Turned tintinnabulators all,
And things that used to come at call

For simple household services
Began to hop and whirl and prance,
Fit to put out of countenance
The *Commis* and *Grisettes* of France
Or Turkey's dancing Dervises.

Of course such doings far and wide
With rumours filled the country-side,
And (as it is our nation's pride
To think a Truth not verified
Till with majorities allied)

Parties sprung up, affirmed, denied,
And candidates with questions plied,
Who, like the circus-riders, tried
At once both hobbies to bestride,
And each with his opponent vied

In being inexplicit.
Earnest inquirers multiplied;
Folks, whose tenth cousins lately
died,

Wrote letters long, and Knott replied;
All who could either walk or ride
Gathered to wonder or deride,

And paid the house a visit;
Horses were to his pine-trees tied,
Mourners in every corner sighed,
Widows brought children there that
cried,

Swarms of lean Seekers, eager-eyed
(People Knott never could abide),
Into each hole and cranny pried
With strings of questions cut and
dried

From the Devout Inquirer's Guide,
For the wise spirits to decide—

As, for example, is it
True that the damned are fried or
boiled?

Was the Earth's axis greased or
oiled?

Who cleaned the moon when it was
soiled?

How baldness might be cured or
foiled?

How heal diseased potatoes?

Did spirits have the sense of smell?
Where would departed spinsters dwell?

If the late Zenas Smith were well?
If Earth were solid or a shell?
Were spirits fond of Doctor Fell?
Did the bull toll Cock-Robin's knell?
What remedy would bugs expel?
If Paine's invention were a sell?
Did spirits by Webster's system spell?
Was it a sin to be a belle?
Did dancing sentence folks to hell?
If so, then where most torture fell—
On little toes or great toes?

If life's true seat were in the brain?
Did Ensign mean to marry Jane?
By whom, in fact, was Morgan slain?
Could matter ever suffer pain?
What would take out a cherry-stain?
Who picked the pocket of Seth Crane,

Of Waldo Precinct, State of Maine?
Was Sir John Franklin sought in vain?

Did primitive Christians ever train?
What was the family-name of Cain?
Them spoons, were they by Betty ta'en?

Would earth-worm poultice cure a sprain?

Was Socrates so dreadful plain?
What teamster guided Charles's wain?

Was Uncle Ethan mad or sane,
And could his will in force remain?
If not, what counsel to retain?

Did Le Sage steal Gil Blas from Spain?

Was Junius writ by Thomas Paine?
Were ducks discomforted by rain?
How did Britannia rule the main?

Was Jonas coming back again?
Was vital truth upon the wane?
Did ghosts, to scare folks, drag a chain?

Who was our Huldah's chosen swain?
Did none have teeth pulled without payin',

Ere ether was invented?
Whether mankind would not agree
If the universe were tuned in C?
What was it ailed Lucindy's knee?

Whether folks eat folks in Feejee?
Whether *his* name would end with T?
If Saturn's rings were two or three,
And what bump in Phrenology

They truly represented?
These problems dark, wherein they groped,

Wherewith man's reason vainly coped,

Now that the spirit-world was oped,
In all humility they hoped

Would be resolved *instantly*;
Each of the miscellaneous rout
Brought his, or her, own little doubt,
And wished to pump the spirits out,
Through his or her own private spout,
Into his or her decanter.

PART III.

WHEREIN IT IS SHOWN THAT THE
MOST ABSENT SPIRITS ARE MORE
ORNAMENTAL THAN USEFUL

MANY a speculating wight
Came by express-trains, day and night,

To see if Knott would "sell his right,"
Meaning to make the ghosts a sight—

What they called a "meenaygerie;"
One threatened, if he would not "trade,"

His run of custom to invade
(He could not these sharp folks persuade

That he was not, in some way, paid),
And stamp him as a plagiarist,

By coming down, at one fell swoop,
With THE ORIGINAL KNOCKING TROUPE,

Come recently from Hades,
Who (for a quarter-dollar hard)
Would ne'er rap out a hasty word
Whence any blame might be incurred

From the most fastidious ladies;
The late lamented Jesse Soule
To stir the ghosts up with a pole
And be director of the whole,

Who was engaged the rather
For the rare merits he'd combine,
Having been in the spirit line,

Which trade he only did resign,
 With general applause, to shine,
 Awful in mail of cotton fine,
 As ghost of Hamlet's father !
 Another a fair plan reveals
 Never yet hit on, which, he feels,
 To Knott's religious sense appeals—
 "We'll have your house set up on
 wheels,

A speculation pious ;
 For music, we can shortly find
 A barrel-organ that will grind
 Psalm-tunes — an instrument de-
 signed

For the New England tour—refined
 From secular drosses, and inclined
 To an unworldly turn (combined
 With no sectarian bias) ;

Then, travelling by stages slow,
 Under the style of Knott & Co.,
 I would accompany the show
 As moral lecturer, the foe
 Of Rationalism ; while you could
 throw

The rappings in, and make them go
 Strict Puritan principles, you know
 (How *do* you make 'em ? with your
 toe ?)

And the receipts which thence might
 flow

We could divide between us ;
 Still more attractions to combine,
 Beside these services of mine,
 I will throw in a very fine
 (It would do nicely for a sign)

Original Titian's Venus ;"
 Another offered handsome fees
 If Knott would get Demosthenes
 (Nay, his mere knuckles, for more
 ease)

To rap a few short sentences ;
 Or if, for want of proper keys,
 His Greek might make confusion,
 Then just to get a rap from Burke,
 To recommend a little work
 On Public Elocution.

Meanwhile, the spirits made replies
 To all the reverent *whats* and *whys*,
 Resolving doubts of every size,
 And giving seekers grave and wise,
 Who came to know their destinies,
 A rap-turous reception.

When unbelievers void of grace
 Came to investigate the place
 (Creatures of Sadducistic race,
 With grovelling intellects and base),
 They could not find the slightest
 trace

To indicate deception :
 Indeed, it is declared by some
 That spirits (of this sort) are glum,
 Almost, or wholly, deaf and dumb,
 And (out of self-respect) quite mum
 To skeptic natures cold and numb,
 Who of *this* kind of Kingdom Come
 Have not a just conception.

True, there were people who de-
 murred,
 That though the raps no doubt were
 heard

Both under them and o'er them,
 Yet, somehow, when a search they
 made,

They found Miss Jenny sore afraid,
 Or Jenny's lover, Doctor Slade,
 Equally awestruck and dismayed,
 Or Deborah, the chambermaid,
 Whose terrors, not to be gainsaid,
 In laughs hysteric were displayed,
 Was always there before them.

This had its due effect with some,
 Who straight departed, muttering,
 Hum !

Transparent hoax ! and Gammon !
 But these were few : believing souls,
 Came, day by day, in larger shoals,
 As the ancients to the windy holes
 'Neath Delphi's tripod brought their
 doles,

Or to the shrine of Ammon.

The spirits seemed exceeding tame,
 Call whom you fancied, and he
 came ;

The shades august of eldest fame
 You summoned with an awful ease.
 As grosser spirits gurgled out
 From chair and table with a spout,
 In Auerbach's cellar once, to flout
 The senses of the rabble rout,
 Where'er the gimlet twirled about

Of cunning Mephistopheles,
 So did these spirits seem in store,
 Behind the wainscot or the door,

Ready to thrill the being's core
Of every enterprising bore

With their astounding glamour ;
Whatever ghost one wished to hear,
By strange coincidence, was near
To make the past or future clear
(Sometimes in shocking grammar)
By raps and taps, now there, now
here—

It seemed as if the spirit queer
Of some departed auctioneer
Were doomed to practise by the year
With the spirit of his hammer :
Whate'er you asked was answered,
yet

One could not very deeply get
Into the obliging spirits' debt,
Because they used the alphabet

In all communications,
And new revealings (though sublime)
Rapped out one letter at a time,

With boggles, hesitations,
Stoppings, beginnings o'er again,
And getting matters into train,
Could hardly overload the brain

With too excessive rations,
Since just to ask *If two and two
Really make four ? or How d'ye do ?*
And get the fit replies thereto
In the tramundane rat-tat-too,
Might ask a whole day's patience.

'Twas strange ('mongst other things)
to find

In what odd sets the ghosts com-
bined,

Happy forthwith to thump any
Piece of intelligence inspired,
The truth whereof had been inquired

By some one of the company ;
For instance, Fielding, Mirabeau,
Orator Henley, Cicero,
Paley, John Zisca, Marivaux,
Melancthon, Robertson, Junot,
Scaliger, Chesterfield, Rousseau,
Hakluyt, Boccaccio, South, De Foe,
Diaz, Josephus, Richard Roe,
Odin, Arminius, Charles *le gros*,
Tiresias, the late James Crow,
Casabianca, Grose, Prideaux,
Old Grimes, Young Norval, Swift,
Brissot,

Maimonides, the Chevalier D'O,
Socrates, Fenelon, Job, Stow,
The inventor of *Elizir pro*,
Euripides, Spinoza, Poe,
Confucius, Hiram Smith, and Fo,
Came (as it seemed, somewhat *de
trop*)

With a disembodied Esquimaux,
To say that it was so and so

With Franklin's expedition ;
One testified to ice and snow,
One that the mercury was low,
One that his progress was quite slow,
One that he much desired to go,
One that the cook had frozen his toe
(Dissented from by Dandolo,
Wordsworth, Cynaegirus, Boileau,
La Hontan, and Sir Thomas Roe),
One saw twelve white bears in a row,
One saw eleven and a crow,
With other things we could not
know

(Of great statistic value, though),
By our mere mortal vision.

Sometimes the spirits made mistakes,
And seemed to play at ducks and
drakes

With bold inquiry's heaviest stakes
In science or in mystery ;
They knew so little (and that wrong),
Yet rapped it out so bold and
strong,

One would have said the entire
throng

Had been Professors of History ;
What made it odder was, that those
Who, you would naturally suppose,
Could solve a question, if they chose,
As easily as count their toes,

Were just the ones that blundered.
One day, Ulysses happening down,
A reader of Sir Thomas Browne,
And who (with him) had wondered
What song it was the Sirens sang,
Asked the shrewd Ithacan—*bang !
bang !*

With this response the chamber rang,
" I guess it was Old Hundred."
And Franklin, being asked to name
The reason why the lightning came,
Replied, " Because it thundered."

On one sole point the ghosts agreed,
One fearful point, than which, indeed,

Nothing could seem absurder ;
Poor Colonel Jones they all abused,
And finally downright accused

The poor old man of murder ;
'Twas thus by dreadful raps was shown

Some spirit's longing to make known
A bloody fact, which he alone
Was privy to (such ghosts more prone

In Earth's affairs to meddle are) ;
Who are you? with awe-stricken looks,

All ask: his airy knuckles he crooks,
And raps, "I was Eliab Snooks,
That used to be a pedler ;

Some on ye still are on my books !"
Whereat to inconspicuous nooks
(More fearing this than common spooks)

Shrank each indebted meddler ;
Further the vengeful ghost declared
That while his earthly life was spared,

About the country he had fared,
A duly licensed follower
Of that much-wandering trade that wins

Slow profit from the sale of tins
And various kinds of hollow-ware ;
That Colonel Jones enticed him in,
Pretending that he wanted tin,
There slew him with a rolling-pin,
Hid him in a potato-bin,

And (the same night) him ferried
Across Great Pond to t'other shore,
And there, on land of Widow Moore,
Just where you turn to Larkin's store,

Under a rock him buried ;
Some friends (who happened to be by)

He called upon to testify
That what he said was not a lie,

And that he did not stir this
Foul matter out of any spite,
But from a simple love of right ;—

Which statements the Nine Worthies,

Rabbi Akiba, Charlemagne,
Seth, Colley Cibber, General Wayne,
Cambyeses, Tasso, Tubal-Cain,
The owner of a castle in Spain,
Jehanghire, and the Widow of Nain
(The friends aforesaid), made more plain

And by loud raps attested ;
To the same purport testified
Plato, John Wilkes, and Colonel Pride,

Who knew said Snooks before he died,
Had in his wares invested,
Thought him entitled to belief,
And freely could concur, in brief,
In everything the rest did.

Eliab this occasion seized
(Distinctly here the spirit sneezed)
To say that he should ne'er be eased
Till Jenny married whom she pleased,

Free from all checks and urgin's
(This spirit dropt his final g's)
And that, unless Knott quickly sees
This done, the spirits to appease,
They would come back his life to tease,
As thick as mites in ancient cheese,
And let his house on an endless lease

To the ghosts (terrific rappers these
And veritable Eumenides)
Of the Eleven Thousand Virgins !

Knott was perplexed and shook his head ;

He did not wish his child to wed
With a suspected murderer
(For, true or false, the rumour spread),

But as for this roiled life he led,
"It would not answer," so he said,
"To have it go no furtherer."

At last, scarce knowing what it meant,

Reluctantly he gave consent
That Jenny, since 'twas evident
That she *would* follow her own bent,
Should make her own election ;

For that appeared the only way
These frightful noises to allay
Which had already turned him gray
And plunged him in dejection.

Accordingly, this artless maid
 Her father's ordinance obeyed,
 And, all in whitest crape arrayed
 (Miss Pulsifer the dresses made,
 And wishes here the fact displayed
 That she still carries on the trade,
 The third door south from Bagg's
 Arcade),

A very faint "I do" essayed,
 And gave her hand to Hiram Slade;
 From which time forth the ghosts
 were laid,

And ne'er gave trouble after;
 But the Selectmen, be it known,
 Dug underneath the aforesaid stone,
 Where the poor pedler's corpse was
 thrown,

And found thereunder a jawbone,
 Though, when the crowner sat there-
 on,

He nothing hatched, except alone
 Successive broods of laughter;
 It was a frail and dingy thing,
 In which a grinder or two did cling,

In colour like molasses,
 Which surgeons, called from far and
 wide

Upon the horror to decide,
 Having put on their glasses,
 Reported thus: "To judge by looks,
 These bones, by some queer hooks or
 crooks,

May have belonged to Mr. Snooks,
 But, as men deepest read in books

Are perfectly aware, bones,
 If buried fifty years or so,
 Lose their identity and grow

From human bones to bare bones."

Still, if to Jaalam you go down,
 You'll find two parties in the town,
 One headed by Benaiah Brown,
 And one by Perez Tinkham;

The first believe the ghosts all
 through

And vow that they shall never rue
 The happy chance by which they
 knew

That people in Jupiter are blue,
 And very fond of Irish stew,
 Two curious facts which Prince Lee
 Boo

Rapped clearly to a chosen few—

Whereas the others think 'em
 A trick got up by Doctor Slade
 With Deborah the chambermaid
 And that sly cretur Jinny;
 That all the revelations wise,
 At which the Brownites made big
 eyes,

Might have been given by Jared
 Keyes,

A natural fool and ninny,
 And, last week, didn't Eliab Snooks
 Come back with never better looks,
 As sharp as new-bought mackerel
 hooks,

And bright as a new pin, eh?
 Good Parson Wilbur, too, avers
 (Though to be mixed in parish stirs
 Is worse than handling chestnut-
 burrs)

That no case to his mind occurs
 Where spirits ever did converse,
 Save in a kind of guttural Erse
 (So say the best authorities);

And that a charge by raps conveyed
 Should be most scrupulously weighed

And searched into before it is
 Made public, since it may give pain
 That cannot soon be cured again,
 And one word may infix a stain

Which ten cannot gloss over,
 Though speaking for his private part,
 He is rejoiced with all his heart
 Miss Knott missed not her lover.

AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE

I

SOMEWHERE in India, upon a time
(Read it not Injah; or you spoil the
verse),

There dwelt two saints whose
privilege sublime
It was to sit and watch the world
grow worse,

Their only care (in that delicious
clime)
At proper intervals to pray and curse;
Pracrit the dialect each prudent
brother
Used for himself Damnonian for
the other.

II

One half the time of each was
spent in praying
For blessings on his own unworthy
head,

The other half in fearfully por-
traying
Where certain folks would go when
they were dead;

This system of exchanges—there's
no saying

To what more solid barter 'twould
have led,

But that a river, vexed with boils
and swellings

At rainy times, kept peace between
their dwellings.

III

So they two played at wordy battle-
dore

And kept a curse for ever in the air,
Flying this way or that from shore
to shore;

Nor other labour did this holy pair,
Clothed and supported from the
lavish store

Which crowds lanigerous brought
with daily care;

They toiled not, neither did they
spin; their bias

Was tow'rd the harder task of
being pious.

IV

Each from his hut rushed six
score times a day,
Like a great canon of the Church
full-rammed

With cartridge theologic (so to
say),
Touched himself off, and then, recoil-
ing, slammed

His hovel's door behind him in a
way

That to his foe said plainly,—*You'll*
be damned;

And so like Potts and Wainwright,
shrill and strong

The two D—D'd each other all day
long.

One was a dancing Dervise, a
Mohammedan,

The other was a Hindoo, a gymno-
sophist;

One kept his whatd'yecallit and
his Ramadan,

Laughing to scorn the sacred rites
and laws of his

Transfluvial rival, who, in turn,
called Ahmed an

Old top, and, as a clincher, shook
across a fist

With nails six inches long, yet
lifted not

His eyes from off his navel's
mystic knot.

VI

"Who whirls not round six thousand times an hour
Will go," screamed Ahmed, "to the evil place;
May he eat dirt, and may the dog and Giaour
Defile the graves of him and all his race;
Allah loves faithful souls and gives them power
Tospin till they are purple in the face;
Some folks get you know what, but he that pure is
Earns Paradise and ninety thousand hours."

VII

"Upon the silver mountain, south by east,
Sits Brahma fed upon the sacred bean;
He loves those men whose nails are still increased,
Who all their lives keep ugly, foul, and lean;
'Tis of his grace that not a bird or beast
Adorned with claws like mine was ever seen;
The suns and stars are Brahma's thoughts divine
Even as these trees I seem to see are mine."

VIII

"Thou seem'st to see, indeed!" roared Ahmed back;
"Were I but once across this plaguy stream,
With a stout sapling in my hand, one whack
On those lank ribs would rid thee of that dream!
Thy Brahma-blasphemy is ipecac
To my soul's stomach; couldst thou grasp the scheme
Of true redemption, thou wouldst know that Deity
Whirls by a kind of blessed spontaneity."

IX

"And this it is which keeps our earth here going
With all the stars,"—"Oh, vile! but there's a place
Prepared for such; to think of Brahma throwing
Worlds like a juggler's balls up into Space!
Why, not so much as a smooth lotos blowing
Is e'er allowed that silence to efface
Which broods round Brahma, and our earth, 'tis known,
Rest on a tortoise, moveless as this stone."

X

So they kept up their banning amœbæan,
When suddenly came floating down the stream
A youth whose face like an incarnate pæan
Glowed, 'twas so full of grandeur and of gleam.
"If there be gods, then, doubtless this must be one,"
Thought both at once, and then began to scream,
"Surely, whate'er immortals know, thou knowest,
Decide between us twain before thou goest!"

XI

The youth was drifting in a slim canoe
Most like a huge white water-lily's petal,
But neither of our theologians knew
Whereof 'twas made; whether of heavenly metal
Unknown, or of a vast pearl split in two
And hollowed, was a point they could not settle;
'Twas good debate-seed, though, and bore large fruit
In after years of many a tart dispute.

XII

There were no wings upon the
 stranger's shoulders,
 And yet he seemed so capable of
 rising
 That, had he soared like thistle-
 down, beholders
 Had thought the circumstance no-
 ways surprising;
 Enough that he remained, and,
 when the scolders
 Hailed him as umpire in their vocal
 prize-ring,
 The painter of his boat he lightly
 threw
 Around a lotos-stem, and brought
 her to.

XIII

The strange youth had a look as if
 he might
 Have trod far planets where the
 atmosphere
 (Of nobler temper) steeps the face
 with light,
 Just as our skins are tanned and
 freckled here;
 His air was that of a cosmopolite
 In the wide universe from sphere to
 sphere;
 Perhaps he was (his face had such
 grave beauty)
 An officer of Saturn's guards off
 duty.

XIV

Both saints began to unfold their
 tales at once,
 Both wished their tales, like simial
 ones, prehensile,
 That they might seize his ear;
fool! knave! and dunce!
 Flew zigzag back and forth, like
 strokes of pencil
 In a child's fingers; voluble as duns,
 They jabbered like the stones on that
 immense hill
 In the Arabian Nights; until the
 stranger
 Began to think his ear-drums in
 some danger.

XV

In general those who nothing have
 to say
 Contrive to spend the longest time in
 doing it;
 They turn and vary it in every
 way,
 Hashing it, stewing it, mincing it,
ragouting it;
 Sometimes they keep it purposely
 at bay,
 Then let it slip to be again pursuing
 it;
 They drone it, groan it, whisper it
 and shout it,
 Refute it, flout it, swear to't, prove
 it, doubt it.

XVI

Our saints had practised for some
 thirty years;
 Their talk, beginning with a single
 stem,
 Spread like a banyan, sending
 down live piers,
 Colonies of digression, and in them
 Germs of yet new migrations; once
 by the ears,
 They could convey damnation in a
 hem,
 And blow the pinch of premise-
 priming off
 Long syllogistic batteries with a
 cough.

XVII

Each had a theory that the human
 ear
 A providential tunnel was, which led
 To a huge vacuum (and surely
 here
 They showed some knowledge of the
 general head),
 For cant to be decanted through, a
 mere
 Auricular canal or race-way, to be fed
 All day and night, in sunshine and
 in shower,
 From their vast heads of milk-and-
 water-power.

XVIII

The present being a peculiar
case,
Each with unwonted zeal the other
scouted,
Put his spurred hobby through its
every pace,
Pished, pshawed, poohed, horribled,
bahed, jeered, sneered, flouted,
Sniffed, nonsensed, infideled,
fudged, with his face
Looked scorn too nicely shaded to be
shouted,
And, with each inch of person and
of vesture,
Contrived to hint some most dis-
dainful gesture.

XIX

At length, when their breath's end
was come about,
And both could now and then just
gasp "impostor!"
Holding their heads thrust menac-
ingly out,
As staggering cocks keep up their
fighting posture,
The stranger smiled and said,
"Beyond a doubt
'Tis fortunate, my friends, that you
have lost your
United parts of speech, or it had
been
Impossible for me to get between.

XX

"Produce! says Nature, — what
have you produced?
A new strait-waistcoat for the human
mind;
Are you not limbed, nerved,
jointed, arteried, juiced,
As other men? yet, faithless to your
kind,
Rather like noxious insects you are
used
To puncture life's fair fruit, beneath
the rind

Laying your creed-eggs, whence
in time there spring
Consumers new to eat and buzz and
sting.

XXI

"Work! you have no conception
how 'twill sweeten
Your views of Life and Nature, God
and Man;
Had you been forced to earn what
you have eaten,
Your heaven had shown a less dys-
peptic plan;
At present your whole function is
to eat ten
And talk ten times as rapidly as you
can;
Were your shape true to cosmo-
gonic laws,
You would be nothing but a pair of
jaws.

XXII

"Of all the useless beings in creation
The earth could spare most easily
you bakers
Of little clay gods, formed in shape
and fashion
Precisely in the image of their
makers;
Why, it would almost move a
saint to passion
To see these, blind and deaf, the
hourly breakers
Of God's own image in their
brother men,
Set themselves up to tell the how,
where, when,

XXIII

"Of God's existence; one's diges-
tion's worse—
So makes a god of vengeance and of
blood;
Another,—but no matter; they re-
verse
Creation's plan, out of their own vile
mud
Pat up a god, and burn, drown,
hang, or curse

Whoever worships not ; each keeps
 his stud
 Of texts, which wait with saddle
 on and bridle
 To hunt down atheists to their ugly
 idol.

XXIV

"This, I perceive, has been your
 occupation ;
 You should have been more usefully
 employed ;
 All men are bound to earn their
 daily ration,
 Where States make not that primal
 contract void
 By cramps and limits ; simple de-
 vastation
 Is the worm's task, and what he has
 destroyed
 His monument ; creating is man's
 work,
 And that, too, something more
 than mist and murk."

XXV

So having said, the youth was
 seen no more,
 And straightway our sage Brahmin,
 the philosopher,
 Cried, "That was aimed at thee,
 thou endless bore,
 Idle and useless as the growth of
 moss over
 A rotting tree-trunk !" "I would
 square that score
 Full soon," replied the Dervise,
 "could I cross over
 And catch thee by the beard.
 Thy nails I'd trim
 And make thee work, as was ad-
 vised by him."

XXVI

"Work ? Am I not at work from
 morn till night
 Sounding the deeps of oracles um-
 bilical,

Which for man's guidance never
 come to light,
 With all their various aptitudes,
 until I call ?"

"And I, do I not twirl from left
 to right
 For conscience' sake ? Is that no
 work ? Thou silly gull,
 He had thee in his eye ; 'twas
 Gabriel,
 Sent to reward my faith—I know
 him well."

XXVII

"'Twas Vishnu, thou vile whirl-
 gig !" and so
 The good old quarrel was begun
 anew ;
 One would have sworn the sky was
 black as sloe,
 Had but the other dared to call it
 blue ;
 Nor were the followers who fed
 them slow
 To treat each other with their curses
 too,
 Each hating t'other (moves it tears
 or laughter ?)
 Because he thought him sure of
 hell hereafter.

XXVIII

At last some genius built a bridge
 of boats
 Over the stream, and Ahmed's zeal-
 lots filed
 Across, upon a mission to (cut
 throats
 And) spread religion pure and unde-
 filed ;
 They sowed the propagandist's
 wildest oats,
 Cutting off all, down to the smallest
 child,
 And came back, giving thanks for
 such fat mercies,
 To find their harvest gone past
 prayers or curses.

XXIX

All gone except their saint's religious hops,
Which he kept up with more than common flourish;
But these, however satisfying crops
For the inner man, were not enough to nourish
The body politic, which quickly drops
Reserve in such sad junctures, and turns curriish;
So Ahmed soon got cursed for all the famine
Where'er the popular voice could edge a damn in.

XXX

At first he pledged a miracle quite boldly,
And, for a day or two, they growled and waited;
But, finding that this kind of manna coldly
Sat on their stomachs, they erelong berated
The saint for still persisting in that old lie,
Till soon the whole machine of saintship grated,
Ran slow, creaked, stopped, and, wishing him in Tophet,
They gathered strength enough to stone the prophet.

XXXI

Some stronger ones contrived (by eating leather,
Their weaker friends, and one thing or another)
The winter months of scarcity to weather;
Among these was the late saint's younger brother,
Who in the spring collecting them together,
Persuaded them that Ahmed's holy pother
Had wrought in their behalf, and that the place
Of Saint should be continued to his

XXXII

Accordingly, 'twas settled on the spot
That Allah favoured that peculiar breed;
Besides, as all were satisfied, 'twould not
Be quite respectable to have the need
Of public spiritual food forgot;
And so the tribe, with proper forms, decreed
That he, and, failing him, his next-of-kin,
For ever for the people's good should spin.

UNDER THE WILLOWS

AND OTHER POEMS

PRELUDE.

TO
CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

AGRO DOLCE

THE wind is roistering out of doors,
My windows shake and my chimney
 roars;

My elmwood chimneys seem croon-
 ing to me,
As of old, in their moody, minor key,
And out of the past the hoarse wind
 blows,
As I sit in my arm-chair and toast
 my toes.

"Ho! ho! nine-and-forty," they
 seem to sing,
"We saw you a little toddling thing;
We knew you child and youth and
 man,

A wonderful fellow to dream and plan,
With a great thing always to come,—
 who knows?

Well, well! 'tis some comfort to
 toast one's toes.

"How many times have you sat
 at gaze
Till the mouldering fire forgot to blaze,
Shaping among the whimsical coals
Fancies and figures and shining goals!
What matters the ashes that cover
 those?

While hickory lasts you can toast
 your toes.

"O dream-ship-builder! where are
 they all,
Your grand three-deckers, deep-
 chested and tall,

That should crush the waves under
 canvas piles,
And anchor at last by the Fortunate
 Isles?

There's gray in your beard, the years
 turn foes,
While you muse in your arm-chair,
 and toast your toes."

I sit and dream that I hear, as of yore,
My elmwood chimneys' deep-throated
 roar;

If much be gone, there is much re-
 mains;

By the embers of loss I count my
 gains,

You and yours with the best, till the
 old hope glows

In the fanciful flame, as I toast my
 toes.

Instead of a fleet of broad-browed
 ships,

To send a child's armada of chips!
Instead of the great guns, tier on tier,
A freight of pebbles and grass-blades
 sere!

"Well, maybe more love with the
 less gift goes,"

I growl as, half moody, I toast my
 toes.

UNDER THE WILLOWS

FRANK-HEARTED hostess of the field
 and wood,

Gypsy, whose roof is every spreading
 tree,

June is the pearl of our New Eng-
 land year.

Still a surprisal, though expected
 long,
 Her coming startles. Long she lies
 in wait,
 Makes many a feint, peeps forth,
 draws coyly back,
 Then, from some southern ambush
 in the sky,
 With one great gush of blossom
 storms the world.
 A week ago the sparrow was divine ;
 The bluebird, shifting his light load
 of song
 From post to post along the cheer-
 less fence,
 Was as a rhymer ere the poet come ;
 But now, oh rapture ! sunshine winged
 and voiced,
 Pipe blown through by the warm wild
 breath of the West
 Shepherding his soft droves of fleecy
 cloud,
 Gladness of woods, skies, waters, all
 in one,
 The bobolink has come, and, like the
 soul
 Of the sweet season vocal in a bird,
 Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what
 Save "*June ! Dear June ! Now God
 be praised for June.*"

May is a pious fraud of the almanac,
 A ghastly parody of real Spring
 Shaped out of snow and breathed
 with eastern wind ;
 Or if, o'er-confident, she trust the date,
 And, with her handful of anemones,
 Herself as shivery, steal into the sun,
 The season need but turn his hour-
 glass round,
 And Winter suddenly, like crazy
 Lear,
 Reels back, and brings the dead May
 in his arms,
 Her budding breasts and wan dis-
 tressed front
 With frosty streaks and drifts of his
 white beard
 All overblown. Then, warmly walled
 with books,
 While my wood-fire supplies the
 sun's defect,

Whispering old forest-sagas in its
 dreams,
 I take my May down from the happy
 shelf
 Where perch the world's rare song-
 birds in a row,
 Waiting my choice to open with full
 breast,
 And beg an alms of Springtime, ne'er
 denied
 Indoors by vernal Chaucer, whose
 fresh woods
 Throb thick with merle and mavis
 all the year.

July breathes hot, sallows the crispy
 fields,
 Curls up the wan leaves of the lilac-
 hedge,
 And every eve cheats us with show
 of clouds
 That braze the horizon's western rim,
 or hang
 Motionless, with heaped canvas
 drooping idly,
 Like a dim fleet by starving men be-
 sieged,
 Conjectured half, and half descried
 afar,
 Helpless of wind, and seeming to slip
 back
 Adown the smooth curve of the oily
 sea.

But June is full of invitations sweet,
 Forth from the chimney's yawn and
 thrice-read tomes
 To leisurely delights and sauntering
 thoughts
 That brook no ceiling narrower than
 the blue.
 The cherry, drest for bridal, at my
 pane
 Brushes, then listens, "*Will he come ?*"
 The bee,
 All dusty as a miller, takes his toll
 Of powdery gold, and grumbles.
 What a day
 To sun me and do nothing ! Nay, I
 think
 Merely to bask and ripen is some-
 times

The student's wiser business; the
brain
That forages all climes to line its
cells,
Ranging both worlds on lightest
wings of wish,
Will not distil the juices it has sucked
To the sweet substance of pellucid
thought,
Except for him who hath the secret
learned
To mix his blood with sunshine, and
to take
The winds into his pulses. Hush!
'tis he!
My oriole, my glance of summer fire,
Is come at last, and, ever on the
watch,
Twitchesthe packthread I had lightly
wound
About the bough to help his house-
keeping,—
Twitches and scouts by turns, bless-
ing his luck,
Yet fearing me who laid it in his way,
Nor, more than wiser we in our affairs,
Divines the providence that hides
and helps.
"Heave, ho! Heave, ho!" he whistles
as the twine
Slackens its hold; "once more, now!"
and a flash
Lightens across the sunlight to the
elm
Where his mate dangles at her cup
of felt.
Nor all his booty is the thread; he
trails
My loosened thought with it along
the air,
And I must follow, would I ever find
The inward rhyme to all this wealth
of life.
I care not how men trace their an-
cestry,
To ape or Adam,—let them please
their whim;
But I in June am midway to believe
A tree among my far progenitors,
Such sympathy is mine with all the
race,

Such mutual recognition, vaguely
sweet,
There is between us. Surely there
are times
When they consent to own me of
their kin,
And condescend to me, and call me
cousin,
Murmuring faint lullabies of eldest
time,
Forgotten, and yet dumbly felt with
thrills
Moving the lips, though fruitless of
the words.
And I have many a lifelong leafy
friend,
Never estranged nor careful of my
soul,
That knows I hate the axe, and wel-
comes me
Within his tent as if I were a bird,
Or other free companion of the earth,
Yet undegenerate to the shifts of men.
Among them one, an ancient willow,
spreads
Eight balanced limbs, springing at
once all round
His deep-ridged trunk with upward
slant diverse,
In outline like enormous beaker, fit
For hand of Jotun, where 'mid snow
and mist
He holds unwieldy revel. This tree,
spared
I know not by what grace,—for in
the blood
Of our New World subduers lingers
yet
Hereditary feud with trees, they being
(They and the Red-man most) our
fathers' foes,—
Is one of six, a willow Pleiades,
The seventh fallen, that lean along
the brink
Where the steep upland dips into the
marsh,
Their roots, like molten metal cooled
in flowing,
Stiffened in coils and runnels down
the bank.
The friend of all the winds, wide-
armed he towers

And glints his steely aglets in the
sun,
Or whitens fitfully with sudden bloom
Of leaves breeze-lifted, much as when
a shoal
Of devious minnows wheel from
where a pike
Lurks balanced 'neath the lily-pads,
and whirl
A rood of silver bellies to the day.

Alas! no acorn from the British
oak,
'Neath which slim fairies tripping
wrought those rings
Of greenest emerald, wherewith fire-
side life
Did with the invisible spirit of
Nature wed,
Was ever planted here! No darnel
fancy
Might choke one useful blade in
Puritan fields;
With horn and hoof the good old
Devil came,
The witch's broomstick was not con-
traband,
But all that superstition had of
fair,
Or piety of native sweet, was doomed.
And if there be who nurse unholy
faiths,
Fearing their god as if he were a
wolf
That snuffed round every home and
was not seen,
There should be some to watch and
keep alive
All beautiful beliefs. And such was
that,—
By solitary shepherd first surmised
Under Thessalian oaks, loved by some
maid
Of royal stirp, that silent came and
vanished,
As near her nest the hermit thrush,
nor dared
Confess a mortal name,—that faith
which gave
A Hamadryad to each tree; and I
Will hold it true that in this willow
dwells

The open-handed spirit, frank and
blithe,
Of ancient Hospitality, long since,
With ceremonious thrift, bowed out
of doors.

In June 'tis good to lie beneath a
tree

While the blithe season comforts
every sense,

Steeps all the brain in rest, and heals
the heart,

Brimming it o'er with sweetness un-
aware,

Fragrant and silent as that rosy
snow

Wherewith the pitying apple-tree
fills up

And tenderly lines some last-year
robin's nest.

There muse I of old times, old hopes,
old friends,—

Old friends! The writing of those
words has borne

My fancy backward to the gracious
past,

The generous past, when all was pos-
sible,

For all was then untried; the years
between

Have taught some sweet, some bitter
lessons, none

Wiser than this,—to spend in all
things else,

But of old friends to be most miserly.
Each year to ancient friendships adds

a ring,
As to an oak, and precious more and

more,
Without deservingness or help of

ours,
They grow, and, silent, wider spread,

each year,
Their unbought ring of shelter or of

shade.
Sacred to me the lichens on the bark,

Which Nature's milliners would
scrape away;

Most dear and sacred every withered
limb!

'Tis good to set them early, for our
faith

Pines as we age, and, after wrinkles
come,
Few plant, but water dead ones with
vain tears.

This willow is as old to me as life ;
And under it full often have I
stretched,
Feeling the warm earth like a thing
alive,
And gathering virtue in at every pore
Till it possessed me wholly, and
thought ceased,
Or was transfused in something to
which thought
Is coarse and dull of sense. Myself
was lost,
Gone from me like an ache, and
what remained
Became a part of the universal joy.
My soul went forth, and, mingling
with the tree,
Danced in the leaves ; or, floating in
the cloud,
Saw its white double in the stream
below ;
Or else, sublimed to purer ecstasy,
Dilated in the broad blue over all.
I was the wind that dappled the lush
grass,
The tide that crept with coolness to
its roots,
The thin-winged swallow skating on
the air ;
The life that gladdened everything
was mine.
Was I then truly all that I beheld ?
Or is this stream of being but a
glass
Where the mind sees its visionary
self,
As, when the kingfisher flits o'er his
bay,
Across the river's hollow heaven
below
His picture flits,—another, yet the
same ?
But suddenly the sound of human
voice
Or footfall, like the drop a chemist
pours,
Doth in opacous cloud precipitate

The consciousness that seemed but
now dissolved
Into an essence rarer than its own,
And I am narrowed to myself once
more.

For here not long is solitude secure,
Nor Fantasy left vacant to her spell.
Here, sometimes, in this paradise of
shade,
Rippled with western winds, the
dusty Tramp,
Seeing the treeless causey burn be-
yond,
Halts to unroll his bundle of strange
food
And munch an unearned meal. I
cannot help
Liking this creature, lavish Summer's
bedesman,
Who from the almshouse steals when
nights grow warm,
Himself his large estate, and only
charge,
To be the guest of haystack or of
hedge,
Nobly superior to the household
gear
That forfeits us our privilege of
Nature.
I bait him with my match-box and
my pouch,
Nor grudge the uncostly sympathy
of smoke,
His equal now, divinely unemployed.
Some smack of Robin Hood is in the
man,
Some secret league with wild wood-
wandering things ;
He is our ragged Duke, our barefoot
Earl,
By right of birth exonerate from toil,
Who levies rent from us his tenants
all,
And serves the state by merely being.
Here
The Scissors-grinder, pausing, doffs
his hat,
And lets the kind breeze, with its
delicate fan,
Winnow the heat from out his dank
gray hair,—

A grimy Ulysses, a much-wandered
 man,
 Whose feet are known to all the
 populous ways,
 And many men and manners he hath
 seen,
 Not without fruit of solitary thought.
 He, as the habit is of lonely men,—
 Unused to try the temper of their
 mind
 In fence with others,—positive and
 shy,
 Yet knows to put an edge upon his
 speech,
 Pithily Saxon in unwilling talk.
 Him I entrap with my long-suffering
 knife,
 And, while its poor blade hums away
 in sparks,
 Sharpen my wit upon his gritty mind,
 In motion set obsequious to his
 wheel,
 And in its quality not much unlike.
 Nor wants my tree more punctual
 visitors.
 The children, they who are the only
 rich,
 Creating for the moment and pos-
 sessing
 Whate'er they choose to feign,—for
 still with them
 Kind Fancy plays the fairy god-
 mother,
 Strewing their lives with cheap
 material
 For winged horses and Aladdin's
 lamps,
 Pure elfin-gold, by manhood's touch
 profane
 To dead leaves disenchanted,—long
 ago
 Between the branches of the tree
 fixed seats,
 Making an o'turned box their table.
 Oft
 The shrilling girls sit here between
 school hours,
 And play at "*What's my thought
 like?*" while the boys,
 With whom the age chivalric ever
 bides,

Pricked on by knightly spur of female
 eyes,
 Climb high to swing and shout on
 perilous boughs,
 Or, from the willow's armoury
 equipped
 With musket dumb, green banner,
 edgeless sword,
 Make good the rampart of their tree-
 redoubt
 'Gainst eager British storming from
 below,
 And keep alive the tale of Bunker's
 Hill.
 Here, too, the men that mend our
 village ways,
 Vexing Macadam's ghost with
 pounded slate,
 Their nooning take; much noisy
 talk they spend
 On horses and their ills; and, as
 John Bull
 Tells of Lord This or That, who was
 his friend,
 So these make boast of intimacies
 long
 With famous teams, and add large
 estimates,
 By competition swelled from mouth
 to mouth,
 Of how much they could draw, till
 one, ill pleased
 To have his legend overbid, retorts:
 "You take and stretch truck-horses
 in a string
 From here to Long Wharf end, one
 thing I know,
 Not heavy neither, they could never
 draw,—
 Ensign's long bow!" Then laughter
 loud and long.
 So they in their leaf-shadowed
 microcosm
 Image the larger world; for where-
 soe'er
 Ten men are gathered, the observant
 eye
 Will find mankind in little, as the stars
 Glide up and set, and all the heavens
 revolve
 In the small welkin of a drop of dew.

I love to enter pleasure by a postern,
Not the broad popular gate that
 gulps the mob ;
To find my theatres in roadside
 nooks,
Where men are actors, and suspect
 it not ;
Where Nature all unconscious works
 her will,
And every passion moves with human
 gait,
Unhampered by the buskin or the
 train.
Hating the crowd, where we grega-
 rious men
Lead lonely lives, I love society,
Nor seldom find the best with simple
 souls
Unswerved by culture from their
 native bent,
The ground we meet on being primal
 man
And nearer the deep bases of our
 lives.

But oh ! half heavenly, earthly half,
 my soul,
Canst thou from those late ecstasies
 descend,
Thy lips still wet with the miraculous
 wine
That transubstantiates all thy baser
 stuff
To such divinity that soul and sense,
Once more commingled in their
 source, are lost,—
Canst thou descend to quench a
 vulgar thirst
With the mere dregs and rinsings of
 the world ?
Well, if my nature find her pleasure
 so,
I am content, nor need to blush ;
 I take
My little gift of being clean from
 God,
Not haggling for a better, holding it
Good as was ever any in the world,
My days as good and full of miracle.
I pluck my nutriment from any bush,
Finding out poison as the first men
 did

By tasting and then suffering, if I
 must.
Sometimes my bush burns, and some-
 times it is
A leafless wilding shivering by the
 wall ;
But I have known when winter bar-
 berries
Pricked the effeminate palate with
 surprise
Of savour whose mere harshness
 seemed divine.

Oh, benediction of the higher mood
And human-kindness of the lower !
 for both
I will be grateful while I live, nor
 question
The wisdom that hath made us what
 we are,
With such large range as from the
 ale-house bench
Can reach the stars and be with both
 at home.
They tell us we have fallen on prosy
 days,
Condemned to glean the leavings of
 earth's feast
Where gods and heroes took delight
 of old ;
But though our lives, moving in one
 dull round
Of repetition infinite, become
Stale as a newspaper once read, and
 though
History herself, seen in her workshop,
 seem
To have lost the art that dyed those
 glorious panes,
Rich with memorial shapes of saint
 and sage,
That pave with splendour the Past's
 dusky aisles,—
Panes that enchant the light of
 common day
With colours costly as the blood of
 kings,
Until it edge our thought with hues
 ideal,—
Yet while the world is left, while
 Nature lasts,

And man the best of Nature, there
 shall be
 Somewhere contentment for these
 human hearts,
 Some freshness, some unused material
 For wonder and for song. I lose
 myself
 In other ways where solemn guide-
 posts say,
*"This way to Knowledge," "This way
 to Repose,"*
 But here, here only, I am ne'er be-
 trayed,
 For every by-path leads me to my
 love.

God's passionless reformers, influ-
 ences
 That purify and heal and are not seen,
 Shall man say whence your virtue is,
 or how
 Yemake medicinal the wayside weed?
 I know that sunshine, through what-
 ever rift
 How shaped it matters not, upon my
 walls
 Paints discs as perfect-rounded as
 its source,
 And, like its antitype, the ray divine,
 However finding entrance, perfect
 still,
 Repeats the image unimpaired of
 God.

We, who by shipwreck only find the
 shores
 Of divine wisdom, can but kneel at
 first;
 Can but exult to feel beneath our feet,
 That long stretched vainly down the
 yielding deeps,
 The shock and sustenance of solid
 earth;
 Inland afar we see what temples
 gleam
 Through immemorial stems of sacred
 groves,
 And we conjecture shining shapes
 therein;
 Yet for a space we love to wander here
 Among the shells and seaweed of the
 beach.

So mused I once within my willow-
 tent
 One brave June morning, when the
 bluff north-west,
 Thrusting aside a dank and snuffing
 day
 That made us bitter at our neigh-
 bours' sins,
 Brimmed the great cup of heaven
 with sparkling cheer
 And roared a lusty stave; the sliding
 Charles,
 Blue toward the west, and bluer and
 more blue,
 Living and lustrous as a woman's
 eyes
 Look once and look no more, with
 southward curve
 Ran crinkling sunniness, like Helen's
 hair
 Glimpsed in Elysium, insubstantial
 gold;
 From blossom-clouded orchards, far
 away
 The bobolink tinkled; the deep
 meadows flowed
 With multitudinous pulse of light and
 shade
 Against the bases of the southern
 hills,
 While here and there a drowsy island
 rick
 Slept and its shadow slept; the
 wooden bridge
 Thundered, and then was silent; on
 the roofs
 The sun-warped shingles rippled with
 the heat;
 Summer on field and hill, in heart
 and brain,
 All life washed clean in this high tide
 of June.

DARA

WHEN Persia's sceptre trembled in
 a hand
 Wilted with harem-heats, and all the
 land
 Was hovered over by those vulture
 illa

That snuff decaying empire from
afar,
Then, with a nature balanced as a
star,
Dara arose, a shepherd of the hills.

He who had governed fleecy subjects
well
Made his own village by the self-same
spell
Secure and quiet as a guarded fold ;
Then, gathering strength by slow
and wise degrees,
Under his sway to neighbour villages
Order returned, and faith and justice
old.

Now when it fortune'd that a king
more wise
Endued the realm with brain and
hands and eyes,
He sought on every side men brave
and just ;
And having heard our mountain
shepherd's praise,
How he refilled the mould of elder
days,
To Dara gave a satrapy in trust.

So Dara shepherded a province wide,
Nor in his viceroy's sceptre took
more pride
Than in his crook before ; but envy
finds
More food in cities than on mountains
bare,
And the frank sun of nature's clear and
rare
Breeds poisonous fogs in low and
marish minds.

Soon it was hissed into the royal
ear,
That though wise Dara's province,
year by year,
Like a great sponge, sucked wealth
and plenty up,
Yet, when he squeezed it at the king's
behest,
Some yellow drops, more rich than
all the rest,
Went to the filling of his private cup.

For proof they said, that, wheresoe'er
he went,
A chest, beneath whose weight the
camel bent,
Went with him ; and no mortal eye
had seen
What was therein, save only Dara's
own ;
But, when 'twas opened, all his tent
was known
To glow and lighten with heaped
jewels' sheen.

The king set forth for Dara's pro-
vince straight ;
There, as was fit, outside the city's
gate,
The viceroy met him with a stately
train,
And there, with archers circled, close
at hand
A camel with the chest was seen to
stand :
The king's brow reddened, for the
guilt was plain.

"Open me here," he cried, "this
treasure-chest !"
'Twas done ; and only a worn shep-
herd's vest
Was found therein. Some blushed
and hung the head ;
Not Dara ; open as the sky's blue
roof
He stood, and "O my lord, behold
the proof
That I was faithful to my trust," he
said.

"To govern men, lo, all the spell I
had !
My soul, in these rude vestments ever
clad,
Still to the unstained past kept true
and leal,
Still on these plains could breathe
her mountain air,
And fortune's heaviest gifts serenely
bear,
Which bend men from their truth
and make them reel.

"For ruling wisely I should have
small skill
Were I not lord of simple Dara
still;
That sceptre kept, I could not lose
my way."
Strange dew in royal eyes grew round
and bright,
And strained the throbbing lids;
before 'twas night
Two added provinces blest Dara's
sway.

THE FIRST SNOWFALL

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and high-
way
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-
tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to
swan'sdown,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-
birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet
Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the
wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it
snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snowfall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great
sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so
high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like
snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I
kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not
know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening
snow.

THE SINGING LEAVES

A BALLAD

I

"WHAT fairings will ye that I
bring?"
Said the King to his daughters
three;
"For I to Vanity Fair am boun,
Now say what shall they be?"

Then up and spake the eldest
daughter,
That lady tall and grand:
"Oh, bring me pearls and diamonds
great,
And gold rings for my hand."

Thereafter spake the second
daughter,
That was both white and red:
"For me bring silks that will stand
alone,
And a gold comb for my head."

Then came the turn of the least
daughter,
That was whiter than thistle-
down,
And among the gold of her blithe-
some hair
Dim shone the golden crown.

"There came a bird this morning,
And sang 'neath my bower eaves,
Till I dreamed, as his music made me,
'Ask thou for the Singing Leaves.'"

Then the brow of the King swelled
crimson
With a flush of angry scorn :
"Well have ye spoken, my two
eldest,
And chosen as ye were born ;

"But she, like a thing of peasant
race,
That is happy binding the sheaves ;"
Then he saw her dead mother in her
face,
And said, "Thou shalt have thy
leaves."

II

He mounted and rode three days
and nights
Till he came to Vanity Fair,
And 'twas easy to buy the gems and
the silk,
But no Singing Leaves were there.

Then deep in the greenwood rode he,
And asked of every tree,
"Oh, if you have ever a Singing
Leaf,
I pray you give it me !"

But the trees all kept their counsel,
And never a word said they,
Only there sighed from the pine-tops
A music of seas far away.

Only the pattering aspen
Made a sound of growing rain,
That fell ever faster and faster,
Then faltered to silence again.

"Oh, where shall I find a little foot-
page
That would win both hose and shoon,
And will bring to me the Singing
Leaves
If they grow under the moon ?"

Then lightly turned him Walter the
page,
By the stirrup as he ran :
"Now pledge you me the truesome
word
Of a king and gentleman,

"That you will give me the first,
first thing
You meet at your castle-gate,
And the Princess shall get the Sing-
ing Leaves,
Or mine be a traitor's fate."

The King's head dropt upon his breast
A moment, as it might be ;
'Twill be my dog, he thought, and said,
"My faith I plight to thee."

Then Walter took from next his heart
A packet small and thin,
"Now give you this to the Princess
Anne,
The Singing Leaves are therein."

III

As the King rode in at his castle-gate
A maiden to meet him ran,
And "Welcome, father !" she laughed
and cried
Together, the Princess Anne.

"Lo, here the Singing Leaves,"
quoth he,
"And woe, but they cost me dear !"
She took the packet, and the smile
Deepened down beneath the tear.

It deepened down till it reached her
heart,
And then gushed up again,
And lighted her tears as the sudden
sun
Transfigures the summer rain.

And the first Leaf, when it was opened,
Sang : " I am Walter the page,
And the songs I sing 'neath thy
window
Are my only heritage."

And the second Leaf sang : " But in
the land
That is neither on earth nor sea,
My lute and I are lords of more
Than thrice this kingdom's fee."

And the third Leaf sang, " Be mine !
Be mine !"

And ever it sang, " Be mine !"
Then sweeter it sang and ever
sweeter,
And said, " I am thine, thine,
thine !"

At the first Leaf she grew pale
enough,

At the second she turned aside,
At the third, 'twas as if a lily flushed
With a rose's red heart's tide.

" Good counsel gave the bird," said
she,

" I have my hope thrice o'er,
For they sing to my very heart," she
said,

" And it sings to them evermore."

She brought to him her beauty and
truth,

But and broad earldoms three,
And he made her queen of the
broader lands

He held of his lute in fee.

SEAWEED

NOT always unimpeded can I pray,
Nor, pitying saint, thine intercession
claim ;

Too closely clings the burden of the
day,

And all the mint and anise that I pay
But swells my debt and deepens my
self-blame.

Shall I less patience have than Thou,
who know

That Thou revisit'st all who wait for
Thee,

Nor only fill'st the unsounded deeps
below,

But dost refresh with punctual over-
flow

The rifts where unregarded mosses
be ?

The drooping seaweed hears, in
night abyssed,

Far and more far the wave's reced-
ing shocks,

Nor doubts, for all the darkness and
the mist,

That the pale shepherdess will keep
her tryst,

And shoreward lead again her foam-
fleece flocks.

For the same wave that rims the
Carib shore

With momentary brede of pearl and
gold,

Goes hurrying thence to gladden
with its roar

Lorn weeds bound fast on rocks of
Labrador,

By love divine on one sweet errand
rolled.

And, though Thy healing waters far
withdraw,

I, too, can wait and feed on hope of
Thee

And of the dear recurrence of Thy
law,

Sure that the parting grace my
morning saw

Abides its time to come in search of
me.

THE FINDING OF THE LYRE

THERE lay upon the ocean's shore
What once a tortoise served to
cover ;

A year and more, with rush and roar,
The surf had rolled it over,

Had played with it, and flung it by,
As wind and weather might decide it,
Then tossed it high where sand-
drifts dry
Cheap burial might provide it.

It rested there to bleach or tan,
The rains had soaked, the suns had
burned it ;
With many a ban the fisherman
Had stumbled o'er and spurned it ;
And there the fisher-girl would stay,
Conjecturing with her brother
How in their play the poor estray
Might serve some use or other.

So there it lay, through wet and dry
As empty as the last new sonnet,
Till by and by came Mercury,
And, having mused upon it,
"Why, here," cried he, "the thing
of things
In shape, material, and dimension !
Give it but strings, and lo, it sings,
A wonderful invention !"

So said, so done ; the chords he
strained,
And, as his fingers o'er them hovered,
Theshell disdained a soul had gained,
The lyre had been discovered.
O empty world that round us lies,
Dead shell, of soul and thought for-
saken,
Brought we but eyes like Mercury's,
In thee what songs should waken !

NEW-YEAR'S EVE

1850

THIS is the midnight of the century,
—hark !
Through aisle and arch of God-
minster have gone
Twelve throbs that tolled the zenith
of the dark,
And mornward now the starry hands
move on ;
"Mornward !" the angelic watchers
say,

"Passed is the sorest trial ;
No plot of man can stay
The hand upon the dial ;
Night is the dark stem of the lily
Day."

If we, who watched in valleys here
below,
Toward streaks, misdeemed of morn,
our faces turned
When volcan glares set all the east
aglow,
We are not poorer that we wept and
yearned ;
Though earth swing wide from God's
intent,
And though no man nor nation
Will move with full consent
In heavenly gravitation,
Yet by one Sun is every orbit bent.

FOR AN AUTOGRAPH

THOUGH old the thought and oft
expressed,
'Tis his at last who says it best,—
I'll try my fortune with the rest.

Life is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes
night.

"Lo, time and space enough," we
cry,
"To write an epic !" so we try
Our nibs upon the edge, and die.

Muse not which way the pen to hold,
Luck hates the slow and loves the
bold,
Soon come the darkness and the cold.

Greatly begin! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime,—
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

Ah! with what lofty hope we came !
But we forget it, dream of fame,
And scrawl, as I do here, a name.

AL FRESCO

THE dandelions and buttercups
 Gild all the lawn ; the drowsy bee
 Stumbles among the clover-tops,
 And summer sweetens all but me :
 Away, unfruitful lore of books,
 For whose vain idiom we reject
 The soul's more native dialect,
 Aliens among the birds and brooks,
 Dull to interpret or conceive
 What gospels lost the woods retrieve!
 Away, ye critics, city-bred,
 Who set man-traps of thus and so,
 And in the first man's footsteps tread,
 Like those who toil through drifted
 snow !
 Away, my poets, whose sweet spell
 Can make a garden of a cell !
 I need ye not, for I to-day
 Will make one long sweet verse of
 play.

Snap, chord of manhood's tenser
 strain !
 To-day I'll be a boy again ;
 The mind's pursuing element,
 Like a bow slackened and unbent,
 In some dark corner shall be leant.
 The robin sings, as of old, from the
 limb !
 The cat-bird croons in the lilac-bush !
 Through the dim arbour, himself
 more dim,
 Silently hops the hermit-thrush,
 The withered leaves keep dumb for
 him ;
 The irreverent buccaneering bee
 Hath stormed and rifled the nunnery
 Of the lily, and scattered the sacred
 floor
 With haste-dropt gold from shrine
 to door ;
 There, as of yore,
 The rich, milk-tingeing buttercup
 Its tiny polished urn holds up,
 Filled with ripe summer to the edge,
 The sun in his own wine to pledge ;
 And our tall elm, this hundredth
 year
 Doge of our leafy Venice here,

Who with an annual ring doth wed
 The blue Adriatic overhead,
 Shadows with his palatial mass
 The deep canals of flowing grass.

O unestranged birds and bees !
 O face of Nature always true !
 O never-unsympathising trees !
 O never-rejecting roof of blue,
 Whose rash disherison never falls
 On us unthinking prodigals,
 Yet who convictest all our ill,
 So grand and unappeasable !
 Methinks my heart from each of
 these
 Plucks part of childhood back again,
 Long there imprisoned, as the breeze
 Doth every hidden odour seize
 Of wood and water, hill and plain ;
 Once more am I admitted peer
 In the upper house of Nature here,
 And feel through all my pulses run
 The royal blood of wind and sun.

Upon these elm-arched solitudes
 No hum of neighbour toil intrudes ;
 The only hammer that I hear
 Is wielded by the woodpecker,
 The single noisy calling his
 In all our leaf-hid Sybaris ;
 The good old time, close-hidden here,
 Persists, a loyal Cavalier,
 While Roundheads prim, with point
 of fox,
 Probe wainscot-chink and empty
 box ;
 Here no hoarse-voiced iconoclast
 Insults thy statues, royal Past ;
 Myself too prone the axe to wield,
 I touch the silver side of the shield
 With lance reversed, and challenge
 peace,
 A willing convert of the trees.

How chanced it that so long I tost
 A cable's length from this rich coast,
 With foolish anchors hugging close
 The beckoning weeds and lazy ooze,
 Nor had the wit to wreck before
 On this enchanted island's shore,
 Whither the current of the sea,
 With wiser drift, persuaded me ?

Oh, might we but of such rare
days
Build up the spirit's dwelling-place !
A temple of so Parian stone
Would brook a marble god alone,
The statue of a perfect life,
Far-shrined from earth's bestaining
strife.
Alas ! though such felicity
In our vext world here may not be,
Yet, as sometimes the peasant's hut
Shows stones which old religion
cut
With text inspired or mystic sign
Of the Eternal and Divine,
Torn from the consecration deep
Of somefallen nunnery's mossy sleep,
So, from the ruins of this day,
Crumbling in golden dust away,
The soul one gracious block may
draw,
Carved with some fragment of the
law,
Which, set in life's uneven wall,
Old benedictions may recall,
And lure some nunlike thoughts to
take
Theirdwelling here for memory's sake.

MASACCIO

IN THE BRANCACCI CHAPEL

HE came to Florence long ago,
And painted here these walls, that
shone
For Raphael and for Angelo,
With secrets deeper than his own,
Then shrank into the dark again,
And died, we know not how or
when.

The shadows deepened, and I turned
Half sadly from the fresco grand ;
"And is this," mused I, "all ye
earned,
High-vaulted brain and cunning
hand,
That ye to greater men could teach
The skill yourselves could never
reach ?"

"And who were they," I mused,
"that wrought
Through pathless wilds, with labour
long,
The highways of our daily thought ?
Who reared those towers of earliest
song
That lift us from the crowd to peace
Remote in sunny silences ?"

Out clanged the Ave Mary bells,
And to my heart this message came :
Each clamorous throat among them
tells
What strong-souled martyrs died in
flame
To make it possible that thou
Shouldst here with brother sinners
bow.

Thoughts that great hearts once
broke for, we
Breathe cheaply in the common air ;
The dust we trample heedlessly
Throbbd once in saints and heroes
rare,
Who perished, opening for their race
New pathways to the commonplace.

Henceforth, when rings the health
to those
Who live in story and in song,
O nameless dead, that now repose
Safe in Oblivion's chambers strong,
One cup of recognition true
Shall silently be drained to you !

WITHOUT AND WITHIN

MY coachman, in the moonlight
there,
Looks through the side-light of the
door ;
I hear him with his brethren swear,
As I could do,—but only more.

Flattening his nose against the pane,
He envies me my brilliant lot,
Breathes on his aching fists in vain,
And dooms me to a place more hot.

He sees me in to supper go,
A silken wonder by my side,
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a
row
Of flounces for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm
'Neath its white-gloved and
jewelled load;
And wishes me some dreadful harm,
Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I inly curse the bore
Of hunting still the same old
coon,
And envy him, outside the door,
In golden quiets of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold
As the bright smile he sees me win,
Nor the host's oldest wine so old
As our poor gabble sour and thin.

I envy him the ungyved prance
By which his freezing feet he
warms,
And drag my lady's chains and dance
The galley-slave of dreary forms.

Oh, could he have my share of din,
And I his quiet!—past a doubt
'Twould still be one man bored
within,
And just another bored without.

GODMINSTER CHIMES

WRITTEN IN AID OF A CHIME OF
BELLS FOR CHRIST CHURCH, CAM-
BRIDGE

GODMINSTER! Is it Fancy's play?
I know not, but the word
Sings in my heart, nor can I say
Whether 'twas dreamed or heard;
Yet fragrant in my mind it clings
As blossoms after rain,
And builds of half-remembered
things
This vision in my brain.

Through aisles of long-drawn cen-
turies

My spirit walks in thought,
And to that symbol lifts its eyes
Which God's own pity wrought;
From Calvary shines the altar's
gleam,

The Church's East is there,
The Ages one great minster seem,
That throbs with praise and prayer.

And all the way from Calvary down
The carven pavement shows
Their graves who won the martyr's
crown

And safe in God repose;
The saints of many a warring
creed

Who now in heaven have learned
That all paths to the Father lead
Where Self the feet have spurned.

And, as the mystic aisles I pace,
By aureoled workmen built,
Lives ending at the Cross I trace
Alike through grace and guilt;
One Mary bathes the blessed feet
With ointment from her eyes,
With spikenard one, and both are
sweet,
For both are sacrifice.

Moravian hymn and Roman chant
In one devotion blend,
To speak the soul's eternal want
Of Him, the inmost Friend;
One prayer soars cleansed with mar-
tyr fire,
One choked with sinner's tears,
In heaven both meet in one desire,
And God one music hears.

Whilst thus I dream, the bells clash
out

Upon the Sabbath air,
Each seems a hostile faith to shout,
A selfish form of prayer;
My dream is shattered, yet who
knows

But in that heaven so near
These discords find harmonious close
In God's atoning ear?

O chime of sweet Saint Charity,
 Peal soon that Easter morn
 When Christ for all shall risen be,
 And in all hearts new-born !
 That Pentecost when utterance clear
 To all men shall be given,
 When all shall say "*My Brother*" here,
 And hear "*My Son*" in heaven !

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

WHO hath not been a poet ? Who
 hath not,
 With life's new quiver full of winged
 years,
 Shot at a venture, and then, following
 on,
 Stood doubtful at the Parting of the
 Ways ?

There once I stood in dream, and as
 I paused,
 Looking this way and that, came
 forth to me
 The figure of a woman veiled, that
 said,
 "My name is Duty, turn and follow
 me."
 Something there was that chilled me
 in her voice ;
 I felt Youth's hand grow slack and
 cold in mine,
 As if to be withdrawn, and I re-
 plied :
 "Oh, leave the hot wild heart within
 my breast !
 Duty comes soon enough, too soon
 comes Death ;
 This slippery globe of life whirls of
 itself,
 Hasting our youth away into the
 dark ;
 These senses, quivering with electric
 heats,
 Too soon will show, like nests on
 wintry boughs,
 Obtrusive emptiness, too palpable
 wreck,
 Which whistling north-winds line
 with downy snow

Sometimes, or fringe with foliaged
 rime, in vain,—
 Thither the singing birds no more
 return."

Then glowed to me a maiden from
 the left,
 With bosom half disclosed, and naked
 arms
 More white and undulant than necks
 of swans ;
 And all before her steps an influence
 ran
 Warm as the whispering South that
 opens buds
 And swells the laggard sails of
 Northern May.
 "I am called Pleasure, come with
 me !" she said,
 Then laughed, and shook out sunshine
 from her hair ;
 Not only that, but, so it seemed,
 shook out
 All memory too, and all the moonlit
 past,
 Old loves, old aspirations, and old
 dreams,
 More beautiful for being old and gone.

So we two went together ; downward
 sloped
 The path through yellow meads, or
 so I dreamed,
 Yellow with sunshine and young
 green, but I
 Saw naught nor heard, shut up in one
 close joy ;
 I only felt the hand within my own,
 Transmuting all my blood to golden
 fire,
 Dissolving all my brain in throbbing
 mist.

Suddenly shrank the hand ; suddenly
 burst
 A cry that split the torpor of my brain,
 And as the first sharp thrust of
 lightning loosens
 From the heaped cloud its rain,
 loosened my sense :
 "Save me !" it thrilled ; "oh, hide
 me ! there is Death !

Death the divider, the unmerciful,
That digs his pitfalls under Love and
Youth,
And covers Beauty up in the cold
ground;
Horrible Death! bringer of endless
dark,
Let him not see me! hide me in thy
breast!"

Thereat I strove to clasp her, but my
arms
Met only what slipped crumbling
down, and fell,
A handful of gray ashes, at my feet.

I would have fled, I would have fol-
lowed back
That pleasant path we came, but all
was changed;
Rocky the way, abrupt, and hard to
find;
Yet I toiled on, and, toiling on, I
thought,
"That way lies Youth, and Wisdom,
and all Good;
For only by unlearning Wisdom comes
And climbing backward to diviner
Youth;
What the world teaches profits to the
world,
What the soul teaches profits to the
soul,
Which then first stands erect with
Godward face
When she lets fall her pack of
withered facts,
The gleanings of the outward eye and
ear,
And looks and listens with her finer
sense;
Nor Truth nor Knowledge cometh
from without."

After long, weary days, I stood
again
And waited at the Parting of the
Ways;
Again the figure of a woman veiled
Stood forth and beckoned, and I
followed now:
Down to no bower of roses led the
path,

But through the streets of towns
where chattering Cold
Hewed wood for fires whose glow
was owned and fenced,
Where Nakedness wove garments of
warm wool
Not for itself;—or through the fields
it led
Where Hunger reaped the unattain-
able grain,
Where Idleness enforced saw idle
lands,
Leagues of unpeopled soil, the
common earth,
Walled round with paper against God
and Man.
"I cannot look," I groaned, "at only
these;
The heart grows hardened with per-
petual wont,
And palters with a feigned necessity,
Bargaining with itself to be content;
Let me behold thy face."

The Form replied:
"Men follow Duty, never overtake;
Duty nor lifts her veil nor looks be-
hind."
But, as she spake, a loosened lock of
hair
Slipped from beneath her hood, and
I, who looked
To see it gray and thin, saw amplest
gold;
Not that dull metal dug from sordid
earth,
But such as the retiring sunset flood
Leaves heaped on bays and capes of
island cloud.
"O Guide Divine," I prayed, "al-
though not yet
I may repair the virtue which I feel
Gone out at touch of untuned things
and foul
With draughts of Beauty, yet declare
how soon!"

"Faithless and faint of heart," the
voice returned,
"Thou seest no beauty save thou
make it first;
Man, Woman, Nature, each is but a
glass

Where the soul sees the image of
 herself,
 Visible echoes, offsprings of herself.
 But, since thou need'st assurance of
 how soon,
 Wait till that angel comes who opens
 all,
 The reconciler, he who lifts the veil,
 The reuniter, the rest-bringer,
 Death."

I waited, and methought he came;
 but how,
 Or in what shape, I doubted, for no
 sign,
 By touch or mark, he gave me as he
 passed:
 Only I knew a lily that I held
 Snapt short below the head and
 shrivelled up;
 Then turned my Guide and looked
 at me unveiled,
 And I beheld no face of matron stern,
 But that enchantment I had followed
 erst,
 Only more fair, more clear to eye and
 brain,
 Heightened and chastened by a
 household charm.
 She smiled, and "Which is fairer,"
 said her eyes,
 "The hag's unreal Florimel or
 mine?"

ALADDIN

WHEN I was a beggarly boy,
 And lived in a cellar damp,
 I had not a friend nor a toy,
 But I had Aladdin's lamp;
 When I could not sleep for the cold,
 I had fire enough in my brain,
 And builded, with roofs of gold,
 My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and
 night,

I have money and power good store,
 But I'd give all my lamps of silver
 bright

For the one that is mine no more.

Take, Fortune, whatever you choose;
 You gave, and may snatch again;
 I have nothing 'twould pain me to
 lose,
 For I own no more castles in
 Spain!

AN INVITATION

TO J. F. H.

NINE years have slept like hour-glass
 sand
 From life's still-emptying globe
 away,
 Since last, dear friend, I clasped your
 hand,
 And stood upon the impoverished
 land,
 Watching the steamer down the bay.

I held the token which you gave,
 While slowly the smoke-pennon
 curled
 O'er the vague rim 'tween sky and
 wave,
 And shut the distance like a grave,
 Leaving me in the colder world;

The old, worn world of hurry and
 heat,
 The young, fresh world of thought
 and scope;
 While you, where beckoning billows
 fleet
 Climb far sky-beaches still and sweet,
 Sank wavering down the ocean-slope.

You sought the new world in the
 old,
 I found the old world in the new,
 All that our human hearts can
 hold,
 The inward world of deathless mould,
 The same that Father Adam knew.

He needs no ship to cross the tide
 Who in the lives about him sees
 Fair window-prospects opening wide
 O'er history's fields on every side,
 To Ind and Egypt, Rome and Greece.

Whatever moulds of various brain
 E'er shaped the world to weal or woe,
 Whatever empires' wax and wane,
 To him that hath not eyes in vain,
 Our village-microcosm can show.

Come back our ancient walks to tread,
 Dear haunts of lost or scattered friends,
 Old Harvard's scholar-factories red,
 Where song and smoke and laughter sped
 The nights to proctor-haunted ends.

Constant are all our former loves,
 Unchanged the icehouse - girdled pond,
 Its hemlock glooms, its shadowy coves,
 Where floats the coot and never moves,
 Its slopes of long-tamed green beyond.

Our old familiars are not laid,
 Though snap our wands and sunk our books;
 They beckon, not to be gainsaid,
 Where, round broad meads that mowers wade,
 The Charles his steel-blue sickle crooks.

Where, as the cloudburys eastward blow,
 From glow to gloom the hillsides shift
 Their plumps of orchard-trees arou,
 Their lakes of rye that wave and flow,
 Their snowy whiteweed's summer drift.

There have we watched the West unfurl
 A cloud Byzantium newly born,
 With flickering spires and domes of pearl,
 And vapoury surfs that crowd and curl
 Into the sunset's Golden Horn.

There, as the flaming occident
 Burned slowly down to ashes gray,
 Night pitched o'erhead her silent tent,
 And glimmering gold, from Hesper sprent,
 Upon the darkened river lay,

Where a twin sky but just before
 Deepened, and double swallows skimmed,
 And from a visionary shore
 Hung visioned trees, that more and more
 Grew dusk as those above were dimmed.

Then eastward saw we slowly grow
 Clear-edged the lines of roof and spire,
 While great elm-masses blacken slow,
 And linden-ricks their round heads show
 Against a flush of widening fire.

Doubtful at first and far away,
 The moon-flood creeps more wide and wide;
 Up a ridged beach of cloudy gray,
 Curved round the east as round a bay,
 It slips and spreads its gradual tide.

Then suddenly, in lurid mood,
 The moon looms large o'er town and field
 As upon Adam, red like blood,
 'Tween him and Eden's happy wood
 Glared the commissioned angel's shield.

Or let us seek the seaside, there
 To wander idly as we list,
 Whether, on rocky headlands bare,
 Sharp cedar-horns, like breakers, tear
 The trailing fringes of gray mist,

Or whether, under skies full flown,
 The brightening surfs, with foamy din,
 Their breeze-caught forelocks backward blown,
 Against the beach's yellow zone
 Curl slow, and plunge for ever in.

And as we watch those canvas towers
That lean along the horizon's rim,
"Sail on," I'll say; "may sunniest
hours

Convoy you from this land of ours,
Since from my side you bear not
him!"

For years thrice three, wise Horace
said,

A poem rare let silence bind;
And love may ripen in the shade,
Like ours, for nine long seasons laid
In deepest arches of the mind.

Comeback! Not ours the Old World's
good,

The Old World's ill, thank God, not
ours;

But here, far better understood,
The days enforce our native mood,
And challenge all our manlier powers.

Kindlier to me the place of birth
That first my tottering footsteps
trod;

There may be fairer spots of earth,
But all their glories are not worth
The virtue in the native sod.

Thence climbs an influence more be-
nign

Through pulse and nerve, through
heart and brain;

Sacred to me those fibres fine
That first clasped earth. Ob, ne'er
be mine

The alien sun and alien rain!

These nourish not like homelier
glows

Or waterings of familiar skies,
And nature fairer blooms bestows
On the heaped hush of wintry snows
In pastures dear to childhood's eyes,

Than where Italian earth receives
The partial sunshine's ampler boons,
Where vines carve friezes 'neath the
eaves,

And in dark firmaments of leaves
The orange lifts its golden moons.

THE NOMADES

WHAT Nature makes in any mood
To me is warranted for good,
Though long before I learned to see
She did not set us moral theses,
And scorned to have her sweet
caprices

Strait-waistcoated in you or me.

I, who take root and firmly cling,
Thought fixedness the only thing;
Why Nature made the butterflies
(Those dreams of wings that float
and hover

At noon the slumberous poppies
over),

Was something hidden from mine
eyes,

Till once, upon a rock's brown bosom,
Bright as a thorny cactus-blossom,
I saw a butterfly at rest;
Then first of both I felt the beauty;
The airy whim, the grim-set duty,
Each from the other took its best.

Clearer it grew than winter sky
That Nature still had reasons why;
And, shifting sudden as a breeze,
My fancy found no satisfaction,
No antithetic sweet attraction,
So great as in the Nomades.

Scythians with Nature not at strife,
Light Arabs of our complex life,
They build no houses, plant no
mills

To utilise Time's sliding river,
Content that it flow waste for ever,
If they, like it, may have their wills.

An hour they pitch their shifting tents
In thoughts, in feelings, and events;
Beneath the palm-trees, on the grass,
They sing, they dance, make love,
and chatter,

Vex the grim temples with their
clatter,
And make Truth's fount their look-
ing-glass.

A picnic life ; from love to love,
 From faith to faith they lightly move,
 And yet, hard-eyed philosopher,
 The flightiest maid that ever hovered
 To me your thought-webs fine dis-
 covered,
 No lens to see them through like her.

So witchingly her finger-tips
 To Wisdom, as away she trips,
 She kisses, waves such sweet fare-
 wells
 To Duty, as she laughs "To-mor-
 row!"
 That both from that mad contrast
 borrow
 A perfectness found nowhere else.

The beach-bird on its pearly verge
 Follows and flies the whispering
 surge,
 While in his tent the rock-stayed
 shell
 Awaits the flood's star-timed vibra-
 tions,
 And both, the flutter and the patience,
 The sauntering poet loves them well.

Fulfil so much of God's decree
 As works its problem out in thee,
 Nor dream that in thy breast alone
 The conscience of the changeable
 seasons,
 The Will that in the planets reasons
 With space-wide logic, has its throne.

Thy virtue makes not vice of mine,
 Unlike, but none the less divine ;
 Thy toil adorns, not chides, my play ;
 Nature of sameness is so chary,
 With such wild whim the freakish
 fairy
 Picks presents for the christening-
 day.

SELF-STUDY

A PRESENCE both by night and day,
 That made my life seem just begun,
 Yet scarce a presence, rather say
 The warning aureole of one.

And yet I felt it everywhere ;
 Walked I the woodland's aisles along,
 It seemed to brush me with its hair ;
 Bathed I, I heard a mermaid's song.

How sweet it was ! A buttercup
 Could hold for me a day's delight,
 A bird could lift my fancy up
 To ether free from cloud or blight.

Who was the nymph ? Nay, I will
 see,
 Methought, and I will know her near ;
 If such, divined, her charm can be,
 Seen and possessed, how triply dear !

So every magic art I tried,
 And spells as numberless as sand,
 Until, one evening, by my side
 I saw her glowing fulness stand.

I turned to clasp her, but "Fare-
 well,"
 Parting she sighed, "we meet no
 more ;
 Not by my hand the curtain fell
 That leaves you conscious, wise, and
 poor.

"Since you have found me out, I go ;
 Another lover I must find,
 Content his happiness to know,
 Nor strive its secret to unwind."

PICTURES FROM APPLIEDORE

1

A HEAP of bare and splintery crags
 Tumbled about by lightning and
 frost,
 With rifts and chasms and storm-
 bleached jags,
 That wait and growl for a ship to be
 lost ;
 No island, but rather the skeleton
 Of a wrecked and vengeance-smitten
 one,
 Where, æons ago, with half-shut eye,
 The sluggish saurian crawled to die,

Gasping under titanic ferns ;
 Ribs of rock that seaward jut,
 Granite shoulders and boulders and
 snags,
 Round which, though the winds in
 heaven be shut,
 The nightmared ocean murmurs and
 yearns,
 Welters, and swashes, and tosses,
 and turns,
 And the dreary black seaweed lolls
 and wags ;
 Only rock from shore to shore,
 Only a moan through the bleak clefts
 blown,
 With sobs in the rifts where the
 coarse kelp shifts,
 Falling and lifting, tossing and
 drifting,
 And under all a deep, dull roar,
 Dying and swelling for evermore,—
 Rock and moan and roar alone,
 And the dread of some nameless thing
 unknown,
 These make Appledore.

These make Appledore by night :
 Then there are monsters left and
 right ;
 Every rock is a different monster ;
 All you have read of, fancied,
 dreamed,
 When you waked at night because
 you screamed,
 There they lie for half a mile,
 Jumbled together in a pile,
 And (though you know they never
 once stir),
 If you look long, they seem to be
 moving
 Just as plainly as plain can be,
 Crushing and crowding, wading and
 shoving
 Out into the awful sea,
 Where you can hear them snort and
 spout
 With pauses between, as if they were
 listening,
 Then tumult anon when the surf
 breaks glistening
 In the blackness where they wallow
 about.

II

All this you would scarcely com-
 prehend
 Should you see the isle on a sunny day ;
 Then it is simple enough in its way,—
 Two rocky bulges, one at each end,
 With a smaller bulge and a hollow
 between ;
 Patches of whortleberry and bay ;
 Accidents of open green,
 Sprinkled with loose slabs square and
 gray,
 Like graveyards for ages deserted ;
 a few
 Unsocial thistles ; an elder or two,
 Foamed over with blossoms white as
 spray ;
 And on the whole island never a tree
 Save a score of sumachs, high as
 your knee,
 That crouch in hollows where they
 may
 (The cellars where once stood a
 village, men say),
 Huddling for warmth, and never grew
 Tall enough for a peep at the sea ;
 A general dazzle of open blue ;
 A breeze always blowing and playing
 rat-tat
 With the bow of the ribbon round
 your hat ;
 A score of sheep that do nothing but
 stare
 Up or down at you everywhere ;
 Three or four cattle that chew the cud
 Lying about in a listless despair ;
 A medrick that makes you look over-
 head,
 With short, sharp scream, as he
 sights his prey,
 And, dropping straight and swift as
 lead,
 Splits the water with sudden thud ;—
 This is Appledore by day.
 A common island, you will say ;
 But stay a moment : only climb
 Up to the highest rock of the isle,
 Stand there alone for a little while,
 And with gentle approaches it grows
 sublime,

Dilating slowly as you win
 A sense from the silence to take it in.
 So wide the loneliness, so lucid the air,
 The granite beneath you so savagely
 bare,
 You well might think you were look-
 ing down
 From some sky-silenced mountain's
 crown,
 Whose far-down pines are wont to
 tear
 Locks of wool from the topmost
 cloud.
 Only be sure you go alone,
 For Grandeur is inaccessibly proud,
 And never yet has backward thrown
 Her veil to feed the stare of a crowd;
 To more than one was never shown
 That awful front, nor is it fit
 That she, Cothurnus-shod, stand
 bowed
 Until the self-approving pit
 Enjoy the gust of its own wit
 In babbling plaudits cheaply loud;
 She hides her mountains and her sea
 From the harriers of scenery,
 Who hunt down sunsets, and huddle
 and bay,
 Mouthing and mumbling, the dying
 day.

Trust me, 'tis something to be cast
 Face to face with one's Self at last,
 To be taken out of the fuss and strife,
 The endless clatter of plate and knife.
 The bore of books and the bores of
 the street,
 From the singular mess we agree to
 call Life,
 Where that is best which the most
 fools vote is,
 And to be set down on one's own
 two feet
 So nigh to the great warm heart of
 God,
 You almost seem to feel it beat
 Down from the sunshine and up from
 the sod;
 To be compelled, as it were, to notice
 All the beautiful changes and chances
 Through which the landscape flits
 and glances,

And to see how the face of common
 day
 Is written all over with tender
 histories,
 When you study it that intenser way
 In which a lover looks at his mistress.

Till now you dreamed not what could
 be done
 With a bit of rock and a ray of sun;
 But look, how fade the lights and
 shades
 Of keen bare edge and crevice
 deep!
 How doubtfully it fades and fades,
 And glows again, yon craggy steep,
 O'er which, through colour's dreamiest
 grades,
 The yellow sunbeams pause and
 creep!
 Now pink it blooms, now glimmers
 gray,
 Now shadows to a filmy blue,
 Tries one, tries all, and will not stay,
 But flits from opal hue to hue,
 And runs through every tenderest
 range
 Of change that seems not to be
 change,
 So rare the sweep, so nice the art,
 That lays no stress on any part,
 But shifts and lingers and persuades;
 So soft that sun-brush in the west,
 That asks no costlier pigments' aids,
 But mingling knobs, flaws, angles,
 dints,
 Indifferent of worst or best,
 Enchants the cliffs with wraiths and
 hints
 And gracious preludings of tints,
 Where all seems fixed, yet all evades,
 And indefinitely pervades
 Perpetual movement with perpetual
 rest!

III

Away north-east is Boone Island
 light;
 You might mistake it for a ship,
 Only its stands too plumb upright,
 And like the others does not slip

Behind the sea's unsteady brink ;
 Though, if a cloud-shade chance to dip
 Upon it a moment, 'twill suddenly
 sink,
 Levelled and lost in the darkened
 main,
 Till the sun builds it suddenly up
 again,
 As if with a rub of Aladdin's lamp.
 On the mainland you see a misty camp
 Of mountains pitched tumultuously:
 That one looming so long and large
 Is Saddleback, and that point you see
 Over yon low and rounded marge,
 Like the boss of a sleeping giant's
 targe
 Laid over his breast, is Ossipee ;
 That shadow there may be Kearsarge ;
 That must be Great Haystack. I love
 these names,
 Wherewith the lonely farmer tames
 Nature to mute companionship
 With his own mind's domestic mood,
 And strives the surly world to clip
 In the arms of familiar habitude.
 'Tis well he could not contrive to make
 A Saxon of Agamenticus :
 He glowers there to the north of us,
 Wrapt in his blanket of blue haze,
 Unconvertibly savage, and scorns to
 take
 The white man's baptism or his ways.
 Him first on shore the coaster divines
 Through the early gray, and sees him
 shake
 The morning mist from his scalp-lock
 of pines ;
 Him first the skipper makes out in
 the west,
 Ere the earliest sunstreak shoots
 tremulous,
 Plashing with orange the palpitant
 lines
 Of mutable billow, crest after crest,
 And murmurs *Agamenticus* !
 As if it were the name of a saint.
 But is that a mountain playing cloud,
 Or a cloud playing mountain, just
 there, so faint ?
 Look along over the low right shoulder
 Of Agamenticus into that crowd

Of brassy thunderheads behind it ;
 Now you have caught it, but, ere you
 are older
 By half-an-hour, you will lose it and
 find it
 A score of times ; while you look 'tis
 gone,
 And, just as you've given it up, anon
 It is there again, till your weary
 eyes
 Fancy they see it waver and rise,
 With its brother clouds : it is Agio-
 chook,
 There if you seek not, and gone if
 you look,
 Ninety miles off as the eagle flies.
 But mountains make not all the shore
 The mainland shows to Appledore ;
 Eight miles the heaving water spreads
 To a long, low coast with beaches
 and heads
 That run through unimagined mazes,
 As the lights and shades and magical
 hazes
 Put them away or bring them near,
 Shimmering, sketched out for thirty
 miles
 Between two capes that waver like
 threads,
 And sink in the ocean and reappear,
 Crumbled and melted to little isles,
 With filmy trees, that seem the mere
 Half-fancies of drowsy atmosphere ;
 And see the beach there, where it is
 Flat as a threshing-floor, beaten and
 packed
 With the flashing flails of weariless
 seas,
 How it lifts and looms to a precipice,
 O'er whose square front, a dream, no
 more,
 The steepened sand-stripes seem to
 pour,
 A murmurless vision of cataract ;
 You almost fancy you hear a roar,
 Fitful and faint from the distance
 wandering ;
 But 'tis only the blind old ocean
 maundering,
 Raking the shingle to and fro,
 Aimlessly clutching and letting go

The kelp-haired sedges of Appledore,
Slipping down with a sleepy forget-
ting,
And anon his ponderous shoulder
setting,
With a deep, hoarse pant against
Appledore.

What was that sigh which seemed so
near,
Chilling your fancy to the core?
'Tis only the sad old sea you hear,
That seems to seek for evermore
Something it cannot find, and so,
Sighing, seeks on, and tells its woe
To the pitiless breakers of Appledore.

IV

Eastward as far as the eye can see,
Still eastward, eastward, endlessly,
The sparkle and tremor of purple
sea
That rises before you, a flickering
hill,
On and on to the shut of the sky,
And beyond, you fancy it sloping
until
The same multitudinous throb and
thrill
That vibrate under your dizzy eye
In ripples of orange and pink are
sent
Where the popped sails doze on the
yard,
And the clumsy junk and proa lie
Sunk deep with precious woods and
nard,
'Mid the palmy isles of the Orient.
Those leaning towers of clouded white
On the farthest brink of doubtful
ocean,
That shorten and shorten out of
sight,
Yet seem on the self-same spot to
stay,
Receding with a motionless motion,
Fading to dubious films of gray,
Lost, dimly found, then vanished
wholly,
Will rise again, the great world
under,
First films, then towers, then high-
heaped clouds,
Whose nearing outlines sharpen
slowly
Into tall ships with cobweb shrouds,
That fill long Mongol eyes with won-
der,
Crushing the violet wave to spray
Past some low headland of Cathay;—

How looks Appledore in a storm?
I have seen it when its crags
seemed frantic,
Butting against the mad Atlantic,
When surge on surge would heap
enorme,
Cliffs of emerald topped with
snow,
That lifted and lifted, and then let
go
A great white avalanché of thunder,
A grinding, blinding, deafening ire
Monadnock might have trembled
under;
And the island, whose rock-roots
pierce below
To where they are warmed with
the central fire,
You could feel its granite fibres
racked,
As it seemed to plunge with a
shudder and thrill
Right at the breast of the swoop-
ing hill,
And to rise again snorting a cataract
Of rage-froth from every cranny and
ledge,
While the sea drew its breath in
hoarse and deep,
And the next vast breaker curled its
edge,
Gathering itself for a mightier leap.
North, east, and south there are
reefs and breakers
You would never dream of in
smooth weather,
That toss and gore the sea for acres,
Bellowing and gnashing and
snarling together.

Look northward, where Duck Island
 lies,
 And over its crown you will see arise,
 Against a background of slaty skies,
 A row of pillars still and white,
 That glimmer and then are out
 of sight,
 As if the moon should suddenly kiss,
 While you crossed the gusty desert
 by night,
 The long colonnades of Persepolis.
 Look southward for White Island
 light,
 The lantern stands ninety feet o'er
 the tide;
 There is first a half-mile of tumult
 and fight,
 Of dash and roar and tumble and
 fright,
 And surging bewilderment wild
 and wide,
 Where the breakers struggle left and
 right,
 Then a mile or more of rushing
 sea
 And when the lighthouse slim and
 lone;
 And whenever the weight of ocean
 is thrown
 Full and fair on White Island head,
 A great mist-jotun you will see
 Lifting himself up silently
 High and huge o'er the lighthouse top,
 With hands of wavering spray out-
 spread,
 Groping after the little tower,
 That seems to shrink and shorten
 and cower,
 Till the monster's arms of a sudden
 drop,
 And silently and fruitlessly
 He sinks again into the sea.

You, meanwhile, where drenched
 you stand,
 Awaken once more to the rush and
 roar,
 And on the rock-point tighten your
 hand,
 As you turn and see a valley deep,
 That was not there a moment
 before,

Suck rattling down between you and
 a heap
 Of toppling billow, whose instant
 fall
 Must sink the whole island once
 for all:
 Or watch the silenter, stealthier
 seas
 Feeling their way to you more and
 more;
 If they once should clutch you high
 as the knees,
 They would whirl you down like a
 sprig of kelp,
 Beyond all reach of hope or help;—
 And such in a storm is Appliedore.

VI

'Tis the sight of a lifetime to behold
 The great shorn sun as you see it
 now,
 Across eight miles of undulant gold
 That widens landward, weltered and
 rolled,
 With freaks of shadow and crimson
 stains;
 To see the solid mountain brow
 As it notches the disk, and gains and
 gains
 Until there comes, you scarce know
 when,
 A tremble of fire o'er the parted lips
 Of cloud and mountain, which
 vanishes; then
 From the body of day the sun-soul
 slips
 And the face of earth darkens; but
 now the strips
 Of western vapour, straight and
 thin,
 From which the horizon's swervings
 win
 A grace of contrast, take fire and
 burn
 Like splinters of touchwood, whose
 edges a mould
 Of ashes o'erfeathers. Northward
 turn
 For an instant, and let your eye grow
 cold

On Agamenticus, and when once
 more
 You look, 'tis as if the land-breeze,
 growing,
 From the smouldering brands the
 film were blowing,
 And brightening them down to the
 very core;
 Yet they momentarily cool and dampen
 and deaden,
 The crimson turns golden, the gold
 turns leaden,
 Hardening into one black bar
 O'er which, from the hollow heaven
 afar,
 Shoots a splinter of light like
 diamond,
 Half seen, half fancied; by-and-by
 Beyond whatever is most beyond
 In the uttermost waste of desert
 sky,
 Grows a star;
 And over it, visible spirit of dew,—
 Ah! stir not, speak not, hold your
 breath,
 Or surely the miracle vanisheth,—
 The new moon, tranced in unspeak-
 able blue!
 No frail illusion; this were true,
 Rather, to call it the canoe
 Hollowed out of a single pearl,
 That floats us from the Present's
 whirl
 Back to those beings which were
 ours,
 When wishes were winged things
 like powers!
 Call it not light, that mystery tender,
 Which broods upon the brooding
 ocean,
 That flush of ecstasied surrender
 To indefinable emotion,
 That glory, mellower than a mist
 Of pearl dissolved with amethyst,
 Which rims Square Rock, like what
 they paint
 Of mitigated heavenly splendour
 Round the stern forehead of a Saint!
 No more a vision, reddened, largened,
 The moon dips toward her mountain
 nest,

And, fringing it with palest argent,
 Slow sheathes herself behind the
 margent
 Of that long cloud-bar in the West,
 Whose nether edge, erelong, you see
 The silvery chrism in turn anoint,
 And then the tiniest rosy point
 Touched doubtfully and timidly
 Into the dark blue's chilly strip,
 As some mute, wondering thing
 below,
 Awakened by the thrilling glow,
 Might, looking up, see Dian dip
 One lucent foot's delaying tip
 In Latmian fountains long ago.

Knew you what silence was before?
 Here is no startle of dreaming bird
 That sings in his sleep, or strives to
 sing;
 Here is no sough of branches stirred,
 Nor noise of any living thing,
 Such as one hears by night on
 shore;
 Only, now and then, a sigh,
 With fickle intervals between,
 Sometimes far, and sometimes nigh,
 Such as Andromeda might have
 heard,
 And fancied the huge sea-beast un-
 seen
 Turning in sleep; it is the sea
 That welters and wavers uneasily
 Round the lonely reefs of Appledore.

THE WIND-HARP

I TREASURE in secret some long, fine
 hair
 Of tenderest brown, but so in-
 wardly golden
 I half used to fancy the sunshine
 there,
 So shy, so shifting, so waywardly
 rare,
 Was only caught for the moment
 and holden
 While I could say *Dearest!* and kiss
 it, and then
 In pity let go to the summer again.

I twisted this magic in gossamer
strings
Over a wind-harp's Delphian hol-
low ;
Then called to the idle breeze that
swings
All day in the pine-tops, and clings,
and sings
'Mid the musical leaves, and said,
"Oh, follow
The will of those tears that deepen
my words,
And fly to my window to waken these
chords."

So they trembled to life, and, doubt-
fully
Feeling their way to my sense,
sang, "Say whether
They sit all day by the greenwood
tree,
The lover and loved, as it wont
to be,
When we"— But grief conquered,
and all together
They swelled such weird murmur as
haunts a shore
Of some planet dispeopled,—“Never-
more !”

Then from deep in the past, as
seemed to me,
The strings gathered sorrow and
sang forsaken,
“One lover still waits 'neath the
greenwood tree,
But 'tis dark,” and they shuddered,
“where lieth she
Dark and cold ! For ever must
one be taken ?”
But I groaned, “O harp of all ruth
bereft,
This Scripture is sadder,—‘the other
left !’”

There murmured, as if one strove to
speak,
And tears came instead ; then the
sad tones wandered
And faltered among the uncertain
chords

In a troubled doubt between sorrow
and words ;
At last with themselves they ques-
tioned and pondered,
“Hereafter ?—who knoweth ?” and
so they sighed
Down the long steps that lead to
silence, and died.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN

SUMMER

THE little gate was reached at last,
Half hid in lilacs down the lane ;
She pushed it wide, and, as she
passed,
A wistful look she backward cast,
And said,—“*Auf wiedersehen !*”

With hand on latch, a vision white
Lingered reluctant, and again
Half doubting if she did aright,
Soft as the dews that fell that night,
She said, “*Auf wiedersehen !*”

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the
stair ;
I linger in delicious pain ;
Ah ! in that chamber, whose rich air
To breathe in thought I scarcely
dare,
Thinks she, “*Auf wiedersehen !*”

'Tis thirteen years ; once more I
press
The turf that silences the lane ;
I hear the rustle of her dress,
I smell the lilacs, and—ah ! yes,
I hear “*Auf wiedersehen !*”

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art !
The English words had seemed too
fain,
But these—they drew us heart to
heart,
Yet held us tenderly apart ;
She said, “*Auf wiedersehen !*”

PALINODE

AUTUMN

STILL thirteen years: 'tis autumn
now

On field and hill, in heart and
brain;

The naked trees at evening sough;
The leaf to the forsaken bough
Sighs not,—“We meet again.”

Two watched yon oriole's pendent
dome,

That now is void and dank with
rain,

And one,—oh! hope more frail than
foam!

The bird to his deserted home
Sings not,—“We meet again.”

The loath gate swings with rusty
creak;

Once, parting there, we played at
pain;

There came a parting, when the weak
And fading lips essayed to speak
Vainly,—“We meet again.”

Somewhere is comfort, somewhere
faith,

Though thou in outer dark remain;
One sweet sad voice ennobles death,
And still, for eighteen centuries
saith

Softly,—“Ye meet again.”

If earth another grave must bear,
Yet heaven hath won a sweeter
strain,

And something whispers my despair,
That, from an orient chamber there,
Floats down, “We meet again.”

AFTER THE BURIAL

YES, faith is a goodly anchor;
When skies are sweet as a psalm,
At the bows it lolls so stalwart,
In its bluff, broad-shouldered calm.

And when over breakers to leeward
The tattered surges are hurled,
It may keep our head to the
tempest,
With its grip on the base of the
world.

But after the shipwreck, tell me
What help in its iron thews,
Still true to the broken hawser,
Deep down among seaweed and
ooze?

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,
When the helpless feet stretch out,
And find in the deeps of darkness
No footing so solid as doubt;

Then better one spar of Memory,
One broken plank of the Past,
That our human heart may cling to,
Though hopeless of shore at last!

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,
To the flesh its sweet despair,
Its tears o'er the thin-worn locket
With its anguish of deathless hair!

Immortal? I feel it and know it,
Who doubts it of such as she?
But that is the pang's very secret,—
Immortal away from me.

There's a narrow ridge in the grave-
yard

Would scarce stay a child in his
race,

But to me and my thought it is
wider

Than the star-sown vague of Space.

Your logic, my friend, is perfect,
Your moral most dearly true;
But, since the earth clashed on *her*
coffin,

I keep hearing that, and not you.

Console if you will, I can bear it;
'Tis a well-meant alms of breath;
But not all the preaching since
Adam
Has made Death other than Death.

It is pagan; but wait till you feel it,—
That jar of our earth, that dull shock
When the ploughshare of deeper
 passion
Tears down to our primitive rock.

Communion in spirit! Forgive me,
But I, who am earthy and weak,
Would give all my incomes from
 dreamland
For a touch of her hand on my cheek.

That little shoe in the corner,
So worn and wrinkled and brown,
With its emptiness confutes you,
And argues your wisdom down.

THE DEAD HOUSE

HERE once my step was quickened,
Here beckoned the opening door,
And welcome thrilled from the thresh-
 hold
To the foot it had known before.

A glow came forth to meet me
From the flame that laughed in
 the grate,
And shadows adance on the ceiling,
Danced blither with mine for a mate.

"I claim you, old friend," yawned
 the arm-chair,
"This corner, you know, is your
 seat;"
"Rest your slippers on me," beamed
 the fender,
"I brighten at touch of your feet."

"We know the practised finger,"
Said the books, "that seems like
 brain;"
And the shy page rustled the secret
It had kept till I came again.

Sang the pillow, "My down once
 quivered
On nightingales' throats that flew
Through moonlit gardens of Hafiz
To gather quaint dreams for you."

Ah me! where the Past sowed heart's-
 ease,
The Present plucks rue for us
 men!
I come back: that scar unhealing
Was not in the churchyard then.

But I think the house is unaltered,
I will go and beg to look
At the rooms that were once familiar
To my life as its bed to a brook.

Unaltered! Alas for the sameness
That makes the change but
 more!
'Tis a dead man I see in the mirrors,
'Tis his tread that chills the
 floor!

To learn such a simple lesson,
Need I go to Paris and Rome,
That the many make the house-
 hold,
But only one the home?

'Twas just a womanly presence,
An influence unexpressed,
But a rose she had worn, on my
 gravesod
Were more than long life with the
 rest!

'Twas a smile, 'twas a garment's
 rustle,
'Twas nothing that I can phrase,
But the whole dumb dwelling grew
 conscious,
And put on her looks and ways.

Were it mine I would close the
 shutters,
Like lids when the life is fled,
And the funeral fire should wind it,
This corpse of a home that is
 dead.

For it died that autumn morning
When she, its soul, was borne
To lie all dark on the hillside
That looks over woodland and
 corn.

A MOOD

I GO to the ridge in the forest
 I haunted in days gone by,
 But thou, O Memory, pourest
 No magical drop in mine eye,
 Nor the gleam of the secret restorest
 That hath faded from earth and sky :
 A Presence autumnal and sober
 Invests every rock and tree,
 And the aureole of October
 Lights the maples, but darkens me.

Pine in the distance,
 Patient through sun or rain,
 Meeting with graceful persistence,
 With yielding but rooted resistance,
 The north-wind's wrench and strain,
 No memory of past existence
 Brings thee pain.
 Right for the zenith heading,
 Friendly with heat or cold,
 Thine arms to the influence spreading
 Of the heavens, just from of old,
 Thou only aspiest the more,
 Unregretful the old leaves shedding
 That fringed thee with music before,
 And deeper thy roots embedding
 In the grace and the beauty of
 yore ;
 Thou sigh'st not, " Alas, I am older,
 The green of last summer is sear ! "
 But loftier, hopefuller, bolder,
 Winnest broader horizons each year.

To me 'tis not cheer thou art sing-
 ing :
 There's a sound of the sea,
 O mournful tree,
 In thy boughs for ever clinging,
 And the far-off roar
 Of waves on the shore
 A shattered vessel flinging.

As thou musest still of the ocean
 On which thou must float at last,
 And seem'st to foreknow
 The shipwreck's woe
 And the sailor wrenched from the
 broken mast,
 Do I, in this vague emotion,

This sadness that will not pass,
 Though the air throbs with wings,
 And the field laughs and sings,
 Do I forebode, alas !
 The ship-building longer and wearier,
 The voyage's struggle and strife,
 And then the darker and drearier
 Wreck of a broken life ?

THE VOYAGE TO VINLAND

I

BIÖRN'S BECKONERS

NOW Biörn, the son of Heriulf, had
 ill days
 Because the heart within him seethed
 with blood
 That would not be allayed with any
 toil,
 Whether of war or hunting or the
 oar,
 But was an hungered for some joy
 untried :
 For the brain grew not weary with
 the limbs,
 But, while they slept, still hammered
 like a Troll,
 Building all night a bridge of solid
 dream
 Between him and some purpose of
 his soul,
 Or will to find a purpose. With the
 dawn
 The sleep-laid timbers, crumbled to
 soft mist,
 Denied all foothold. But the dream
 remained,
 And every night with yellow-bearded
 kings
 His sleep was haunted,—mighty men
 of old,
 Once young as he, now ancient like
 the gods,
 And safe as stars in all men's
 memories.
 Strange sagas read he in their sea-
 blue eyes
 Cold as the sea, grandly compassion-
 less ;

Like life, they made him eager and
 then mocked.
 Nay, broad awake, they would not
 let him be ;
 They shaped themselves gigantic in
 the mist,
 They rose far-beckoning in the lamps
 of heaven,
 They whispered invitation in the
 winds,
 And breath came from them, mightier
 than the wind,
 To strain the lagging sails of his
 resolve,
 Till that grew passion which before
 was wish,
 And youth seemed all too costly to
 be staked
 On the soiled cards wherewith men
 played their game,
 Letting Time pocket up the larger life,
 Lost with base gain of raiment, food,
 and roof.
 "What helpeth lightness of the feet?"
 they said,
 "Oblivion runs with swifter foot
 than they ;
 Or strength of sinew ? New men
 come as strong,
 And those sleep nameless ; or renown
 in war ?
 Swords grave no name on the long-
 memoried rock
 But moss shall hide it ; they alone
 who wring
 Some secret purpose from the unwill-
 ing gods
 Survive in song for yet a little while
 To vex, like us, the dreams of later men,
 Ourselves a dream, and dreamlike all
 we did."

II

THORWALD'S LAY

So Biörn went comfortless but for
 his thought,
 And by his thought the more dis-
 comforted,
 Till Eric Thurlson kept his Yule-tide
 feast :

And thither came he, called among
 the rest,
 Silent, lone-minded, a church-door
 to mirth :
 But, ere deep draughts forbade such
 serious song
 As the grave Skald might chant nor
 after blush,
 Then Eric looked at Thorwald where
 he sat
 Mute as a cloud amid the stormy hall,
 And said : " O Skald, sing now an
 olden song,
 Such as our fathers heard who led
 great lives ;
 And, as the bravest on a shield is
 borne
 Along the waving host that shouts
 him king,
 So rode their thrones upon the
 thronging seas ! "
 Then the old man arose ; white-haired
 he stood,
 White-bearded, and with eyes that
 looked afar
 From their still region of perpetual
 snow,
 Beyond the little smokes and stirs of
 men :
 His head was bowed with gathered
 flakes of years,
 As winter bends the sea-foreboding
 pine,
 But something triumphed in his brow
 and eye,
 Which whoso saw it could not see
 and crouch :
 Loud rang the emptied beakers as he
 mused,
 Brooding his epyied thoughts ; then,
 as an eagle
 Circles smooth-winged above the
 wind-vexed woods,
 So wheeled his soul into the air of
 song
 High o'er the stormy hall ; and thus
 he sang :
 " The fletcher for his arrow-shaft
 picks out
 Wood closest-grained, long-seasoned,
 straight as light ;
 And from a quiver full of such as these

The wary Bowman, matched against
 his peers,
 Long doubting, singles yet once more
 the best.
 Who is it needs such flawless shafts
 as Fate?
 What archer of his arrows is so
 choice,
 Or hits the white so surely? They
 are men,
 The chosen of her quiver; nor for her
 Will every reed suffice, or cross-
 grained stick
 At random from life's vulgar faggot
 plucked:
 Such answer household ends; but she
 will have
 Souls straight and clear, of toughest
 fibre, sound
 Down to the heart of heart; from
 these she strips
 All needless stuff, all sapwood,
 seasons them;
 From circumstance untoward fea-
 thers plucks
 Crumpled and cheap; and barbs
 with iron will:
 The hour that passes is her quiver-
 boy:
 When she draws bow, 'tis not across
 the wind,
 Nor 'gainst the sun her haste-snatched
 arrow sings,
 For sun and wind have plighted faith
 to her:
 Ere men have heard the sinew twang,
 behold
 In the butt's heart her trembling
 messenger!
 "The song is old and simple that I
 sing;
 But old and simple are despised as
 cheap,
 Though hardest to achieve of human
 things:
 Good were the days of yore, when
 men were tried
 By ring of shields, as now by ring of
 words;
 But while the gods are left, and
 hearts of men,

And wide-doored ocean, still the days
 are good.
 Still o'er the earth hastes Oppor-
 tunity,
 Seeking the hardy soul that seeks for
 her.
 Be not abroad, nor deaf with house-
 hold cares,
 That chatter loudest as they mean
 the least;
 Swift-willed is thrice-willed; late
 means nevermore;
 Impatient is her foot, nor turns
 again."
 He ceased; upon his bosom sank his
 beard
 Sadly, as one who oft had seen her
 pass
 Nor stayed her: and forthwith the
 frothy tide
 Of interrupted wassail roared along.
 But Biörn, the son of Heriulf, sat apart
 Musing, and, with his eyes upon the
 fire,
 Saw shapes of arrows, lost as soon
 as seen.
 "A ship," he muttered, "is a winged
 bridge
 That leadeth every way to man's
 desire,
 And ocean the wide gate to manful
 luck."
 And then with that resolve his heart
 was bent,
 Which, like a humming shaft, through
 many a stripe
 Of day and night, across the unpath-
 wayed seas
 Shot the brave prow that cut on Vin-
 land sands
 The first rune in the Saga of the
 West.

III

GUDRIDA'S PROPHECY

Four weeks they sailed, a speck in
 sky-shut seas,
 Life, where was never life that knew
 itself,
 But tumbled lubber-like in blowing
 whales;

Thought, where the like had never
 been before
 Since Thought primeval brooded the
 abyss ;
 Alone as men were never in the world.
 They saw the icy foundlings of the sea,
 White cliffs of silence, beautiful by
 day,
 Or looming, sudden-perilous, at night
 In monstrous hush ; or sometimes in
 the dark
 The waves broke ominous with paly
 gleams
 Crushed by the prow in sparkles of
 cold fire.
 Then came green stripes of sea that
 promised land
 But brought it not, and on the
 thirtieth day
 Low in the west were wooded shores
 like cloud.
 They shouted as men shout with
 sudden hope ;
 But Biörn was silent, such strange
 loss there is
 Between the dream's fulfilment and
 the dream,
 Such sad abatement in the goal at-
 tained.
 Then Gudrida, that was a prophetess,
 Rapt with strange influence from
 Atlantis, sang :
 Her words : the vision was the
 dreaming shore's.

Looms there the New Land :
 Locked in the shadow
 Long the gods shut it,
 Niggards of newness
 They, the o'er-old.

Little it looks there,
 Slim as a cloud-streak ;
 It shall fold peoples
 Even as a shepherd
 Foldeth his flock.

Silent it sleeps now ;
 Great ships shall seek it,
 Swarming as salmon ;
 Noise of its numbers
 Two seas shall hear.

Men from the Northland,
 Men from the Southland,
 Haste empty-handed ;
 No more than manhood
 Bring they, and hands.

Dark hair and fair hair,
 Red blood and blue blood,
 There shall be mingled ;
 Force of the ferment
 Makes the New Man.

Pick of all kindreds,
 Kings' blood shall theirs be,
 Shoots of the eldest
 Stock upon Midgard,
 Sons of the poor.

Them waits the New Land ;
 They shall subdue it,
 Leaving their sons' sons
 Space for the body,
 Space for the soul.

Leaving their sons' sons
 All things save song-craft,
 Plant long in growing,
 Thrusting its tap-root
 Deep in the Gone.

Here men shall grow up
 Strong from self-helping ;
 Eyes for the present
 Bring they as eagles',
 Blind to the Past.

They shall make over
 Creed, law, and custom ;
 Driving-men, doughty
 Builders of empire,
 Builders of men.

Here is no singer ;
 What should they sing of ?
 They, the unresting ?
 Labour is ugly,
 Loathsome is change.

These the old gods hate,
 Dwellers in dream-land,
 Drinking delusion
 Out of the empty
 Skull of the Past.

These hate the old gods,
Warring against them ;
Fatal to Odin,
Here the wolf Fenrir
Lieth in wait.

Here the gods' Twilight
Gathers, earth-gulping ;
Blackness of battle,
Fierce till the Old World
Flares up in fire.

Doubt not, my Northmen ;
Fate loves the fearless ;
Fools, when their roof-tree
Falls, think it doomsday ;
Firm stands the sky.

Over the ruin
See I the promise ;
Crisp waves the cornfield,
Peace-walled, the homestead
Waits open-doored.

There lies the New Land ;
Yours to behold it,
Not to possess it ;
Slowly Fate's perfect
Fulness shall come.

Then from your strong loins
Seed shall be scattered,
Men to the marrow,
Wilderness tamers,
Walkers of waves.

Jealous, the old gods
Shut it in shadow,
Wisely they ward it,
Egg of the serpent,
Bane to them all.

Stronger and sweeter
New gods shall seek it,
Fill it with man-folk
Wise for the future,
Wise from the past.

Here all is all men's,
Save only Wisdom ;
King he that wins her ;
Him hail they helmsman,
Highest of heart.

Might makes no master
Here any longer ;
Sword is not swayer ;
Here e'en the gods are
Selfish no more.

Walking the New Earth,
Lo, a divine One
Greeted all men godlike,
Calls them his kindred,
He, the Divine.

Is it Thor's hammer
Rays in his right hand ?
Weaponless walks he ;
It is the White Christ,
Stronger than Thor.

Here shall a realm rise
Mighty in manhood ;
Justice and Mercy
Here set a stronghold
Safe without spear.

Weak was the Old World,
Wearily war-fenced ;
Out of its ashes,
Strong as the morning,
Springeth the New.

Beauty of promise,
Promise of beauty,
Safe in the silence
Sleep thou, till cometh
Light to thy lids !

Thee shall awaken
Flame from the furnace,
Bath of all brave ones,
Cleanser of conscience,
Welder of will.

Lowly shall love thee,
Thee, open-handed !
Stalwart shall shield thee,
Thee, worth their best blood,
Waif of the West !

Then shall come singers,
Singing no swan-song,
Birth-carols, rather,
Meet for the man child
Mighty of bone.

*MAHMOOD THE IMAGE-
BREAKER*

OLD events have modern meanings ;
only that survives
Of past history which finds kindred
in all hearts and lives.

Mahmood once, the idol-breaker,
spreader of the Faith,
Was at Sumnat tempted sorely, as
the legend saith.

In the great pagoda's centre, mon-
strous and abhorred,
Granite on a throne of granite, sat
the temple's lord.

Mahmood paused a moment, silenced
by the silent face
That, with eyes of stone unwavering,
awed the ancient place.

Then the Brahmins knelt before him,
by his doubt made bold,
Pledging for their idol's ransom
countless gems and gold.

Gold was yellow dirt to Mahmood,
but of precious use,
Since from it the roots of power suck
a potent juice.

"Were yon stone alone in question,
this would please me well,"
Mahmood said ; "but, with the block
there, I my truth must sell.

"Wealth and ruleslip down with For-
tune, as her wheel turns round ;
He who keeps his faith, he only
cannot be discrowned.

"Little were a change of station, loss
of life or crown,
But the wreck were past retrieving if
the Man fell down."

So his iron mace he lifted, smote
with might and main,
And the idol, on the pavement
tumbling, burst in twain.

Luck obeys the downright striker ;
from the hollow core,
Fifty times the Brahmins' offer
deluged all the floor.

INVITA MINERVA

THE Bardling came where by a river
grew
The pennoned reeds, that, as the
west-wind blew,
Gleamed and sighed plaintively, as
if they knew
What music slept enchanted in each
stem,
Till Pan should choose some happy
one of them,
And with wise lips enlife it through
and through.

The Bardling thought, "A pipe is all
I need ;
Once I have sought me out a clear,
smooth reed,
And shaped it to my fancy, I pro-
ceed
To breathe such strains as, yonder
'mid the rocks,
The strange youth blows that tends
Admetus' flocks,
And all the maidens shall to me pay
heed."

The summer day he spent in questful
round,
And many a reed he marred, but
never found
A conjuring-spell to free the im-
prisoned sound ;
At last his vainly wearied limbs he
laid
Beneath a sacred laurel's flickering
shade,
And Sleep about his brain her cob-
web wound.

Then strode the mighty Mother
through his dreams,
Saying : "The reeds along a thou-
sand streams

Are mine, and who is he that plots
and schemes
To snare the melodies wherewith my
breath
Sounds through the double pipes of
Life and Death,
Atoning what to men mad discord
seems?

"He seeks not me, but I seek oft in
vain
For him who shall my voiceful reeds
constrain,
And make them utter their melodious
pain;
He flies the immortal gift, for well
he knows
His life of life must with its over-
flows
Flood the unthankful pipe, nor come
again.

"Thou fool, who dost my harmless
subjects wrong,
'Tis not the singer's wish that makes
the song:
The rhythmic beauty wanders dumb,
how long,
Nor stoops to any daintiest instru-
ment,
Till, found its mated lips, their sweet
consent
Makes mortal breath than Time and
Fate more strong."

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

I

'Tis a woodland enchanted!
By no sadder spirit
Than blackbirds and thrushes,
That whistle to cheer it
All day in the bushes,
This woodland is haunted:
And in a small clearing,
Beyond sight or hearing
Of human annoyance,
The little fount gushes,

First smoothly, then dashes
And gurgles and flashes,
To the maples and ashes
Confiding its joyance;
Unconscious confiding,
Then, silent and glossy,
Slips winding and hiding
Through alder-stems mossy,
Through gossamer roots
Fine as nerves,
That tremble, as shoots
Through their magnetised curves
The allurements delicious
Of the water's capricious
Thrills, gushes, and swerves.

II

'Tis a woodland enchanted!
I am writing no fiction;
And this fount, its sole daughter,
To the woodland was granted
To pour holy water
And win benediction;
In summer-noon flushes,
When all the wood hushes,
Blue dragon-flies knitting
To and fro in the sun,
With sidelong jerk flitting
Sink down on the ru-hes,
And, motionless sitting,
Hear it bubble and run,
Hear its low inward singing,
With level wings swinging
On green tasselled rushes,
To dream in the sun.

III

'Tis a woodland enchanted!
The great August noonlight,
Through myriad rifts slanted,
Leaf and bole thickly sprinkles
With flickering gold;
There, in warm August gloaming,
With quick, silent brightenings,
From meadow-lands roaming,
The firefly twinkles
His fitful heat-lightnings;
There the magical moonlight
With meek, saintly glory
Steeps summit and wold;

There whippoorwills plain in the
 solitudes hoary
 With lone cries that wander
 Now hither, now yonder,
 Like souls doomed of old
 To a mild purgatory ;
 But through noonlight and moon-
 light
 The little fount tinkles
 Its silver saints'-bells,
 That no sprite ill-boding
 May make his abode in
 Those innocent dells.

IV

'Tis a woodland enchanted !
 Where the phebe scarce whistles
 Once an hour to his fellow,
 And, where red lilies flaunted,
 Balloons from the thistles
 Tell summer's disasters ;
 The butterflies yellow,
 As caught in an eddy
 Of air's silent ocean,
 Sink, waver, and steady
 O'er goats'-beard and asters,
 Like souls of dead flowers,
 With aimless emotion
 Still lingering unready
 To leave their old bowers ;
 And the fount is no dumber,
 But still gleams and flashes,
 And gurgles and plashes,
 To the measure of summer ;
 The butterflies hear it,
 And spell-bound are holden,
 Still balancing near it
 O'er the goats'-beard so golden.

V

'Tis a woodland enchanted !
 A vast silver willow,
 I know not how planted
 (This wood is enchanted,
 And full of surprises),
 Stands stemming a billow,
 A motionless billow
 Of ankle-deep mosses ;
 Two great roots it crosses

To make a round basin,
 And there the Fount rises ;
 Ah ! too pure a mirror
 For one sick of error
 To see his sad face in !
 No dewdrop is stiller
 In its lupin-leaf setting
 Than this water moss-bounded ;
 But a tiny sand-pillar
 From the bottom keeps jetting,
 And mermaid ne'er sounded
 Through the wreaths of a shell,
 Down amid crimson dulces
 In some dell of the ocean,
 A melody sweeter
 Than the delicate pulses,
 The soft, noiseless metre,
 The pause and the swell
 Of that musical motion :
 I recall it, not see it ;
 Could vision be clearer ?
 Half I'm fain to draw nearer,
 Half tempted to flee it ;
 The sleeping Past wake not,
 Beware !
 One forward step take not,
 Ah ! break not
 That quietude rare !
 By my step unaffrighted
 A thrush hops before it,
 And o'er it
 A birch hangs delighted,
 Dipping, dipping, dipping its
 tremulous hair ;
 Pure as the fountain, once
 I came to the place
 (How dare I draw nearer !),
 I bent o'er its mirror,
 And saw a child's face
 'Mid locks of bright gold in it ;
 Yes, pure as this fountain once,—
 Since, how much error !
 Too holy a mirror
 For the man to behold in it
 His harsh, bearded countenance !

VI

'Tis a woodland enchanted !
 Ah ! fly unreturning !
 Yet stay ;—
 'Tis a woodland enchanted,

I come to thee for shelter and for food,

To Yussouf, called through all our tribes 'The Good.'"

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more

Than it is God's ; come in, and be at peace ;

Freely shalt thou partake of all my store

As I of His who buildeth over these Our tents His glorious roof of night and day,

And at Whose door none ever yet heard Nay."

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,

And, waking him ere day, said : "Here is gold ;

My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight ;

Depart before the prying day grow bold."

As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,

So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,

Which shines from all self-conquest ; kneeling low,

He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,

Sobbing : "O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so ;

I will repay thee ; all this thou hast done

Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!"

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, "for with thee

Into the desert, never to return, My one black thought shall ride

away from me ;

First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,

Balanced and just are all of God's decrees ;

Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace !"

THE DARKENED MIND

THE fire is burning clear and blithely,
Pleasantly whistles the winter wind ;
We are about thee, thy friends and kindred,

On us all flickers the firelight kind ;
There thou sittest in thy wonted corner

Lone and awful in thy darkened mind.

There thou sittest ; now and then thou moanest ;

Thou dost talk with what we cannot see,

Lookest at us with an eye so doubtful,
It doth put us very far from thee ;
There thou sittest ; we would fain be nigh thee,

But we know that it can never be.

We can touch thee, still we are no nearer ;

Gather round thee, still thou art alone ;

The wide chasm of reason is between us ;

Thou confutest kindness with a moan ;

We can speak to thee, and thou canst answer,

Like two prisoners through a wall of stone.

Hardest heart would call it very awful

When thou look'st at us and seest—oh, what ?

If we move away, thou sittest gazing
With those vague eyes at the self-same spot,

And thou mutterest, thy hands thou wringest,

Seeing something,—us thou seest not.

Strange it is that, in this open brightness,

Thou shouldst sit in such a narrow cell ;

Strange it is that thou shouldst be so lonesome

Where those are who love thee all so
well ;
Not so much of thee is left among us
As the hum outliving the hushed bell.

WHAT RABBI JEHOSSA SAID

RABBI JEHOSSA used to say
That God made angels every day,
Perfect as Michael and the rest
First brooded in creation's nest,
Whose only office was to cry
Hosanna! once, and then to die ;
Or rather, with Life's essence blent,
To be led home from banishment.

Rabbi Jehosha had the skill
To know that Heaven is in God's will;
And doing that, though for a space
One heart-beat long, may win a grace
As full of grandeur and of glow
As Princes of the Chariot know.

'Twere glorious, no doubt, to be
One of the strong-winged Hierarchy,
To burn with Seraphs, or to shine
With Cherubs, deathlessly divine ;
Yet I, perhaps, poor earthly clod,
Could I forget myself in God,
Could I but find my nature's clue
Simply as birds and blossoms do,
And but for one rapt moment know
'Tis Heaven must come, not we must
go,
Should win my place as near the throne
As the pearl-angel of its zone,
And God would listen 'mid the throng,
For my one breath of perfect song,
That, in its simple human way,
Said all the Host of Heaven could
say.

ALL-SAINTS

ONE feast, of holy days the crest,
I, though no Churchman, love to
keep,
All-Saints,—the unknown good that
rest
In God's still memory folded deep ;

The bravely dumb that did their
deed,
And scorned to blot it with a
name,
Men of the plain heroic breed,
That loved Heaven's silence more
than fame.

Such lived not in the past alone,
But thread to-day the unheeding
street,
And stairs to Sin and Famine known
Sing with the welcome of their
feet ;
The den they enter grows a shrine,
The grimy sash an oriel burns,
Their cup of water warms like wine,
Their speech is filled from heavenly
urns.

About their brows to me appears
An aureole traced in tenderest
light,
The rainbow-gleam of smiles through
tears
In dying eyes, by them made
bright,
Of souls that shivered on the edge
Of that chill ford repassed no
more,
And in their mercy felt the pledge
And sweetness of the farther shore.

A WINTER-EVENING HYMN TO MY FIRE.

I

BEAUTY on my hearth-stone blazing !
To-night the triple Zoroaster
Shall my prophet be and master :
To-night will I pure Magian be,
Hymns to thy sole honour raising,
While thou leapest fast and faster,
Wild with self-delighted glee,
Or sink'st low and glowest faintly
As an aureole still and saintly,
Keeping cadence to my praising
Thee ! still thee ! and only thee !

II

Elfish daughter of Apollo!
Thee, from thy father stolen and
bound
To serve in Vulcan's clangorous
smithy,
Prometheus (primal Yankee) found,
And, when he had tampered with thee
(Too confiding little maid!),
In a reed's precarious hollow
To our frozen earth conveyed:
For he swore I know not what;
Endless ease should be thy lot,
Pleasure that should never falter,
Lifelong play, and not a duty
Save to hover o'er the altar,
Vision of celestial beauty,
Fed with precious woods and spices;
Then, perfidious! having got
Thee in the net of his devices,
Sold thee into endless slavery,
Made thee a drudge to boil the pot,
Thee, Helios' daughter, who dost bear
His likeness in thy golden hair;
Thee, by nature wild and wavery,
Palpitating, evanescent
As the shade of Dian's crescent,
Life, motion, gladness, everywhere!

III

Fathom deep men bury thee
In the furnace dark and still,
There, with dreariest mockery,
Making thee eat, against thy will,
Blackest Pennsylvanian stone;
But thou dost avenge thy doom,
For, from out thy catacomb,
Day and night thy wrath is blown
In a withering simoom,
And, adown that cavern drear,
Thy black pitfall in the floor,
Staggers the lusty antique cheer,
Despairing, and is seen no more!

IV

Elfish I may rightly name thee;
We enslave, but cannot tame thee;
With fierce snatches, now and then,
Thou pluckest at thy right again,

And thy down-trod instincts savage
To stealthy insurrection creep
While thy wittol masters sleep,
And burst in undiscerning ravage:
Then how thou shak'st thy bacchant
locks!
While brazen pulses, far and near,
Throb thick and thicker, wild with
fear
And dread conjecture, till the drear
Disordered clangour every steeple
rocks!

V

But when we make a friend of thee,
And admit thee to the hall
On our nights of festival,
Then, Cinderella, who could see
In thee the kitchen's stunted thrall?
Once more a Princess lithe and tall,
Thou dancest with a whispering
tread,
While the bright marvel of thy head
In crinkling gold floats all abroad,
And gloriously dost vindicate
The legend of thy lineage great,
Earth-exiled daughter of the Pythian
god!
Now in the ample chimney-place,
To honour thy acknowledged race,
We crown thee high with laurel good,
Thy shining father's sacred wood,
Which, guessing thy ancestral right,
Sparkles and snaps his dumb delight,
And, at thy touch, poor outcast one,
Feels through his gladdened fibres
go
The tingle and thrill and vassal glow
Of instincts loyal to the sun.

VI

O thou of home the guardian Lar,
And, when our earth hath wandered
far
Into the cold, and deep snow covers
The walks of our New England lovers,
Their sweet secluded evening-star!
'Twas with thy rays the English
Muse
Ripened her mild domestic hues;

'Twas by thy flicker that she conned
The fireside wisdom that enrings
With light from heaven familiar
things ;

By thee she found the homely faith
In whose mild eyes thy comfort
stay'th,

When Death, extinguishing his torch,
Gropes for the latch-string in the
porch ;

The love that wanders not beyond
His earliest nest, but sits and sings
While children smooth his patient
wings ;

Therefore with thee I love to read
Our brave old poets : at thy touch
how stirs

Life in the withered words ! how
swift recede

Time's shadows ! and how glows
again

Through its dead mass the incan-
descent verse,

As when upon the anvils of the brain
It glittering lay, cyclopically wrought
By the fast-throbbing hammers of
the poet's thought !

Thou murmurest, too, divinely stirred,
The aspirations unattained,
The rhythms so rathe and delicate,
They bent and strained

And broke, beneath the sombre
weight

Of any airiest mortal word.

VII

What warm protection dost thou bend
Round curtailed talk of friend with
friend,

While the gray snow-storm, held
aloof,

To softest outline rounds the roof,
Or the rude North with baffled strain
Shoulders the frost-starred window-
pane !

Now the kind nymph to Bacchus
born

By Morpheus' daughter, she that
seems

Gifted upon her natal morn
By him with fire, by her with dreams,

Nicotia, dearer to the Muse
Than all the grape's bewildering juice,
We worship, unforbid of thee ;

And, as her incense floats and curls
In airy spires and wayward whirls,
Or poises on its tremulous stalk

A flower of frailest reverie,
So winds and loiters, idly free,

The current of unguided talk,
Now laughter-rippled, and now caught

In smooth, dark pools of deeper
thought.

Meanwhile thou mellowest every word,
A sweetly unobtrusive third ;

For thou hast magic beyond wine,
To unlock natures each to each ;

The unspoken thought thou canst
divine ;

Thou fill'st the pauses of the speech
With whispers that to dream-land
reach

And frozen fancy-springs unchain
In Arctic outskirts of the brain ;

Sun of all inmost confidences,
To thy rays doth the heart uncloze

Its formal calyx of pretences,
That close against rude day's offences,
And open its shy midnight rose !

VIII

Thou holdest not the master-key
With which thy Sire sets free the
mystic gates

Of Past and Future : not for common
fates

Do they wide open fling,
And, with a far-heard ring,
Swing back their willing valves
melodiously ;

Only to ceremonial days,
And great processions of imperial
song

That set the world at gaze,
Doth such high privilege belong :

But thou a postern-door canst ope
To humbler chambers of the self-same
palace

Where Memory lodges, and her sister
Hope,

Whose being is but as a crystal
chalice,

Which, with her various mood, the
elder fills
Of joy or sorrow,
So colouring as she wills
With hues of yesterday the uncon-
scious morrow.

IX

Thou sinkest, and my fancy sinks
with thee :
For thee I took the idle shell,
And struck the unused chords again,
But they are gone who listened well ;
Some are in heaven, and all are far
from me :
Even as I sing it turns to pain,
And with vain tears my eyelids throb
and swell :
Enough ; I come not of the race
That hawk their sorrows in the
market-place.
Earth stops the ears I best had loved
to please ;
Then break, ye untuned chords, or
rust in peace !
As if a white-haired actor should
come back
Some midnight to the theatre void
and black,
And there rehearse his youth's great
part
'Mid thin applauses of the ghosts,
So seems it now : ye crowd upon my
heart,
And I bow down in silence, shadowy
hosts !

FANCY'S CASUISTRY

How struggles with the tempest's
swells
That warning of tumultuous bells !
The fire is loose ! and frantic knells
Throb fast and faster,
As tower to tower confusedly tells
News of disaster.
But on my far-off solitude
No harsh alarums can intrude ;

The terror comes to me subdued
And charmed by distance,
To deepen the habitual mood
Of my existence.

Are those, I muse, the Easter chimes ?
And listen, weaving careless rhymes
While the loud city's griefs and
crimes

Pay gentle allegiance
To the fine quiet that sublimes
These dreamy regions.

And when the storm o'erwhelms the
shore,
I watch entranced as, o'er and o'er,
The light revolves amid the roar
So still and saintly,
Now large and near, now more and
more
Withdrawing faintly.

This, too, despairing sailors see
Flash out the breakers 'neath their
lee
In sudden snow, then lingeringly
Wane tow'rd eclipse,
While through the dark the shudder-
ing sea
Gropes for the ships.

And is it right, this mood of mind
That thus, in reverie enshrined,
Can in the world mere topics find
For musing stricture,
Seeing the life of humankind
Only as picture ?

The events in line of battle go ;
In vain for me their trumpets blow
As unto him that lieth low
In death's dark arches,
And through the sod hears throbbing
slow
The muffled marches.

O Duty, am I dead to thee
In this my cloistered ecstasy,
In this lone shallop on the sea
That drifts tow'rd Silence ?
And are those visioned shores I see
But sirens' islands ?

My Dante frowns with lip-locked
 mien,
 As who would say, "'Tis those, I
 ween,
 Whom lifelong armour-chafe makes
 lean
 That win the laurel ;"
 But where *is* Truth ? What does it
 mean,
 The world-old quarrel ?

Such questionings are idle air :
 Leave what to do and what to
 spare
 To the inspiring moment's care,
 Nor ask for payment
 Of fame or gold, but just to wear
 Unspotted raiment.

TO MR. JOHN BARTLETT

WHO HAD SENT ME A SEVEN-
 POUND TROUT

FIT for an Abbot of Theleme,
 For the whole Cardinals' Col-
 lege, or
 The Pope himself to see in dream
 Before his lenten vision gleam,
 He lies there, the sogdologer !

His precious flanks with stars be-
 sprent,
 Worthy to swim in Castaly !
 The friend by whom such gifts are
 sent,
 For him shall bumpers full be spent,
 His health ! be Luck his fast ally !

I see him trace the wayward brook
 Amid the forest mysteries,
 Where at their shades shy aspens
 look,
 Or where, with many a gurgling
 crook,
 It croons its woodland histories.

I see leaf-shade and sun-fleck lend
 Their tremulous, sweet vicissi-
 tude

To smooth, dark pool, to crinkling
 bend—
 (Oh, stew him, Ann, as 'twere your
 friend,
 With amorous solicitude !)

I see him step with caution due,
 Soft as if shod with moccasins,
 Grave as in church, for who plies you,
 Sweet craft, is safe as in a pew
 From all our common stock o'
 sins.

The unerring fly I see him cast,
 That as a rose-leaf falls as soft,
 A flash ! a whirl ! he has him fast !
 We tyros, how that struggle last
 Confuses and appals us oft.

Unfluttered he : calm as the sky
 Looks on our tragi-comedies,
 This way and that he lets him fly,
 A sunbeam-shuttle, then to die
 Lands him, with cool *aploris* at
 ease.

The friend who gave our board such
 gust,
 Life's care may he o'erstep it
 half,
 And, when Death hooks him, as he
 must,
 He'll do it handsomely, I trust,
 And John H—— write his
 epitaph !

Oh, born beneath the Fishes' sign,
 Of constellations happiest,
 May he somewhere with Walton
 dine,
 May Horace send him Massic wine,
 And Burns Scotch drink, the nap-
 piest !

And when they come his deeds to
 weigh,
 And how he used the talents his,
 One trout-scale in the scales he'll
 lay
 (If trout had scales), and 'twill out-
 sway
 The wrong side of the balances.

ODE TO HAPPINESS

SPiRiT, that rarely comest now
And only to contrast my gloom,
Like rainbow-feathered birds
that bloom

A moment on some autumn bough
That, with the spurn of their farewell.
Sheds its last leaves,—thou once
didst dwell

With me year-long, and make
intense

To boyhood's wisely vacant days
Their fleet but all-sufficing grace
Of trustful inexperience,
While soul could still transfigure
sense,

And thrill, as with love's first caress,
At life's mere unexpectedness.

Days when my blood would leap
and run

As full of sunshine as a breeze,
Or spray tossed up by Summer
seas

That doubts if it be sea or sun !
Days that flew swiftly like the band
That played in Grecian games at
strife,

And passed from eager hand to hand
The onward-dancing torch of life !

Wing-footed ! thou abid'st with him
Who asks it not ; but he who hath
Watched o'er the waves thy wan-
ing path,

Shall nevermore behold returning
Thy high-heaped canvas shoreward
yearning !

Thou first reveal'st to us thy face
Turned o'er the shoulder's parting
grace,

A moment glimpsed, then seen no
more,—

Thou whose swift footsteps we can
trace

Away from every mortal door.

Nymph of the unreturning feet,
How may I win thee back ? But no,
I do thee wrong to call thee so ;
'Tis I am changed, not thou art fleet :

The man thy presence feels again,
Not in the blood, but in the brain,
Spirit, that lov'st the upper air
Serene and passionless and rare,
Such as on mountain heights we
find

And wide-viewed uplands of the
mind ;

Or such as scorns to coil and sing
Round any but the eagle's wing
Of souls that with long upward
beat

Have won an undisturbed retreat
Where, poised like winged victories,
They mirror in relentless eyes
The life broad-basking 'neath their
feet,—

Man ever with his Now at strife,
Pained with first gasps of earthly
air,

Then praying Death the last to
spare,

Still fearful of the ampler life.

Not unto them dost thou consent
Who, passionless, can lead at ease
A life of unalloyed content,
A life like that of land-locked
seas,

Who feel no elemental gush
Of tidal forces, no fierce rush
Of storm deep-grasping scarcely
spent

'Twixt continent and continent.

Such quiet souls have never known
Thy truer inspiration, thou
Who lov'st to feel upon thy brow
Spray from the plunging vessel
thrown

Grazing the tusked lee shore, the
cliff

That o'er the abrupt gorge holds its
breath,

Where the frail hair-breadth of an *if*
Is all that sunders life and death :
These, too, are cared for, and round
these

Bends her mild crook thy sister
Peace ;

These in unvexed dependence lie,
Each 'neath his strip of household
sky ;

O'er these clouds wander, and the blue
Hangs motionless the whole day
through;
Stars rise for them, and moons
grow large
And lessen in such tranquil wise
As joys and sorrows do that rise
Within their nature's sheltered
marge;

Their hours into each other flit
Like the leaf-shadows of the vine
And fig-tree under which they sit,
And their still lives to heaven
incline

With an unconscious habitude,
Unhistoried as smokes that rise
From happy hearths and sight elude
In kindred blue of morning skies.

Wayward! when once we feel thy
lack,

'Tis worse than vain to woo thee back!
Yet there is one who seems to be
Thine elder sister, in whose eyes
A faint far Northern light will rise
Sometimes, and bring a dream of
thee;

She is not that for which youth
hoped,

But she hath blessings all her own,
Thoughts pure as lilies newly oped,
And faith to sorrow given alone:

Almost I deem that it is thou
Come back with graver matron brow,
With deepened eyes and bated
breath,

Like one that somewhere hath met
Death:

But "No," she answers, "I am she
Whom the gods love, Tranquillity;
That other whom you seek forlorn
Half earthly was; but I am born
Of the immortals, and our race

Wear still some sadness on our face:
He wins me late, but keeps me
long,

Who, dowered with every gift of
passion,
In that fierce flame can forge and
fashion

Of sin and self the anchor strong;

Can thence compel the driving force
Of daily life's mechanic course,
Nor less the nobler energies
Of needful toil and culture wise;
Whose soul is worth the tempter's
lure,

Who can renounce and yet endure,
To him I come, not lightly wooed,
But won by silent fortitude."

VILLA FRANCA

1859

WAIT a little! do *we* not wait?

Louis Napoleon is not Fate,
Francis Joseph is not Time;
There's One hath swifter feet than
Crime;

Cannon-parliaments settle naught;
Venice is Austria's, — whoe's is
Thought?

Minié is good, but, spite of change,
Gutenberg's gun has the longest
range.

Spin, spin, Clotho, spin!

Lachesis, twist! and, Atropos,
sever!

In the shadow, year out, year in,
The silent headsman waits for ever.

Wait, we say: our years are long:
Men are weak, but Man is strong;
Sincethe stars first curved their rings,
We have looked on many things;
Great wars come and great wars go,
Wolf-tracks light on polar snow;
We shall see him come and gone,
This second-hand Napoleon.

Spin, spin, Clotho, spin!

Lachesis, twist! and, Atropos,
sever!

In the shadow, year out, year in,
The silent headsman waits for ever.

We saw the elder Corsican,
And Clotho muttered as she span,
While crowned lackeys bore the
train,

Of the pinchbeck Charlemagne:

"Sister, stint not length of thread !
 Sister, stay the scissors dread !
 On Saint Helen's granite bleak,
 Hark, the vulture whets his beak !"
 Spin, spin, Clotho, spin !
 Lachesis, twist ! and, Atropos,
 sever !
 In the shadow, year out, year in,
 The silent headsman waits for ever.

The Bonapartes, we know their bees
 That wade in honey red to the knees ;
 Their patent reaper, its sheaves sleep
 sound
 In dreamless garners underground :
 We know false glory's spendthrift
 race,
 Pawning nations for feathers and
 lace ;
 It may be short, it may be long,
 "'Tis reckoning-day !" sneers unpaid
 Wrong.
 Spin, spin, Clotho, spin !
 Lachesis, twist ! and, Atropos,
 sever !
 In the shadow, year out, year in,
 The silent headsman waits for ever.

The Cock that wears the Eagle's
 skin
 Can promise what he ne'er could win ;
 Slavery reaped for fine words sown,
 System for all, and rights for none,
 Despots atop, a wild clan below,
 Such is the Gaul from long ago ;
 Wash the black from the Ethiop's
 face,
 Wash the past out of man or race !
 Spin, spin, Clotho, spin !
 Lachesis, twist ! and, Atropos,
 sever !
 In the shadow, year out, year in,
 The silent headsman waits for ever.

'Neath Gregory's throne a spider
 swings,
 And snares the people for the kings ;
 "Luther is dead ; old quarrels pass ;
 The stake's black scars are healed
 with grass ;"
 So dreamers prate ; did man ere live
 Saw priest or woman yet forgive ?

But Luther's broom is left, and
 eyes
 Peep o'er their creeds to where it lies.
 Spin, spin, Clotho, spin !
 Lachesis, twist ! and, Atropos,
 sever !
 In the shadow, year out, year in,
 The silent headsman waits for
 ever.

Smooth sails the ship of either realm,
 Kaiser and Jesuit at the helm ;
 We look down the depths, and mark
 Silent workers in the dark
 Building slow the sharp-tusked reefs,
 Old instincts hardening to new
 beliefs ;
 Patience a little ; learn to wait ;
 Hours are long on the clock of
 Fate.
 Spin, spin, Clotho, spin !
 Lachesis, twist ! and, Atropos,
 sever !
 Darkness is strong, and so is Sin,
 But surely God endures for ever !

THE MINER

DOWN 'mid the tangled roots of
 things
 That coil about the central fire,
 I seek for that which giveth wings
 To stoop, not soar, to my desire.

Sometimes I hear, as 'twere a sigh,
 The sea's deep yearning far above,
 "Thou hast the secret not," I cry,
 "In deeper deeps is hid my Love."

They think I burrow from the sun,
 In darkness, all alone, and weak ;
 Such loss were gain if He were won,
 For 'tis the sun's own Sun I seek.

"The earth," they murmur, "is the
 tomb
 That vainly sought His life to
 prison ;
 Why grovel longer in the gloom ?
 He is not here ; He hath arisen."

More life for me where He hath
 lain
 Hidden while ye believed Him
 dead,
 Than in cathedrals cold and vain,
 Built on loose sands of *It is said*.

My search is for the living gold ;
 Him I desire who dwells recluse,
 And not His image worn and old,
 Day-servant of our sordid use.

If Him I find not, yet I find
 The ancient joy of cell and church,
 The glimpse, the surety undefined,
 The unquenched ardour of the
 search.

Happier to chase a flying goal
 Than to sit counting laurelled
 gains,
 To guess the Soul within the soul
 Than to be lord of what remains.

Hide still, best Good, in subtle
 wise,
 Beyond my nature's utmost scope ;
 Be ever absent from mine eyes
 To be twice present in my hope !

GOLD EGG: A DREAM-FANTASY

HOW A STUDENT IN SEARCH OF
 THE BEAUTIFUL FELL ASLEEP IN
 DRESDEN OVER HERR PROFESSOR
 DOCTOR VISCHER'S "WISSENSCHAFT
 DES SCHÖNEN," AND WHAT CAME
 THEREOF

I SWAM with undulation soft,
 Adrift on Vischer's ocean,
 And, from my cockboat up aloft,
 Sent down my mental plummet oft
 In hope to reach a notion.

But from the metaphysic sea
 No bottom was forthcoming,
 And all the while (how drearily !)
 In one eternal note of B
 My German stove kept humming.

"What's Beauty?" mused I; "is it
 told
 By synthesis? analysis?
 Have you not made us lead of gold?
 To feed your crucible, not sold
 Our temple's sacred chalices?"

Then o'er my senses came a change;
 My book seemed all traditions,
 Old legends of profoundest range,
 Diabliery, and stories strange
 Of goblins, elves, magicians.

Old gods in modern saints I found,
 Old creeds in strange disguises;
 I thought them safely underground,
 And here they were, all safe and
 sound,

Without a sign of phthisis.

Truth was, my outward eyes were
 closed,

Although I did not know it;
 Deep into dream-land I had dozed,
 And so was happily transposed
 From proser into poet.

So what I read took flesh and blood,
 And turned to living creatures:
 The words were but the dingy bud
 That bloomed, like Adam, from the
 mud,
 To human forms and features.

I saw how Zeus was lodged once more
 By Baucis and Philemon;
 The text said, "Not alone of yore,
 But every day, at every door,
 Knocks still the masking Demon."

DAIMON 'twas printed in the book,
 And, as I read it slowly,
 The letters stirred and changed, and
 took

Jove's stature, the Olympian look
 Of painless melancholy.

He paused upon the threshold worn:
 "With coin I cannot pay you;
 Yet would I fain make some return;
 The gift for cheapness do not spurn,
 Accept this hen, I pray you.

"Plain feathers wears my Hemera,
And has from ages olden;
She makes her nest in common hay,
And yet, of all the birds that lay,
Her eggs alone are golden."

He turned, and could no more be
seen;

Old Baucis stared a moment,
Then tossed poor Partlet on the green,
And with a tone, half jest, half
spleen,
Thus made her housewife's com-
ment:

"The stranger had a queerish face,
His smile was hardly pleasant,
And, though he meant it for a grace,
Yet this old hen of barnyard race
Was but a stingy present.

"She's quite too old for laying eggs,
Nay, even to make a soup of;
One only needs to see her legs,—
You might as well boil down the pegs
I made the brood-hen's coop of!

"Some eighteen score of such do I
Raise every year, her sisters;
Go, in the woods your fortunes try,
All day for one poor earthworm pry,
And scratch your toes to blisters!"

Philemon found the rede was good,
And, turning on the poor hen,
He clapt his hands, and stamped, and
shooed,
Hunting the exile tow'rd the wood,
To house with snipe and moor-hen.

A poet saw and cried: "Hold! hold!
What are you doing, madman?
Spurn you more wealth than can be
told,
The fowl that lays the eggs of gold,
Because she's plainly clad, man?"

To him Philemon: "I'll not balk
Thy will with any shackle;
Wilt add a burden to thy walk?
There! take her without further talk:
You're both but fit to cackle!"

But scarce the poet touched the
bird,
It swelled to stature regal;
And when her cloud-wide wings she
stirred,
A whisper as of doom was heard,—
'Twas Jove's bolt-bearing eagle.

As when from far-off cloud-bergs
springs
A crag, and, hurtling under,
From cliff to cliff the rumour
flings,
So she from flight-foreboding wings
Shook out a murmurous thunder.

She gripped the poet to her breast,
And ever, upward soaring,
Earth seemed a new moon in the
west,
And then one light among the
rest
Where squadrons lie at mooring.

How tell to what heaven hallowed
seat
The eagle bent his courses?
The waves that on its bases beat,
The gales that round it weave and
fleet,
Are life's creative forces.

Here was the bird's primeval nest,
High on a promontory
Star-pharosod, where she takes her
rest
To brood new æons 'neath her breast,
The future's unfledged glory.

I know not how, but I was there
All feeling, hearing, seeing;
It was not wind that stirred my
hair
But living breath, the essence rare
Of unembodied being.

And in the nest an egg of gold
Lay soft in self-made lustre,
Gazing whereon, what depths un-
told
Within, what marvels manifold,
Seemed silently to muster!

Daily such splendours to confront
Is still to me and you sent ?
It glowed as when Saint Peter's
front,
Illumed, forgets its stony wont,
And seems to throb translucent.

One saw therein the life of man
(Or so the poet found it),
The yolk and white, conceive who
can,
Were the glad earth, that, floating,
span
In the glad heaven around it.

I knew this as one knows in dream,
Where no effects to causes
Are chained as in our work-day
scheme,
And then was wakened by a scream
That seemed to come from Baucis.

"Bless Zeus!" she cried, "I'm safe
below!"

First pale, then red as coral;
And I, still drowsy, pondered slow,
And seemed to find, but hardly know,
Something like this for moral.

Each day the world is born anew
For him who takes it rightly;
Not fresher that which Adam knew,
Not sweeter that whose moonlit dew
Entranced Arcadia nightly.

Rightly? That's simply: 'tis to see
Some substance casts these shadows
Which we call Life and History,
That aimless seem to chase and flee
Like wind-gleams over meadows.

Simply? That's nobly: 'tis to know
That God may still be met with,
Nor groweth old, nor doth bestow
These senses fine, this brain aglow,
To grovel and forget with.

Beauty, Herr Doctor, trust in me,
No chemistry will win you;
Charis still rises from the sea:
If you can't find her, *might* it be
Because you seek within you?

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO A FRIEND

ALIKE I hate to be your debtor,
Or write a mere perfunctory letter;
For letters, so it seems to me,
Our careless quintessence should be
Our real nature's truant play
When Consciousness looks t'other
way;

Not drop by drop, with watchful
skill,

Gathered in Art's deliberate still,
But life's insensible completeness
Got as the ripe grape gets its sweet-
ness,

As if it had a way to fuse
The golden sunlight into juice.
Hopeless my mental pump I try;
The boxes hiss, the tube is dry;
As those petroleum wells that spout
Awhile like M.C.'s, then give out,
My spring, once full as Arethusa,
Is a mere bore as dry's Creusa;
And yet you ask me why I'm glum,
And why my graver Muse is dumb.
Ah me! I've reasons manifold,
Condensed in one,—I'm getting old!

When life, once past its fortieth
year,

Wheels up its evening hemisphere,
The mind's own shadow, which the
boy

Saw onward point to hope and joy,
Shifts round, irrevocably set
Tow'rd morning's loss and vain
regret,

And, argue with it as we will,
The clock is unconverted still.

"But count the gains," I hear you
say,

"Which far the seeming loss out-
weigh;

Friendships built firm 'gainst flood
and wind

On rock-foundations of the mind;
Knowledge instead of scheming hope;
For wild adventure, settled scope;
Talents, from surface-ore profuse,
Tempered and edged to tools for use;

Judgment, for passion's headlong
whirls ;
Old sorrows crystallised into pearls ;
Losses by patience turned to gains,
Possessions now, that once were
pains ;
Joy's blossom gone, as go it must,
To ripen seeds of faith and trust ;
Why heed a snowflake on the roof
If fire within keep Age aloof,
Though blundering north-winds push
and strain
With palms benumbed against the
pane ? "

My dear old Friend, you're very
wise ;

We always are with others' eyes,
And see so clear ! (our neighbour's
deck on)

What reef the idiot's sure to wreck
on ;

Folks when they learn how life has
quizzed 'em

Are fain to make a shift with
Wisdom,
And, finding she nor breaks nor
bends,

Give her a letter to their friends.
Draw passion's torrent whoso will
Through sluices smooth to turn a
mill,

And, taking solid toll of grist,
Forget the rainbow in the mist,
The exulting leap, the aimless haste
Scattered in iridescent waste ;
Prefer who likes the sure esteem
To cheated youth's midsummer
dream,

When every friend was more than
Damon,

Each quicksand safe to build a
fame on ;

Believe that prudence snug excels
Youth's gross of verdant spectacles,
Through which earth's withered
stubble seen

Looks autumn-proof as painted
green,—

I side with Moses 'gainst the masses,
Take you the drudge, give me the
glasses !

And, for your talents shaped with
practice,

Convince me first that such the fact
is ;

Let whoso likes be beat, poor fool,
On life's hard stithy to a tool,
Be whoso will a ploughshare made,
Let me remain a jolly blade !
What's Knowledge, with her stocks
and lands,

To gay Conjecture's yellow strands ?
What's watching her slow flock's
increase

To ventures for the golden fleece ?
What her deep ships, safe under
lee,

To youth's light craft, that drinks
the sea,

For Flying Islands making sail,
And failing where 'tis gain to fail ?
Ah me ! Experience (so we're told),
Time's crucible, turns lead to gold ;
Yet what's experience won but
dross,

Cloud-gold transmuted to our loss ?
What but base coin the best event
To the untried experiment ?

"Twas an old couple, says the poet,
That lodged the gods and did not
know it ;

Youth sees and knows them as they
were

Before Olympus' top was bare ;
From Swampscot's flats his eye
divine

Sees Venus rocking on the brine,
With lucent limbs, that somehow
scatter a

Charm that turns Doll to Cleopatra ;
Bacchus (that now is scarce induced
To give Eld's lagging blood a boost),
With cymbals' clang and pards to
draw him,

Divine as Ariadne saw him,
Storms through Youth's pulse with
all his train

And wins new Indies in his brain ;
Apollo (with the old a trope,
A sort of finer Mister Pope),
Apollo—but the Muse forbids ;
At his approach cast down thy lids,

And think it joy enough to hear
Far off his arrows singing clear ;
He knows enough who silent knows
The quiver chiming as he goes ;
He tells too much who e'er be-
trays

The shining Archer's secret ways.

Dear Friend, you're right and I am
wrong ;

My quibbles are not worth a song,
And I sophistically tease
My fancy sad to tricks like these.
I could not cheat you if I would ;
You know me and my jesting mood,
Mere surface-foam, for pride con-
cealing

The purpose of my deeper feeling.
I have not spilt one drop of joy
Poured in the senses of the boy,
Nor Nature fails my walks to
bless

With all her golden inwardness ;
And as blind nestlings, unafraid,
Stretch up wide-mouthed to every
shade

By which their downy dream is
stirred,

Taking it for the mother-bird,
So, when God's shadow, which is
light,

Unheralded, by day or night,
My wakening instincts falls across,
Silent as sunbeams over moss,
In my heart's nest half-conscious
things

Stir with a helpless sense of wings,
Lift themselves up, and tremble long
With premonitions sweet of song.

Be patient, and perhaps (who knows?)
These may be winged one day like
those ;

If ~~the~~ flushes, close-embowered to
sing,

Pierced through with June's delicious
sting ;

If swallows, their half-hour to run
Star-breasted in the setting sun.

At first they're but the unfledged
proem,

Or songless schedule of a poem ;

When from the shell they're hardly
dry

If some folks thrust them forth,
must I ?

But let me end with a comparison
Never yet hit upon by e'er a son
Of our American Apollo

(And there's where I shall beat them
hollow,

If he is not a courtly St. John,
But, as West said, a Mohawk Injun).
A poem's like a cruise for whales :
Throughuntried seas the hunter sails,
His prow dividing waters known
To the blue iceberg's hulk alone ;
At last, on farthest edge of day,
He marks the smoky puff of spray ;
Then with bent oars the shallop flies
To where the basking quarry lies ;
Then the excitement of the strife,
The crimsoned waves,—ah, this is life!

But, the dead plunder once secured
And safe beside the vessel moored,
All that had stirred the blood before
Is so much blubber, nothing more
(I mean no pun nor image, so
Mere sentimental verse, you know),
And all is tedium, smoke, and soil,
In trying out the noisome oil.

Yes, this *is* life ! And so the bard
Through briny deserts, never scarred
Since Noah's keel, a subject seeks,
And lies upon the watch for weeks ;
That once harpooned and helpless
lying,

What follows is but weary trying.

Now I've a notion, if a poet
Beat up for themes, his verse will
show it ;

I wait for subjects that hunt me,
By day or night won't let me be,
And hang about me like a curse,
Till they have made me into verse
From line to line my fingers, and
Beyond my knowledge, as I hope ;
Build no new cell till those scopos ;
With limpid summer-swamp refuse,
Then, if I neither sing *this* for use ;
Is it the subject's fault

AN EMBER PICTURE.

How strange are the freaks of
memory !

The lessons of life we forget,
While a trifle, a trick of colour,
In the wonderful web is set,—

Set by some mordant of fancy,
And, spite of the wear and tear
Of time or distance or trouble,
Insists on its right to be there.

A chance had brought us together ;
Our talk was of matters-of-course ;
We were nothing, one to the other,
But a short half-hour's resource.

Wespoke of French acting and actors,
And their easy, natural way ;
Of the weather, for it was raining
As we drove home from the play.

We debated the social nothings
We bore ourselves so to discuss ;
The thunderous rumours of battle
Were silent the while for us.

Arrived at her door, we left her
With a drippingly hurried adieu,
And our wheels went crunching the
gravel
Of the oak-darkened avenue.

As we drove away through the
shadow,
The candle she held in the door
From rain-varnished tree-trunk to
tree-trunk
Flashed fainter, and flashed no
more ;—

Flashed fainter, then wholly faded
Before we had passed the wood ;
But the light of the face behind it
"Went with me and stayed for good.

For on of scarce a moment,
Valley, willy marked at the time,
Not unbidden to haunt me,
My rap of ballad-rhyme.

Had she beauty ? Well, not what
they call so ;

You may find a thousand as fair ;
And yet there's her face in my
memory
With no special claim to be there.

As I sit sometimes in the twilight
And call back to life in the coals
Old faces and hopes and fancies
Long buried (good rest to their
souls !),

Her face shines out in the embers ;
I see her holding the light,
And hear the crunch of the gravel
And the sweep of the rain that
night.

'Tis a face that can never grow older,
That never can part with its gleam,
'Tis a gracious possession for ever,
For is it not all a dream ?

TO H. W. L.

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, 27TH
FEBRUARY 1867

I NEED not praise the sweetness of
his song,
Where limpid verse to limpid verse
succeeds
Smooth as our Charles, when, fearing
lest he wrong
The new moon's mirrored skiff, he
slides along,
Full without noise, and whispers
in his reeds.

With loving breath of all the winds
his name
Is blown about the world, but to
his friends
A sweeter secret hides behind his
fame,
And Love steals shyly through the
loud acclaim
To murmur a *God bless you!* and
there ends.

As I muse backward up the checkered
years

Wherein so much was given, so
much was lost,

Blessings in both kinds, such as
cheapen tears,—

But hush! this is not for profaner ears;
Let them drink molten pearls nor
dream the cost.

Some suck up poison from a sorrow's
core,

As naught but nightshade grew
upon earth's ground;

Love turned all his to heart's-ease,
and the more

Fate tried his bastions, she but
forced a door

Leading to sweeter manhood and
more sound.

Even as a wind-waved fountain's
swaying shade!

Seems of mixed race, a gray wraith
shot with sun,

So through his trial faith translucent
rayed

Till darkness, half disnatured so, be-
trayed

A heart of sunshine that would
fain o'errun.

Surely if skill in song the shears may
stay

And of its purpose cheat the
charmed abyss,

If our poor life belengthened by a lay,
He shall not go, although his

presence may,
And the next age in praise shall
double this.

Long days be his, and each as lusty-
sweet

As gracious natures find his song
to be;

May Age steal on with softly-
cadenced feet

Falling in music, as for him were
meet

Whose choicest verse is harsher-
toned than he!

THE NIGHTINGALE IN THE STUDY

"COME forth!" my catbird calls to
me,

"And hear me sing a cavatina
That, in this old familiar tree,
Shall hang a garden of Alcina.

"These buttercups shall brim with
wine

Beyond all Lesbian juice or Massic;
May not New England be divine?
My ode to ripening summer classic?

"Or if to me you will not hark,
By Beaver Brook a thrush is ring-
ing

Till all the alder-coverts dark
Seem sunshine-dappled with his
singing.

"Come out beneath the unmastered
sky,

With its emancipating spaces,
And learn to sing as well as I,
Without premeditated graces.

"What boot your many-volumed
gains,

Those withered leaves for ever
turning,

To win, at best, for all your pains,
A nature mummy-wrapt in learn-
ing?

"The leaves wherein true wisdom
lies

On living trees the sun are drink-
ing;

Those white clouds, drowsing through
the skies,

Grew not so beautiful by thinking.

"Come out! with me," the oriole
cries,

"Escape the demon that preys
you!

And hark, the cuckoo, weep;
Still hiding, farther on, for use;
you."

"Alas, dear friend, that, all my days,
Hast poured from that syringa
thicket
The quaintly discontinuous lays
To which I hold a season-ticket,

"A season-ticket cheaply bought
With a dessert of pilfered berries,
And who so oft my soul hast caught
With morn and evening voluntaries,

"Deem me not faithless if all day
Among my dusty books I linger,
No pipe, like thee, for June to play
With fancy-led, half-conscious
finger.

"A bird is singing in my brain
And bubbling o'er with mingled
fancies,
Gay, tragic, rapt, right heart of
Spain,
Fed with the sap of old romances.

"I ask no ampler skies than those
His magic music rears above me,
No falsè friends, no truer foes,—
And does not Doña Clara love
me?

"Cloaked shapes, a twanging of
guitars,
A rush of feet, and rapiers clashing,
Then silence deep with breathless
stars,
And overhead a white hand flash-
ing.

"O music of all moods and climes,
Vengeful, forgiving, sensuous,
saintly,
Where still, between the Christian
chimes,
The Moorish cymbal tinkles
faintly!

"O life borne lightly in the hand,
For friend or foe with grace
Castilian!

O valley safe in Fancy's land,
Not tramped to mud yet by the
million!

"Bird of to-day, thy songs are
stale
To his, my singer of all weathers,
My Calderon, my nightingale,
My Arab soul in Spanish feathers.

"Ah, friend, these singers dead so
long,
And still, God knows, in purgatory,
Give its best sweetness to all song,
To Nature's self her better glory."

IN THE TWILIGHT

MEN say the sullen instrument,
That, from the Master's bow,
With pangs of joy or woe,
Feels music's soul through every
fibre sent,
Whispers the ravished strings
More than he knew or meant;
Old summers in its memory
glow;
The secrets of the wind it sings;
It hears the April-loosened springs;
And mixes with its mood
All it dreamed when it stood
In the murmurous pine-wood
Long ago!

The magical moonlight then
Steeped every bough and cone;
The roar of the brook in the glen
Came dim from the distance
blown;
The wind through its glooms sang
low,
And it swayed to and fro
With delight, as it stood
In the wonderful wood,
Long ago!

O my life, have we not had seasons
That only said, Live and rejoice?
That asked not for causes and reasons,
But made us all feeling and
voice?

When we went with the winds in
their blowing,

When Nature and we were peers,
And we seemed to share in the flow-
ing

Of the inexhaustible years ?

Have we not from the earth drawn
juices

Too fine for earth's sordid uses ?

Have I heard, have I seen

All I feel, all I know ?

Doth my heart overween ?

Or could it have been

Long ago ?

Sometimes a breath floats by me,

An odour from Dreamland sent,

That makes the ghost seem nigh me

Of a splendour that came and
went,

Of a life lived somewhere, I know
not

In what diviner sphere,

Of memories that stay not and go
not,

Like music heard once by an ear

That cannot forget or reclaim it,

A something so shy, it would
shame it

To make it a show,

A something too vague, could I
name it,

For others to know,

As if I had lived it or dreamed it,

As if I had acted or schemed it,

Long ago !

And yet, could I live it over,

This life that stirs in my brain,

Could I be both maiden and lover,

Moon and tide, bee and clover,

As I seem to have been once
again,

Could I but speak and show it,

This pleasure more sharp than
pain,

That baffles and lures me so,

The world should not lack a poet,

Such as it had

In the ages glad,

Long ago !

THE FOOTPATH

It mounts athwart the windy hill
Through sallow slopes of upland
bare,

And Fancy climbs with footfall still
Its narrowing curves that end in air.

By day, a warmer-hearted blue
Stoops softly to that topmost swell ;
Its thread-like windings seem a clue
To gracious climes where all is well.

By night, far yonder, I surmise
An ampler world than clips my ken,
Where the great stars of happier skies
Commingle nobler fates of men.

I look and long, then haste me home,
Still master of my secret rare ;
Once tried, the path would end in
Rome,
But now it leads me everywhere.

For ever to the new it guides,
From former good, old overmuch ;
What Nature for her poets hides,
'Tis wiser to divine than clutch.

The bird I list hath never come
Within the scope of mortal ear ;
My prying step would make him dumb,
And the fair tree, his shelter, sear.

Behind the hill, behind the sky,
Behind my inmost thought, he sings ;
No feet avail ; to hear it nigh,
The song itself must lend the wings.

Sing on, sweet bird, close hid, and
raise
Those angel stairways in my brain,
That climb from these low-vaulted
days
To spacious sunshines far from pain.

Sing when thou wilt, enchantment
fleet,
I leave thy covert haunt untrod,
And envy Science not her feat
To make a twice-told tale of God.

They said the fairies tript no more,
And long ago that Pan was dead ;
'Twas but that fools preferred to
bore

Earth's rind inch-deep for truth
instead.

Pan leaps and pipes all summer long,
The fairies dance each full-mooned
night,

Would we but doff our lenses strong,
And trust our wiser eyes' delight.

City of Elf-land, just without
Our seeing, marvel ever new,
Glimpsed in fair weather, a sweet
doubt

Sketched-in, mirage-like, on the
blue.

I build thee in yon sunset cloud,
Whose edge allures to climb the
height ;

I hear thy drowned bells, inly-loud,
From still pools dusk with dreams
of night.

Thy gates are shut to hardiest will,
Thy countersign of long - lost
speech,—

Those fountained courts, those
chambers still,
Fronting Time's far East, who shall
reach ?

I know not, and will never pry,
But trust our human heart for all ;
Wonders that from the seeker fly
Into an open sense may fall.

Hide in thine own soul, and surprise
The password of the unwary elves ;
Seek it, thou canst not bribe their
spies ;

Unsought, they whisper it them-
selves.

POEMS OF THE WAR

THE WASHERS OF THE SHROUD

OCTOBER, 1861

ALONG a river-side, I know not
where,
I walked one night in mystery of
dream;
A chill creeps curdling yet beneath
my hair,
To think what chanced me by the
pallid gleam
Of a moon-wraith that waned through
haunted air.

Pale fireflies pulsed within the
meadow-mist
Their halos, wavering thistledowns
of light;
The loon, that seemed to mock some
goblin tryst,
Laughed, and the echoes, huddling
in affright,
Like Odin's hounds, fled baying down
the night.

Then all was silent, till there smote
my ear
A movement in the stream that
checked my breath:
Was it the slow plash of a wading
deer?
But something said, "This water is
of Death!
The Sisters wash a shroud,—ill thing
to hear!"

I, looking then, beheld the ancient
Three
Known to the Greek's and to the
Northman's creed,

That sit in shadow of the mystic
Tree,
Still crooning, as they weave their
endless brede,
One song: "Time was, Time is, and
Time shall be."
No wrinkled crones were they, as I
had deemed,
But fair as yesterday, to-day, to-
morrow,
To mourner, lover, poet, ever seemed;
Something too high for joy, too deep
for sorrow,
Thrilled in their tones, and from their
faces gleamed.

"Still men and nations reap as they
have strawn,"
So sang they, working at their task
the while;
'The fatal raiment must be cleansed
ere dawn:
For Austria? Italy? the Sea-Queen's
isle?
O'er what quenched grandeur must
our shroud be drawn?

"Or is it for a younger, fairer
corse,
That gathered States like children
round his knees,
That tamed the wave to be his post-
ing-horse,
Feller of forests, linker of the
seas,
Bridge-builder, hammerer, youngest
son of Thor's?

"What make we, murmur'st thou?
and what are we?
When empires must be wound, we
bring the shroud,

The time-old web of the implacable
Three :

Is it too coarse for him, the young
and proud ?

Earth's mightiest deigned to wear
it,—why not he ?”

“ Is there no hope ?” I moaned, “ so
strong, so fair !

Our Fowler whose proud bird would
brook erewhile

No rival's swoop in all our western
air !

Gather the ravens, then, in funeral
file

For him, life's morn yet golden in
his hair ?

“ Leave me not hopeless, ye unpity-
ing dames !

I see, half seeing. Tell me, ye who
scanned

The stars, Earth's elders, still must
noblest aims

Be traced upon oblivious ocean-
sands ?

Must Hesper join the wailing ghosts
of names ?”

“ When grass-blades stiffen with red
battle-dew,

Ye deem we choose the victor and
the slain :

Say, choose we them that shall be
leal and true

To the heart's longing, the high faith
of brain ?

Yet there the victory lies, if ye but
knew.

“ Three roots bear up Dominion :
Knowledge, Will,—

These twain are strong, but stronger
yet the third,—

Obedience,—'tis the great tap-root
that still,

Knit round the rock of Duty, is not
stirred

Though Heaven-loosed tempests
spend their utmost skill.

“ Is the doom sealed for Hesper ?
'Tis not we

Denounce it, but the Law before all
time :

The brave makes danger opportunity;
The waverer, paltering with the
chance sublime,

Dwarfs it to peril: which shall
Hesper be ?

“ Hath he let vultures climb his
eagle's seat

To make Jove's bolts purveyors of
their maw ?

Hath he the Many's plaudits found
more sweet

Than Wisdom ? held Opinion's wind
for Law ?

Then let him hearken for the
doomster's feet !

“ Rough are the steps, slow-hewn in
flintiest rock,

States climb to power by ; slippery
those with gold

Down which they stumble to eternal
mock :

No chafferer's hand shall long the
sceptre hold,

Who, given a Fate to shape, would
sell the block.

“ We sing old Sagas, songs of weal
and woe,

Mystic because too cheaply under-
stood :

Dark sayings are not ours ; men hear
and know,

See Evil weak, see strength alone in
Good,

Yet hope to stem God's fire with
walls of tow.

“ Time Was unlocks the riddle of
Time Is,

That offers choice of glory or of gloom ;
The solver makes Time Shall Be

surely his.

But hasten, Sisters ! for even now
the tomb

Grates its slow hinge and calls from
the abyss.”

"But not for him," I cried, "not
yet for him,
Whose large horizon, westering, star
by star
Wins from the void to where an
Ocean's rim
The sunset shuts the world with
golden bar,
Not yet his thews shall fail, his eye
grow dim !

"His shall be larger manhood, saved
for those
That walk unblenching through the
trial-fires ;
Not suffering, but faint heart, is
worst of woes,
And he no base-born son of craven
sires,
Whose eye need blench confronted
with his foes.

"Tears may be ours, but proud, for
those who win
Death's royal purple in the foeman's
lines ;
Peace, too, brings tears ; and 'mid
the battle-din,
The wiser ear some text of God
divines,
For the sheathed blade may rust
with darker sin.

"God, give us peace ! not such as
lulls to sleep,
But sword on thigh, and brow with
purpose knit !
And let our Ship of State to harbour
sweep,
Her ports all up, her battle-lanterns
lit,
And her leashed thunders gathering
for their leap !"

So cried I with clenched hands and
passionate pain,
Thinking of dear ones by Potomac's
side ;

Again the loon laughed mocking,
and again
The echoes bayed far down the night
and died,
While waking I recalled my wander-
ing brain.

TWO SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF BLONDEL

AUTUMN, 1863

SCENE I.—*Near a castle in Germany.*

"TWERE no hard task, perchance, to
win
The popular laurel for my song ;
'Twere only to comply with sin,
And own the crown, though
snatched by wrong :
Rather Truth's chaplet let me wear,
Though sharp as death its thorns
may sting ;
Loyal to Loyalty, I bear
No badge but of my rightful king.

Patient by town and tower I wait,
Or o'er the blustering moorland
go ;
I buy no praise at cheaper rate,
Or what faint hearts may fancy
so ;
For me, no joy in lady's bower,
Or hall, or tourney, will I sing,
Till the slow stars wheel round the
hour
That crowns my hero and my king.

While all the land runs red with
strife,
And wealth is won by pedler-
crimes,
Let who will find content in life
And tinkle in unmanly rhymes ;
I wait and seek ; through dark and
light,
Safe in my heart my hope I bring,
Till I once more my faith may plight
To him my whole soul owns her
king.

When power is filched by drone and dolt,

And, with caught breath and flashing eye,
Her knuckles whitening round the bolt,

Vengeance leans eager from the sky,

While this and that the people guess,

And to the skirts of praters cling,

Who court the crowd they should compress,

I turn in scorn to seek my king.

Shut in what tower of darkling chance

Or dungeon of a narrow doom,

Dream'st thou of battle-axe and lance

That for the Cross make crashing room?

Come! with hushed breath the battle waits

In the wild van thy mace's swing;

While doubters parley with their fates,

Make thou thine own and ours,
my king!

Oh, strong to keep upright the old,

And wise to buttress with the new,

Prudent, as only are the bold,

Clear-eyed, as only are the true,

To foes benign, to friendship stern,

Intent to imp Law's broken wing,

Who would not die, if death might earn

The right to kiss thy hand, my king?

SCENE II.—*An Inn near the Château of Chalus.*

WELL, the whole thing is over, and here I sit

With one arm in a sling and a milk-score of gashes,

And this flagon of Cyprus must e'en warm my wit,

Since what's left of youth's flame is a head flecked with ashes.

I remember I sat in this very same inn,—

I was young then, and one young man thought I was handsome,—

I had found out what prison King Richard was in,

And was spurring for England to push on the ransom.

How I scorned the dull souls that sat guzzling around

And knew not my secret nor recked my derision!

Let the world sink or swim, John or Richard be crowned,

All one, so the beer-tax got lenient revision.

How little I dreamed, as I tramped up and down,

That granting our wish one of Fate's saddest jokes is!

I had mine with a vengeance,—my king got his crown,

And made his whole business to break other folks's.

I might as well join in the safe old *tum, tum* :

A hero's an excellent loadstar,—but, bless ye,

What infinite odds 'twixt a hero to come

And your only too palpable hero *in esse*!

Precisely the odds (such examples are rife)

'Twixt the poem conceived and the rhyme we make show of,

'Twixt the boy's morning dream and the wake-up of life,

'Twixt the Blondel God meant and a Blondel I know of!

But the world's better off, I'm convinced of it now,

Than if heroes, like buns, could be bought for a penny,

To regard all mankind as their haltered milch-cow,

And just care for themselves. Well, God cares for the many;

For somehow the poor old Earth
blunders along,
Each son of hers adding his mite
of unfitness,
And, choosing the sure way of coming
out wrong,
Gets to port, as the next generation
will witness.

You think her old ribs have come all
crashing through,

If a whisk of Fate's broom snap
your cobweb asunder ;
But her rivets were clinched by a
wiser than you,

And our sins cannot push the
Lord's right hand from under.
Better one honest man who can wait
for God's mind

In our poor shifting scene here
though heroes were plenty !
Better one bite, at forty, of Truth's
bitter rind,

Than the hot wine that gushed
from the vintage of twenty !

I see it all now : when I wanted a king,
'Twas the kingship that failed in
myself I was seeking,—

'Tis so much less easy to do than to
sing,

So much simpler to reign by a
proxy than *be* king !

Yes, I think I *do* see : after all's said
and sung,

Take this one rule of life and you
never will rue it,—

'Tis but do your own duty and hold
your own tongue,

And Blondel were royal himself, if
he knew it !

MEMORIÆ POSITUM

R. G. S.

I

BENEATH the trees,
My lifelong friends in this dear spot,
Sad now for eyes that see them not,
I hear the autumnal breeze

Wake the sear leaves to sigh for
gladness gone,
Whispering hoarse presage of ob-
livion,—

Hear, restless as the seas,
Time's grim feet rustling through
the withered grace
Of many a spreading realm and
strong-stemmed race,
Even as my own through these.

Why make we moan
For loss that doth enrich us yet
With upward yearnings of regret ?
Bleaker than unmossed stone

Our lives were but for this immortal
gain
Of unstilled longing and inspiring
pain !

As thrills of long-hushed tone
Live in the viol, so our souls grow
fine

With keen vibrations from the touch
divine
Of noble natures gone.

'Twere indiscreet
To vex the shy and sacred grief
With harsh obtrusions of relief ;
Yet, Verse, with noiseless feet,
Go whisper : "*This* death hath far
choicer ends

Than slowly to impearl in hearts of
friends ;

These obsequies 'tis meet
Not to seclude in closets of the heart,
But, church-like, with wide door-
ways, to impart
Even to the heedless street."

II

Brave, good, and true,
I see him stand before me now,
And read again on that young brow,
Where every hope was new,
How sweet were life! Yet, by the
mouth firm-set,
And look made up for Duty's utmost
debt,
I could divine he knew

That death within the sulphurous
hostile lines,
In the mere wreck of nobly-pitched
designs,
Plucks heart's-ease, and not rue.

Happy their end
Who vanish down life's evening
stream
Placid as swans that drift in dream
Round the next river-bend !
Happy long life, with honour at the
close,
Friends' painless tears, the softened
thought of foes !
And yet, like him, to spend
All at a gush, keeping our first faith
sure
From mid-life's doubt and eld's con-
tentment poor,
What more could Fortune send ?

Right in the van,
On the red rampart's slippery swell,
With heart that beats a charge, he fell
Foeward, as fits a man ;
But the high soul burns on to light
men's feet,
Where death for noble ends makes
dying sweet ;
His life her crescent's span
Orbs full with share in their un-
darkening days
Who ever climbed the battailous
steeps of praise
Since valour's praise began.

III

His life's expense
Hath won him coeval youth
With the immaculate prime of
Truth ;
While we, who make pretence
At living on, and wake and eat and
sleep,
And life's stale trick by repetition keep,
Our fickle permanence
(A poor leaf-shadow on a brook,
whose play
Of busy idlesse ceases with our day)
Is the mere cheat of sense.

We bide our chance,
Unhappy, and make terms with
Fate
A little more to let us wait ;
He leads for aye the advance,
Hope's forlorn-hopes that plant the
desperate good
For nobler Earths and days of
manlier mood ;
Our wall of circumstance
Cleared at a bound, he flashes o'er
the fight,
A saintly shape of fame, to cheer the
right
And steel each wavering glance.

I write of one,
While with dim eyes I think of
three ;
Who weeps not others fair and
brave as he ?
Ah, when the fight is won,
Dear Land, whom triflers now make
bold to scorn
(Thee! from whose forehead Earth
awaits her morn),
How nobler shall the sun
Flame in thy sky, how braver breathe
thy air,
That thou bred'st children who for
thee could dare
And die as thine have done !
1863.

ON BOARD THE '76

WRITTEN FOR MR. BRYANT'S
SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

NOVEMBER 3, 1864

OUR ship lay tumbling in an angry
sea,
Her rudder gone, her mainmast
o'er the side ;
Her scuppers, from the waves' clutch
staggering free,
Trailed threads of priceless crimson
through the tide ;
Sails, shrouds, and spars with pirate
cannon torn,
We lay, awaiting morn.

Awaiting morn, such morn as mocks despair ; And she that bare the promise of the world Within her sides, now hopeless, helm- less, bare, At random o'er the wildering waters hurled ; The reek of battle drifting slow alee Not sullener than we.	Some, caitiff, would have struck the starry flag That knits us with our past, and makes us heirs Of deeds high-hearted as were ever done 'Neath the all-seeing sun.
Morn came at last to peer into our woe, When, lo, a sail ! Now surely help was nigh ; The red cross flames aloft, Christ's pledge ; but, no, Her black guns grinning hate, she rushes by And hails us : "Gains the leak ! Ay, so we thought ! Sink, then, with curses fraught !"	But there was one, the Singer of our crew, Upon whose head Age waved his peaceful sign, But whose red heart's-blood no sur- render knew ; And couchant under brows of massive line, The eyes, like guns beneath a parapet, Watched, charged with light- nings yet.
I leaned against my gun still angry- hot, And my lids tingled with the tears held back ; This scorn methought was crueller than shot : The manly death-grip in the battle- wrack, Yard-arm to yard-arm, were more friendly far Than such fear-smothered war.	The voices of the hills did his obey ; The torrents flashed and tumbled in his song ; He brought our native fields from far away, Or set us 'mid the innumerable throng Of dateless woods, or where we heard the calm Old homestead's evening psalm.
There our foe wallowed, like a wounded brute The fiercer for his hurt. What now were best ? Once more tug bravely at the peril's root, Though death came with it ? Or evade the test If right or wrong in this God's world of ours Be leagued with higher powers ?	But now he sang of faith in things unseen, Of freedom's birthright given to us in trust ; And words of doughty cheer he spoke between, That made all earthly fortune seem as dust, Matched with that duty, old as Time and new, Of being brave and true.
Some, faintly loyal, felt their pulses lag With the slow beat that doubts and then despairs ;	We, listening, learned what makes the might of words,— Manhood to back them, constant as a star ; His voice rammed home our cannon, edged our swords, And sent our boarders shouting : shroud and spar

Heard him and stiffened ; the sails
 heard, and wooed
 The winds with loftier mood.

In our dark hours he manned our
 guns again ;
 Remanned ourselves from his own
 manhood's stores ;
 Pride, honour, country, throbbed
 through all his strain ;
 And shall we praise ? God's praise
 was his before ;
 And on our futile laurels he looks
 down,
 Himself our bravest crown.

ODE RECITED AT THE
 HARVARD COMMEMORATION

JULY 21, 1865

I

WEAK-WINGED is song,
 Nor aims at that clear-ethered
 height
 Whither the brave deed climbs for
 light :
 We seem to do them wrong,
 Bringing our robin's-leaf to deck
 their hearse
 Who in warm life-blood wrote their
 nobler verse,
 Our trivial song to honour those who
 come
 With ears attuned to strenuous
 trump and drum,
 And shaped in squadron-strophes
 their desire,
 Live battle-odes whose lines were
 steel and fire :
 Yet sometimes feathered words
 are strong
 A gracious memory to buoy up and
 save
 From Lethe's dreamless ooze, the
 common grave
 Of the unventurous throng.

II

To-day our Reverend Mother wel-
 comes back
 Her wisest Scholars, those who
 understood
 The deeper teaching of her mystic
 tome,
 And offered their fresh lives to
 make it good :
 No lore of Greece or Rome,
 No science peddling with the names
 of things,
 Or reading stars to find inglorious
 fates,
 Can lift our life with wings
 Far from Death's idle gulf that for
 the many waits,
 And lengthen out our dates
 With that clear fame whose memory
 sings
 In manly hearts to come, and nerves
 them and dilates :
 Nor such thy teaching, Mother of
 us all !
 Not such the trumpet-call
 Of thy diviner mood,
 That could thy sons entice
 From happy homes and toils, the
 fruitful nest
 Of those half-virtues which the
 world calls best,
 Into War's tumult rude ;
 But rather far that stern
 device
 The sponsors chose that round thy
 cradle stood
 In the dim, unventured wood,
 The VERITAS that lurks beneath
 The letter's unprolific sheath,
 Life of whate'er makes life worth
 living,
 Seed-grain of high emprise, im-
 mortal food,
 One heavenly thing whereof earth
 hath the giving.

III

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's
 best oil
 Amid the dust of books to find
 her,

Content at last, for guerdon of their
toil,
With the cast mantle she hath left
behind her.
Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many with crossed hands sighed
for her ;
But these, our brothers, fought
for her ;
At life's dear peril wrought for
her,
So loved her that they died for her,
Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness :
Their higher instinct knew
Those love her best who to themselves
are true,
And what they dare to dream of,
dare to do ;
They followed her and found her
Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful, with danger's sweet-
ness round her.
Where faith made whole with
deed
Breathes its awakening breath
Into the lifeless creed,
They saw her plumed and mailed,
With sweet, stern face unveiled,
And all-repaying eyes, look proud on
them in death.

IV

Our slender life runs rippling by, and
glides
Into the silent hollow of the past ;
What is there that abides
To make the next age better for
the last ?
Is earth too poor to give us
Something to live for here that
shall outlive us ?
Some more substantial boon
Than such as flows and ebbs with
Fortune's fickle moon ?
The little that we see
From doubt is never free ;
The little that we do
Is but half-nobly true ;
With our laborious hiving

What men call treasure, and the gods
call dross,
Life seems a jest of Fate's con-
triving,
Only secure in every one's conniv-
ing,
A long account of nothings paid with
loss,
Where we poor puppets, jerked by
unseen wires,
After our little hour of strut and
rave,
With all our pasteboard passions and
desires,
Loves, hates, ambitions, and im-
mortal fires,
Are tossed pell-mell together in
the grave.
But stay ! no age was e'er degene-
rate,
Unless men held it at too cheap a
rate,
For in our likeness still we shape
our fate.

Ah, there is something here
Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer,
Something that gives our feeble
light
A high immunity from Night,
Something that leaps life's narrow
bars
To claim its birthright with the
hosts of heaven ;
A seed of sunshine that doth
leaven
Our earthy dulness with the beams
of stars,
And glorify our clay
With light from fountains older
than the Day ;
A conscience more divine than
we,
A gladness fed with secret tears,
A vexing, forward-reaching
sense
Of some more noble perma-
nence ;
A light across the sea,
Which haunts the soul and will
not let it be,
Still glimmering from the heights of
undegenerate years.

V

Whither leads the path
 To ampler fates that leads?
 Not down through flowery
 meads,
 To reap an aftermath
 Of youth's vainglorious weeds,
 But up the steep, amid the
 wrath
 And shock of deadly-hostile
 creeds,
 Where the world's best hope and
 stay
 By battle's flashes gropes a despe-
 rate way,
 And every turf the fierce foot clings
 to bleeds.
 Peace hath her not ignoble wreath,
 Ere yet the sharp, decisive word
 Light the black lips of cannon, and
 the sword
 Dreams in its easeful sheath;
 But some day the live coal behind
 the thought,
 Whether from Baäl's stone
 obscene,
 Or from the shrine serene
 Of God's pure altar brought,
 Bursts up in flame; the war of
 tongue and pen
 Learns with what deadly purpose it
 was fraught,
 And, helpless in the fiery passion
 caught,
 Shakes all the pillared state with
 shock of men:
 Someday the soft Ideal that we wooed
 Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset, pur-
 sued,
 And cries reproachful: "Was it,
 then, my praise,
 And not myself was loved? Prove
 now thy truth;
 I claim of thee the promise of thy
 youth;
 Give me thy life, or cower in empty
 phrase,
 The victim of thy genius, not its
 mate."
 Life may be given in many ways,
 And loyalty to Truth be sealed

As bravely in the closet as the
 field,
 So bountiful is Fate;
 But then to stand beside her,
 When craven churls deride her,
 To front a lie in arms and not to
 yield,
 This shows, methinks, God's
 plan
 And measure of a stalwart
 man,
 Limbed like the old heroic
 breeds,
 Who stands self-poised on
 manhood's solid earth,
 Not forced to frame excuses for
 his birth,
 Fed from within with all the strength
 he needs.

VI

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
 Whom late the Nation he had
 led,
 With ashes on her head,
 Wept with the passion of an angry
 grief:
 Forgive me if from present things I
 turn
 To speak what in my heart will beat
 and burn,
 And hang my wreath on his world-
 honoured urn.
 Nature, they say, doth dote,
 And cannot make a man
 Save on some worn-out plan,
 Repeating us by rote:
 For him her Old-World moulds aside
 she threw,
 And, choosing sweet clay from
 the breast
 Of the unexhausted West,
 With stuff untainted shaped a hero
 new,
 Wise, steadfast in the strength of
 God, and true.
 How beautiful to see
 Once more a shepherd of mankind
 indeed,
 Who loved his charge, but never
 loved to lead;

One whose meek flock the people
 joyed to be,
 Not lured by any cheat of
 birth,
 But by his clear-grained human
 worth,
 And brave old wisdom of sincerity !
 They knew that outward grace
 is dust ;
 They could not choose but trust
 In that sure-footed mind's unfalter-
 ing skill,
 And supple-tempered will
 That bent like perfect steel to spring
 again and thrust.
 His was no lonely mountain-
 peak of mind,
 Thrusting to thin air o'er our
 cloudy bars,
 A sea-mark now, now lost in
 vapours blind ;
 Broad prairie rather, genial,
 level-lined,
 Fruitful and friendly for all
 human kind,
 Yet also nigh to heaven and loved
 of loftiest stars.
 Nothing of Europe here,
 Or, then, of Europe fronting morn-
 ward still,
 Ere any names of Serf and Peer
 Could Nature's equal scheme
 deface
 And thwart her genial will ;
 Here was a type of the true
 elder race,
 And one of Plutarch's men talked
 with us face to face.
 I praise him not ; it were too
 late ;
 And some innate weakness there
 must be
 In him who condescends to victory
 Such as the Present gives, and cannot
 wait,
 Safe in himself as in a fate.
 So always firmly he :
 He knew to bide his time,
 And can his fame abide,
 Still patient in his simple faith
 sublime,
 Till the wise years decide.

Great captains, with their guns and
 drums,
 Disturb our judgment for the
 hour,
 But at last silence comes ;
 These all are gone, and, standing
 like a tower,
 Our children shall behold his fame,
 The kindly-earnest, brave, fore-
 seeing man,
 Sagacious, patient, dreading praise,
 not blame,
 New birth of our new soil, the first
 American.

VII

Long as man's hope insatiate can
 discern
 Or only guess some more inspir-
 ing goal
 Outside of Self, enduring as the
 pole,
 Along whose course the flying axles
 burn
 Of spirits bravely-pitched, earth's
 manlier brood ;
 Long as below we cannot find
 The meed that stills the inexor-
 able mind ;
 So long this faith to some ideal
 Good,
 Under whatever mortal names it
 masks,
 Freedom, Law, Country, this
 ethereal mood
 That thanks the Fates for their
 severer tasks,
 Feeling its challenged pulses leap,
 While others skulk in subterfuges
 cheap,
 And, set in Danger's van, has all the
 boon it asks,
 Shall win man's praise and woman's
 love,
 Shall be a wisdom that we set above
 All other skills and gifts to culture
 dear,
 A virtue round whose forehead we
 inwreath
 Laurels that with a living passion
 breathe

When other crowns grow, while we
twine them, sear.

What brings us thronging these
high rites to pay,
And seal these hours the noblest of
our year,
Save that our brothers found this
better way?

VIII

We sit here in the Promised
Land
That flows with Freedom's honey
and milk;
But 'twas they won it, sword in
hand,
Making the nettle danger soft for us
as silk.

We welcome back our bravest and
our best;—
Ah me! not all! some come not
with the rest,
Who went forth brave and bright as
any here!

I strive to mix some gladness with
my strain,
But the sad strings complain,
And will not please the ear:
I sweep them for a pæan, but they
wane

Again and yet again
Into a dirge, and die away in pain.
In these brave ranks I only see the
gaps,

Thinking of dear ones whom the
dumb turf wraps,
Dark to the triumph which they died
to gain:

Fittier may others greet the
living,

For me the past is unforgiving;
I with uncovered head
Salute the sacred dead,
Who went, and who return not.—Say
not so!

'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that
repay,

But the high faith that failed not by
the way;

Virtue treads paths that end not in
the grave;

No bar of endless night exiles the
brave;

And to the saner mind
We rather seem the dead that stayed
behind.

Blow, trumpets, all your exultations
blow!

For never shall their aureoled pre-
sence lack:

I see them muster in a gleaming row,
With ever-youthful brows that nobler
show;

We find in our dull road their shining
track;

In every nobler mood
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
Part of our life's unalterable good,
Of all our saintlier aspiration;

They come transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-
hearted ways,

Beautiful evermore, and with the
rays

Of morn on their white Shields of
Expectation!

IX

But is there hope to save
Even this ethereal essence from
the grave?

What ever'scaped Oblivion's subtle
wrong

Save a few clarion names, or golden
threads of song?

Before my musing eye
The mighty ones of old sweep by,
Disvoiced now and insubstantial
things,

As noisy once as we; poor ghosts
of kings,

Shadows of empire wholly gone
to dust,

And many races, nameless long ago,
To darkness driven by that im-
perious gust

Of ever-rushing Time that here
doth blow:

O visionary world, condition
strange,

Where naught abiding is but only
Change,

Where the deep-bolted stars themselves still shift and range !
 Shall we to more continuance make pretence ?
 Renown builds tombs ; a life-estate is Wit ;
 And, bit by bit,
 The cunning years steal all from us but woe ;
 Leaves are we, whose decays no harvest sow.
 But, when we vanish hence,
 Shall they lie forceless in the dark below,
 Save to make green their little length of sods,
 Or deepen pansies for a year or two,
 Who now to us are shining-sweet as gods ?
 Was dying all they had the skill to do ?
 That were not fruitless : but the Soul resents
 Such short-lived service, as if blind events
 Ruled without her, or earth could so endure ;
 She claims a more divine investiture
 Of longer tenure than Fame's airy rents ;
 Whate'er she touches doth her nature share ;
 Her inspiration haunts the ennobled air,
 Gives eyes to mountains blind,
 Ears to the deaf earth, voices to the wind,
 And her clear trump sings succour everywhere
 By lonely bivouacs to the wakeful mind ;
 For soul inherits all that soul could dare :
 Yea, Manhood hath a wider span
 And larger privilege of life than man.
 The single deed, the private sacrifice,
 So radiant now through proudly-hidden tears,

Is covered up ere long from mortal eyes
 With thoughtless drift of the deciduous years ;
 But that high privilege that makes all men peers,
 That leap of heart whereby a people rise
 Up to a noble anger's height,
 And, flamed on by the Fates, not shrink, but grow more bright,
 That swift validity in noble veins
 Of choosing danger and disdain-ing shame,
 Of being set on flame
 By the pure fire that flies all contact base,
 But wraps its chosen with angelic might,
 These are imperishable gains,
 Sure as the sun, medicinal as light,
 These hold great futures in their lusty reins
 And certify to earth a new imperial race.

X

Who now shall sneer ?
 Who dare again to say we trace
 Our lines to a plebeian race ?
 Roundhead and Cavalier !
 Dumb are those names ere while in battle loud ;
 Dream-footed as the shadow of a cloud,
 They flit across the ear :
 That is best blood that hath most iron in't,
 To edge resolve with, pouring without stint
 For what makes manhood dear.
 Tell us not of Plantagenets,
 Hapsburgs, and Guelfs, whose thin bloods crawl
 Down from some victor in a border-brawl !
 How poor their outworn coronets,

Matched with one leaf of that plain
 civic wreath
 Our brave for honour's blazon shall
 bequeath,
 Through whose desert a rescued
 Nation sets
 Her heel on treason, and the trumpet
 hears
 Shout victory, tingling Europe's
 sullen ears
 With vain resentments and more
 vain regrets!

XI

Not in anger, not in pride,
 Pure from passion's mixture
 rude,
 Ever to base earth allied,
 But with far-heard gratitude,
 Still with heart and voice re-
 newed,
 To heroes living and dear martyrs
 dead,
 The strain should close that conse-
 crates our brave.
 Lift the heart and lift the
 head!
 Lofty be its mood and grave,
 Not without a martial ring,
 Not without a prouder tread
 And a peal of exultation:
 Little right has he to sing
 Through whose heart in such
 an hour
 Beats no march of conscious
 power,
 Sweeps no tumult of elation!
 'Tis no Man we celebrate,
 By his country's victories
 great,
 A hero half, and half the whim
 of Fate,
 But the pith and marrow of a
 Nation
 Drawing force from all her
 men,
 Highest, humblest, weakest,
 all,
 For her time of need, and
 then
 Pulsing it again through them,

Till the basest can no longer cower,
 Feeling his soul spring up divinely
 tall,
 Touched but in passing by her
 mantle-hem.
 Come back, then, noble pride, for
 'tis her dower!
 How could poet ever tower,
 If his passions, hopes, and
 fears,
 If his triumphs and his tears,
 Kept not measure with his
 people?
 Boom, cannon, boom to all the winds
 and waves!
 Clash out, glad bells, from every
 rocking steeple!
 Banners, adance with triumph, bend
 your staves!
 And from every mountain-peak
 Let beacon-fire to answering
 beacon speak,
 Katahdin tell Monadnock, White-
 face he,
 And so leap on in light from sea to
 sea,
 Till the glad news be sent
 Across a kindling continent,
 Making earth feel more firm and air
 breathe braver:
 "Be proud! for she is saved, and all
 have helped to save her!
 She that lifts up the manhood of
 the poor,
 She of the open soul and open
 door,
 With room about her hearth for
 all mankind!
 The fire is dreadful in her eyes
 no more;
 From her bold front the helm
 she doth unbind,
 Sends all her handmaid armies
 back to spin,
 And bids her navies, that so
 lately hurled
 Their crashing battle, hold their
 thunders in,
 Swimming like birds of calm
 along the unharmed shore.
 No challenge sends she to the
 elder world,

That looked askance and hated;
 a light scorn
 Plays o'er her mouth, as round
 her mighty knees
 She calls her children back,
 and waits the morn
 Of nobler day, enthroned between
 her subject seas."

XII

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast
 found release!
 Thy God, in these distempered
 days,
 Hath taught thee the sure wisdom
 of His ways,
 And through thine enemies hath
 wrought thy peace!
 Bow down in prayer and
 praise!
 No poorest in thy borders but may
 now
 Lift to the juster skies a man's en-
 franchised brow.

O Beautiful! my Country! ours once
 more!
 Smoothing thy gold of war-dis-
 hevelled hair
 O'er such sweet brows as never other
 wore,
 And letting thy set lips,
 Freed from wrath's pale
 eclipse,
 The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
 What words divine of lover or of poet
 Could tell our love and make thee
 know it,
 Among the Nations bright beyond
 compare?
 What were our lives without
 thee?
 What all our lives to save
 thee?
 We reck not what we gave
 thee;
 We will not dare to doubt
 thee,
 But ask whatever else, and we will
 dare!

L'ENVOI

TO THE MUSE

WHITHER? Albeit I follow fast,
 In all life's circuit I but find,
 Not where thou art, but where thou
 wast,
 Sweet beckoner, more fleet than
 wind!
 I haunt the pine-dark solitudes,
 With soft brown silence carpeted,
 And plot to snare thee in the woods:
 Peace I o'ertake, but thou art fled!
 I find the rock where thou didst rest,
 The moss thy skimming foot hath
 prest;
 All Nature with thy parting thrills,
 Like branches after birds new-flown;
 Thy passage hill and hollow fills
 With hints of virtue not their own;

In dimples still the water slips
 Where thou hast dipt thy finger-
 tips;
 Just, just beyond, for ever burn
 Gleams of grace without return;
 Upon thy shade I plant my foot,
 And through my frame strange rap-
 tures shoot;
 All of thee but thyself I grasp;
 I seem to fold thy luring shape,
 And vague air to my bosom clasp,
 'Thou lithe, perpetual Escape!
 One mask and then another drops,
 And thou art secret as before:
 Sometimes with flooded ear I list,
 And hear thee, wondrous organist,
 From mighty continental stops
 A thunder of new music pour;

Through pipes of earth and air and
stone

Thy inspiration deep is blown ;
Through mountains, forests, open
downs,

Lakes, railroads, prairies, states, and
towns,

Thy gathering fugue goes rolling on
From Maine to utmost Oregon ;

The factory-wheels in cadence hum,
From brawling parties concords
come ;

All this I hear, or seem to hear,
But when, enchanted, I draw near
To mate with words the various
theme,

Life seems a whiff of kitchen steam,
History an organ-grinder's thrum,

For thou hast slipt from it and me
And all thine organ-pipes left dumb,
Most mutable Perversity !

Not weary yet, I still must seek,
And hope for luck next day, next
week ;

I go to see the great man ride,
Shiplike, the swelling human tide
That floods to bear him into port,
Trophied from Senate-hall and
Court ;

Thy magnetism, I feel it there,
Thy rhythmic presence fleet and rare,
Making the Mob a moment fine
With glimpses of their own Divine,
As in their demigod they see

Their cramped ideal soaring free ;
'Twas thou didst bear the fire about,
That, like the springing of a mine,
Sent up to heaven the street-long
shout.

Full well I know that thou wast here,
It was thy breath that brushed my
ear ;

But vainly in the stress and whirl
I dive for thee, the moment's pearl.

Through every shape thou well canst
run,

Proteus, 'twixt rise and set of sun,
Well pleased with logger-camps in
Maine

As where Milan's pale Duomo lies

A stranded glacier on the plain,
Its peaks and pinnacles of ice
Melted in many a quaint device,
And sees, above the city's din,
Afar its silent Alpine kin.

I track thee over carpets deep
To wealth's and beauty's inmost keep ;
Across the sand of bar-room floors
'Mid the stale reek of boosing boors ;
Where drowse the hayfield's fragrant
heats,

Or the flail-heart of Autumn beats ;
I dog thee through the market's
throngs

To where the sea with myriad tongues
Laps the green edges of the pier,
And the tall ships that eastward steer
Curtsy their farewells to the town,
O'er the curved distance lessening
down ;

I follow allwhere for thy sake,
Touch thy robe's hem, but ne'er o'er-
take,

Find where, scarce yet unmoving, lies,
Warm from thy limbs, thy last dis-
guise ;

But thou another shape hast donned,
And lurest still just, just beyond !

But here a voice, I know not whence,
Thrills clearly through my inward
sense,

Saying : " See where she sits at home
While thou in search of her dost
roam !

All summer long her ancient wheel
Whirls humming by the open door,
Or, when the hickory's social zeal

Sets the wide chimney in a roar,
Close-nestled by the tinkling hearth,
It modulates the household mirth
With that sweet serious undertone
Of duty, music all her own ;

Still as of old she sits and spins
Our hopes, our sorrows, and our sins ;
With equal care she twines the fates
Of cottages and mighty states ;
She spins the earth, the air, the sea,
The maiden's unschooled fancy free,
The boy's first love, the man's first
grief,

The budding and the fall o' the leaf ;

The piping west-wind's snowy care
 For her their cloudy fleeces spare,
 Or from the thorns of evil times
 She can glean wool to twist her
 rhymes ;

Morning and noon and eve supply
 To her their fairest tints for dye,
 But ever through her twirling thread
 There spires one line of warmest
 red,

Tinged from the homestead's genial
 heart,

The stamp and warrant of her art ;
 With this Time's sickle she outwears,
 And blunts the Sisters' baffled shears.

“ Harass her not : thy heat and stir
 But greater coyness breed in her ;
 Yet thou mayst find, ere Age's frost,
 Thy long apprenticeship not lost,
 Learning at last that Stygian Fate
 Unbends to him that knows to wait.
 The Muse is womanish, nor deigns
 Her love to him that pules and plains ;
 With proud, averted face she stands

To him that woos with empty hands.
 Make thyself free of Manhood's guild ;
 Pull down thy barns and greater
 build ;

The wood, the mountain, and the plain
 Wave breast-deep with the poet's
 grain ;

Pluck thou the sunset's fruit of gold,
 Glean from the heavens and ocean old ;
 From fireside lone and trampling
 street

Let thy life garner daily wheat ;
 The epic of a man rehearse,
 Be something better than thy verse ;
 Make thyself rich, and then the Muse
 Shall court thy precious interviews,
 Shall take thy head upon her knee,
 And such enchantment lilt to thee,
 That thou shalt hear the life-blood
 flow

From farthest stars to grass-blades
 low,
 And find the Listener's science still
 Transcends the Singer's deepest
 skill ! ”

THE CATHEDRAL

FAR through the memory shines a happy day, Cloudless of care, down-shod to every sense, And simply perfect from its own resource, As to a bee the new campanula's Illuminate seclusion swung in air. Such days are not the prey of setting suns, Nor ever blurred with mist of after- thought; Like words made magical by poets dead, Wherein the music of all meaning is The sense hath garnered or the soul divined, They mingle with our life's ethereal part, Sweetening and gathering sweetness evermore, By beauty's franchise disenthralled of time. I can recall, nay, they are present still, Parts of myself, the perfume of my mind, Days that seem farther off than Homer's now, Ere yet the child had loudened to the boy, And I, recluse from playmates, found perforce Companionship in things that not denied Nor granted wholly; as is Nature's wont, Who, safe in uncontaminate reserve, Lets us mistake our longing for her love, And mocks with various echo of our- selves.	These first sweet frauds upon our consciousness, That blend the sensual with its imaged world, These virginal cognitions, gifts of morn, Ere life grow noisy, and slower- footed thought Can overtake the rapture of the sense, To thrust between ourselves and what we feel, Have something in them secretly divine. Vainly the eye, once schooled to serve the brain, With pains deliberate studies to renew The ideal vision: second-thoughts are prose; For beauty's acme hath a term as brief As the wave's poise before it break in pearl. Our own breath dims the mirror of the sense, Looking too long and closely: at a flash We snatch the essential grace of meaning out, And that first passion beggars all behind, Heirs of a tamer transport prepos- sessed. Who, seeing once, has truly seen again The gray vague of unsympathising sea That dragged his Fancy from her moorings back To shores inhospitable of eldest time, Till blank foreboding of earth-gen- dered powers, Pitiless seigniories in the elements, Omnipotences blind that darkling smite,
--	--

Misgave him, and repaganised the
 world?
 Yet, by some subtler touch of sym-
 pathy,
 These primal apprehensions, dimly
 stirred,
 Perplex the eye with pictures from
 within.
 This hath made poets dream of lives
 foregone
 In worlds fantastical, more fair than
 ours;
 So Memory cheats us, glimpsing half-
 revealed.
 Even as I write she tries her wonted
 spell
 In that continuous redbreast boding
 rain:
 The bird I hear sings not from
 yonder elm,
 But the flown ecstasy my childhood
 heard
 Is vocal in my mind, renewed by him,
 Haply made sweeter by the accumu-
 late thrill
 That threads my undivided life and
 steals
 A pathos from the years and graves
 between.

 I know not how it is with other men,
 Whom I but guess, deciphering my-
 self;
 For me, once felt is so felt never-
 more.
 The fleeting relish at sensation's brim
 Had in it the best ferment of the
 wine.
 One spring I knew as never any since:
 All night the surges of the warm
 south-west
 Boomed intermittent through the
 shuddering elms,
 And brought a morning from the
 Gulf adrift,
 Omnipotent with sunshine, whose
 quick charm
 Startled with crocuses the sullen turf
 And wiled the bluebird to his whiff
 of song:
 One summer hour abides, what time
 I perched,

Dappled with noonday, under sim-
 mering leaves,
 And pulled the pulpy oxhearts, while
 aloof
 An oriole clattered and the robins
 shrilled,
 Denouncing me an alien and a thief:
 One morn of autumn lords it o'er the
 rest,
 When in the lane I watched the ash-
 leaves fall,
 Balancing softly earthward without
 wind,
 Or twirling with directer impulse
 down
 On those fallen yesterday, now
 barbed with frost,
 While I grew pensive with the pen-
 sive year:
 And once I learned how marvellous
 winter was,
 When past the fence rails, downy-
 gray with rime,
 I creaked adventurous o'er the
 spangled crust
 That made familiar fields seem far
 and strange
 As those stark wastes that whiten
 endlessly
 In ghastly solitude about the pole,
 And gleam relentless to the unset-
 tling sun:
 Instant the candid chambers of my
 brain
 Were painted with these sovran
 images;
 And later visions seem but copies
 pale
 From those unfading frescos of the
 past,
 Which I, young savage, in my age of
 flint,
 Gazed at, and dimly felt a power in
 me
 Parted from Nature by the joy in her
 That doubtfully revealed me to
 myself.
 Thenceforward I must stand outside
 the gate;
 And paradise was paradise the more,
 Known once and barred against
 satiety.

What we call Nature, all outside
 ourselves,
 Is but our own conceit of what we
 see,
 Our own reaction upon what we feel;
 The world's a woman to our shifting
 mood,
 Feeling with us, or making due
 pretence;
 And therefore we the more persuade
 ourselves
 To make all things our thought's
 confederates,
 Conniving with us in whate'er we
 dream.
 So when our Fancy seeks analogies,
 Though she have hidden what she
 after finds,
 She loves to cheat herself with
 feigned surprise.
 I find my own complexion every-
 where:
 No rose, I doubt, was ever, like the
 first,
 A marvel to the bush it dawned upon,
 The rapture of its life made visible,
 The mystery of its yearning realised,
 As the first babe to the first woman
 born;
 No falcon ever felt delight of wings
 As when, an eyas, from the stolid cliff
 Loosing himself, he followed his
 high heart
 To swim on sunshine, masterless as
 wind;
 And I believe the brown earth takes
 delight
 In the new snowdrop looking back
 at her,
 To think that by some vernal alchemy
 It could transmute her darkness into
 pearl;
 What is the buxom peony after that,
 With its coarse constancy of hoyden
 blush?
 What the full summer to that wonder
 new?
 But, if in nothing else, in us there is
 A sense fastidious hardly reconciled
 To the poor makeshifts of life's
 scenery,

Where the same slide must double
 all its parts,
 Shoved in for Tarsus and hitched
 back for Tyre.
 I blame not in the soul this daintiness,
 Rasher of surfeit than a humming-
 bird,
 In things indifferent by sense pur-
 veyed;
 It argues her an immortality
 And dateless incomes of experience,
 This unthrift housekeeping that will
 not brook
 A dish warmed-over at the feast of
 life,
 And finds Twice stale, served with
 whatever sauce.
 Nor matters much how it may go
 with me
 Who dwell in Grub Street and am
 proud to drudge
 Where men, my betters, wet their
 crust with tears:
 Use can make sweet the peach's
 shady side,
 That only by reflection tastes of sun.
 But she, my Princess, who will
 sometimes deign
 My garret to illumine till the walls,
 Narrow and dingy, scrawled with
 hackneyed thought
 (Poor Richard slowly elbowing Plato
 out),
 Dilate and drape themselves with
 tapestries
 Nausikaa might have stooped o'er,
 while, between,
 Mirrors, effaced in their own clear-
 ness, send
 Her only image on through deepen-
 ing deeps
 With endless repercussion of de-
 light,—
 Bringer of life, witching each sense
 to soul,
 That sometimes almost gives me to
 believe
 I might have been a poet, gives at
 least
 A brain desaxonised, an ear that
 makes

Music where none is, and a keener pang Of exquisite surmise outleaping thought,— Her will I pamper in her luxury: No crumpled rose-leaf of too careless choice Shall bring a northern nightmare to her dreams, Vexing with sense of exile; hers shall be The invitiating firstlings of experience, Vibrations felt but once and felt life long: Oh, more than half-way turn that Grecian front Upon me, while with self-rebuke I spell, On the plain fillet that confines thy hair In conscious bounds of seeming unconstraint, The <i>Naught in overplus</i>, thy race's badge! One feast for her I secretly designed In that Old World so strangely beautiful To us the disinherited of eld,— A day at Chartres, with no soul beside To roil with pedant prate my joy serene And make the minster shy of confidence. I went, and, with the Saxon's pious care, First ordered dinner at the peagreen inn, The flies and I its only customers, Till by-and-by there came two Englishmen, Who made me feel, in their engaging way, I was a poacher on their self-preserve, Intent constructively on lese-anglicism. To them (in those old razor-ridden days) My beard translated me to hostile French;	So they, desiring guidance in the town, Half-condescended to my baser sphere, And, clubbing in one mess their lack of phrase, Set their best man to grapple with the Gaul. "Esker vous ate a nabitang?" he asked; "I never ate one; are they good?" asked I; Whereat they stared, then laughed, and we were friends, The seas, the wars, the centuries interposed, Abolished in the truce of common speech And mutual comfort of the mother-tongue. Like escaped convicts of Propriety, They furtively partook the joys of men, Glancing behind when buzzed some louder fly. Eluding these, I loitered through the town, With hope to take my minster un-awares In its grave solitude of memory. A pretty burgh, and such as Fancy loves For bygone grandeurs, faintly rumorous now Upon the mind's horizon, as of storm Brooding its dreamy thunders far aloof, That mingle with our mood, but not disturb. Its once grim bulwarks, tamed to lovers' walks, Look down unwatchful on the sliding Eure, Whose listless leisure suits the quiet place, Lispering among his shallows home-like sounds At Concord and by Bankside heard before. Chance led me to a public pleasure-ground,
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Where I grew kindly with the merry
 groups,
 And blessed the Frenchman for his
 simple art
 Of being domestic in the light of
 day.
 His language has no word we growl
 for Home;
 But he can find a fireside in the
 sun,
 Play with his child, make love, and
 shriek his mind,
 By throngs of strangers undispr-
 vacied.
 He makes his life a public gallery,
 Nor feels himself till what he feels
 comes back
 In manifold reflection from with-
 out;
 While we, each pore alert with con-
 sciousness,
 Hide our best selves as we had
 stolen them,
 And each bystander a detective
 were,
 Keen-eyed for every chink of un-
 disguise.

So, musing o'er the problem which
 was best,—
 A life wide-windowed, shining all
 abroad,
 Or curtains drawn to shield from
 sight profane
 The rites we pay to the mysterious
 I,—
 With outward senses furloughed
 and head bowed
 I followed some fine instinct in my
 feet,
 Till, to unbend me from the loom of
 thought,
 Looking up suddenly, I found mine
 eyes
 Confronted with the minster's vast
 repose.
 Silent and gray as forest-leaguered
 cliff
 Left inland by the ocean's slow re-
 treat,
 That hears afar the breeze-borne
 rote and longs,

Remembering shocks of surf that
 clomb and fell,
 Spume-sliding down the baffled de-
 cuman,
 It rose before me, patiently remote
 From the great tides of life it
 breasted once,
 Hearing the noise of men as in a
 dream.
 I stood before the triple northern
 port,
 Where dedicated shapes of saints
 and kings,
 Stern faces bleared with immemo-
 rial watch,
 Looked down benignly grave and
 seemed to say,
*Ye come and go incessant; we remain
 Safe in the hallowed quiet of the past;
 Be reverent, ye who flit and are forgot,
 Of faith so nobly realised as this.*
 I seem to have heard it said by
 learned folk
 Who drench you with æsthetics till
 you feel
 As if all beauty were a ghastly
 bore;
 The faucet to let loose a wash of
 words,
 That Gothic is not Grecian, there-
 fore worse;
 But, being convinced by much ex-
 periment
 How little inventiveness there is in
 man,
 Grave copier of copies, I give thanks
 For a new relish, careless to inquire
 My pleasure's pedigree, if so it please,
 Nobly, I mean, nor renegade to art.
 The Grecian gluts me with its per-
 fectness,
 Unanswerable as Euclid, self-con-
 tained,
 The one thing finished in this hasty
 world,
 For ever finished, though the bar-
 barous pit,
 Fanatical on hearsay, stamp and
 shout
 As if a miracle could be encored.
 But ah! this other, this that never
 ends,

Still climbing, luring fancy still to climb, As full of morals half-divined as life, Graceful, grotesque, with ever new surprise Of hazardous caprices sure to please, Heavy as nightmare, airy-light as fern, Imagination's very self in stone! With one long sigh of infinite release From pedantries past, present, or to come, I looked, and owned myself a happy Goth. Your blood is mine, ye architects of dream, Builders of aspiration incomplete, So more consummate, souls self-confident, Who felt your own thought worthy of record In monumental pomp! No Grecian drop Rebukes these veins that leap with kindred thrill, After long exile, to the mother-tongue. Ovid in Pontus, puling for his Rome Of men invirile and disnatured dames That poison sucked from the Attic bloom decayed, Shrank with a shudder from the blue-eyed race Whose force rough-handed should renew the world, And from the dregs of Romulus express Such wine as Dante poured, or he who blew Roland's vain blast, or sang the Campeador In verse that clanks like armour in the charge,— Homeric juice, if brimmed in Odin's horn. And they could build, if not the columned fane That from the height gleamed seaward many-hued,	Something more friendly with their ruder skies: The gray spire, molten now in driving mist, Now lulled with the incommunicable blue; The carvings touched to meanings new with snow, Or commented with fleeting grace of shade; The statues, motley as man's memory, Partial as that, so mixed of true and false, History and legend meeting with a kiss Across this bound-mark where their realms confine; The painted windows, freaking gloom with glow, Dusking the sunshine which they seem to cheer, Meet symbol of the senses and the soul: And the whole pile, grim with the Northman's thought Of life and death, and doom, life's equal fee,— These were before me: and I gazed abashed, Child of an age that lectures, not creates, Plastering our swallow-nests on the awful Past, And twittering round the work of larger men, As we had builded what we but deface. Far up the great bells wallowed in delight, Tossing their clangours o'er the heedless town. To call the worshippers who never came, Or women mostly, in loath twos and threes. I entered, reverent of whatever shrine Guards piety and solace for my kind, Or gives the soul a moment's truce of God,
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And shared decorous in the ancient rite My sterner fathers held idolatrous. The service over, I was tranced in thought : Solemn the deepening vaults, and most to me, Fresh from the fragile realm of deal and paint, Or brick mock-pious with a marble front ; Solemn the lift of high-embowered roof, The clustered stems that spread in boughs disleaved, Through which the organ blew a dream of storm,— Though not more potent to sublime with awe And shut the heart up in tranquillity, Than aisles to me familiar that o'er- arch The conscious silences of brooding woods, Centurial shadows, cloisters of the elk : Yet here was sense of undefined regret, Irreparable loss, uncertain what : Was all this grandeur but anachro- nism,— A shell divorced of its informing life, Where the priest housed him like a hermit-crab, An alien to that faith of elder days That gathered round it this fair shape of stone ? Is old Religion but a spectre now, Haunting the solitude of darkened minds, Mocked out of memory by the sceptic day ? Is there no corner safe from peeping Doubt, Since Gutenberg made thought cos- mopolite And stretched electric threads from mind to mind ? Nay, did Faith build this wonder ? or did Fear, That makes a fetish and misnames it God	(Blockish or metaphysic, matters not), Contrive this coopt to shut its tyrant in, Appeased with playthings, that he might not harm ? I turned and saw a beldame on her knees ; With eyes astray, she told mechanic beads Before some shrine of saintly woman- hood, Bribed intercessor with the far-off Judge : Such my first thought, by kindlier soon rebuked, Pleading for whatsoever touches life With upward impulse: be He no- where else, God is in all that liberates and lifts, In all that humbles, sweetens, and consoles : Blessèd the natures shored on every side With landmarks of hereditary thought ! Thrice happy they that wander not life long Beyond near succour of the house- hold faith, The guarded fold that shelters, not confines ! Their steps find patience in familiar paths, Printed with hope by loved feet gone before Of parent, child, or lover, glorified By simple magic of dividing Time. My lids were moistened as the woman knelt, And—was it will, or some vibration faint Of sacred Nature, deeper than the will ?— My heart occultly felt itself in hers, Through mutual intercession gently leagued. Or was it not mere sympathy of brain ? A sweetness intellectually conceived In simpler creeds to me impossible ? A juggle of that pity for ourselves
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In others, which puts on such pretty masks	Lest some day the all-sustaining base divine
And snares self-love with bait of charity?	Should fall from under us, dissolved in gas?
Something of all it might be, or of none:	The armed eye that with a glance discerns
Yet for a moment I was snatched away	In a dry blood-speck between ox and man,
And had the evidence of things not seen;	Stares helpless at this miracle called life,
For one rapt moment; then it all came back,	This shaping potency behind the egg, This circulation swift of deity,
This age that blots out life with ques- tion-marks,	Where suns and systems inconspi- cuous float
This nineteenth century with its knife and glass	As the poor blood-disks in our mortal veins.
That make thought physical, and thrust far off	Each age must worship its own thought of God,
The Heaven, so neighbourly with man of old,	More or less earthy, clarifying still With subsidence continuous of the dregs;
To voids sparse-sown with alienated stars.	Nor saint nor sage could fix im- mutably
'Tis irrecoverable, that ancient faith, Homely and wholesome, suited to the time,	The fluent image of the unstable Best,
With rod or candy for child-minded men:	Still changing in their very hands that wrought:
No theologic tube, with lens on lens Of syllogism transparent, brings it near,—	To-day's eternal truth To-morrow proved
At best resolving some new nebula, Or blurring some fixed-star of hope to mist.	Frail as frost-landscapes on a window-pane.
Science was Faith once; Faith were Science now,	Meanwhile Thou smiledst, inac- cessible,
Would she but lay her bow and arrows by	At Thought's own substance made a cage for Thought,
And arm her with the weapons of the time.	And Truth locked fast with her own master-key;
Nothing that keeps thought out is safe from thought.	Nor didst Thou reck what image man might make
For there's no virgin-fort but self- respect,	Of his own shadow on the flowing world;
And Truth defensive hath lost hold on God.	The climbing instinct was enough for Thee.
Shall we treat Him as if He were a child	Or wast Thou, then, an ebbing tide that left
That knew not His own purpose? nor dare trust	Strewn with dead miracle those eldest shores,
The Rock of Ages to their chemic tests,	For men to dry and dryly lecture on, Thyself thenceforth incapable of flood?
	Idle who hopes with prophets to be snatched

By virtue in their mantles left below;
 Shall the soul live on other men's
 report,
 Herself a pleasing fable of herself?
 Man cannot be God's outlaw if he
 would,
 Nor so abscond him in the caves of
 sense
 But Nature still shall search some
 crevice out
 With messages of splendour from
 that Source
 Which, dive he, soar he, baffles still
 and lures.
 This life were brutish did we not
 sometimes
 Have intimation clear of wider scope,
 Hints of occasion infinite, to keep
 The soul alert with noble discontent
 And onward yearnings of unstilled
 desire;
 Fruitless, except we now and then
 divined
 A mystery of Purpose, gleaming
 through
 The secular confusions of the world,
 Whose will we darkly accomplish,
 doing ours.
 No man can think nor in himself
 perceive,
 Sometimes at waking, in the street
 sometimes,
 Or on the hillside, always unfore-
 warned,
 A grace of being finer than him-
 self,
 That beckons and is gone,—a larger
 life
 Upon his own impinging, with swift
 glimpse
 Of spacious circles luminous with
 mind,
 To which the ethereal substance of
 his own
 Seems but gross cloud to make that
 visible,
 Touched to a sudden glory round the
 edge.
 Who that hath known these visita-
 tions fleet
 Would strive to make them trite and
 ritual?

I, that still pray at morning and at
 eve,
 Loving those roots that feed us from
 the past,
 And prizing more than Plato things
 I learned
 At that best academe, a mother's
 knee,
 Thrice in my life perhaps have truly
 prayed,
 Thrice, stirred below my conscious
 self, have felt
 That perfect disenthralment which
 is God;
 Nor know I which to hold worst
 enemy,
 Him who on speculation's windy
 waste
 Would turn me loose, stript of the
 raiment warm
 By Faith contrived against our
 nakedness,
 Or him who, cruel-kind, would fain
 obscure,
 With painted saints and paraphrase
 of God,
 The soul's east-window of divine
 surprise.
 Where others worship I but look and
 long;
 For, though not recreant to my
 fathers' faith,
 Its forms to me are weariness, and
 most
 That drony vacuum of compulsory
 prayer,
 Still pumping phrases for the In-
 effable,
 Though all the valves of memory
 gasp and wheeze.
 Words that have drawn transcendent
 meanings up
 From the best passion of all bygone
 time,
 Steeped through with tears of
 triumph and remorse,
 Sweet with all sainthood, cleansed
 in martyr-fires,
 Can they, so consecrate and so in-
 spired,
 By repetition wane to vexing wind?
 Alas! we cannot draw habitual breath

In the thin air of life's suppremer
heights,
We cannot make each meal a sacra-
ment,
Nor with our tailors be disbodied
souls,—
We men, too conscious of earth's
comedy,
Who see two sides, with our posed
selves debate,
And only for great stakes can be
sublime !
Let us be thankful when, as I do
here,
We can read Bethel on a pile of stones,
And, seeing where God *has* been,
trust in Him.

Brave Peter Fischer there in Nurem-
berg,
Moulding Saint Sebald's miracles in
bronze,
Put saint and stander-by in that
quaint garb
Familiar to him in his daily walk,
Not doubting God could grant a
miracle
Then and in Nuremberg, if so He
would ;
But never artist for three hundred
years
Hath dared the contradiction ludi-
crous
Of supernatural in modern clothes.
Perhaps the deeper faith that is to come
Will see God rather in the stre-
nuous doubt,
Than in the creed held as an infant's
hand
Holds purposeless what so is placed
therein.

Say it is drift, not progress ; none
the less
With the old sextant of the fathers'
creed
We shape our courses by new-risen
stars,
And, still lip-loyal to what once was
truth,
Smuggle new meanings under
ancient names,

Unconscious perverts of the Jesuit,
Time.
Change is the mask that all Con-
tinuance wears
To keep us youngsters harmlessly
amused ;
Meanwhile some ailing or more
watchful child,
Sitting apart, sees the old eyes gleam
out,
Stern, and yet soft with humorous
pity too.
Whilere, men burnt men for a
doubtful point,
As if the mind were quenchable
with fire,
And Faith danced round them with
her war-paint on,
Devoutly savage as an Iroquois ;
Now Calvin and Servetus at one
board
Snuff in grave sympathy a milder
roast,
And o'er their claret settle Comte
unread.
Faggot and stake were desperately
sincere :
Our cooler martyrdoms are done in
types,
And flames that shine in contro-
versial eyes
Burn out no brains but his who
kindles them.
This is no age to get cathedrals built :
Did God, then, wait for one in
Bethlehem ?
Worst is not yet : lo, where his
coming looms,
Of Earth's anarchic children latest
born,
Democracy, a Titan who hath learned
To laugh at Jove's old-fashioned
thunderbolts,—
Could he not also forge them, if he
would ?
He, better skilled, with solvents
merciless,
Loosened in air and borne on every
wind,
Saps unperceived : the calm Olym-
pian height
Of ancient order feels its bases yield,

And pale gods glance for help to
 gods as pale.
 What will be left of good or
 worshipful,
 Of spiritual secrets, mysteries,
 Of fair religion's guarded heritage,
 Heirlooms of soul, passed downward
 unprofaned
 From eldest Ind? This Western
 giant coarse,
 Scorning refinements which he lacks
 himself,
 Loves not nor heeds the ancestral
 hierarchies,
 Each rank dependent on the next
 above
 In orderly gradation fixed as fate.
 King by mere manhood, nor allow-
 ing aught
 Of holier unction than the sweat of toil;
 In his own strength sufficient; called
 to solve,
 On the rough edges of society,
 Problems long sacred to the choicer
 few,
 And improvise what elsewhere men
 receive
 As gifts of deity; tough foundling
 reared
 Where every man's his own Mel-
 chisedek,
 How make him reverent of a King
 of kings?
 Or Judge self-made, executor of laws
 By him not first discussed and voted on?
 For him no tree of knowledge is forbid,
 Or sweeter if forbid. How save the
 ark
 Or holy of holies unprofaned a day
 From his unscrupulous curiosity,
 That handles everything as if to buy,
 Tossing aside what fabrics delicate
 Suit not the rough-and-tumble of his
 ways?
 What hope for those fine-nerved
 humanities
 That made earth gracious once with
 gentler arts,
 Now the rude hands have caught the
 trick of thought
 And claim an equal suffrage with the
 brain?

The born disciple of an elder time
 (To me sufficient, friendlier than the
 new),
 Who in my blood feel motions of the
 Past,
 I thank benignant Nature most for
 this,—
 A force of sympathy, or call it lack
 Of character firm-planted, loosing
 me
 From the pent chamber of habitual
 self
 To dwell enlarged in alien modes of
 thought,
 Haply distasteful, wholesomer for
 that,
 And through imagination to possess,
 As they were mine, the lives of other
 men.
 This growth original of virgin soil,
 By fascination felt in opposites,
 Pleases and shocks, entices and per-
 turbs.
 In this brown-fisted rough, this
 shirt-sleeved Cid,
 This backwoods Charlemagne of
 empires new,
 Whose blundering heel instinctively
 finds out
 The goutier foot of speechless dig-
 nities,
 Who, meeting Cæsar's self, would
 slap his back,
 Call him "Old Horse," and challenge
 to a drink,
 My lungs draw braver air, my breast
 dilates
 With ampler manhood, and I front
 both worlds,
 Of sense and spirit, as my natural
 fiefs,
 To shape and then reshape them as
 I will.
 It was the first man's charter; why
 not mine?
 How forfeit? when deposed in other
 hands?
 Thou shudder'st, Ovid? Dost in
 him forebode
 A new avatar of the large-limbed
 Goth,

To break, or seem to break, tradi-
 tion's clue,
 And chase to dreamland back thy
 gods dethroned ?
 I think man's soul dwells nearer to
 the east,
 Nearer to morning's fountains than
 the sun ;
 Herself the source whence all tradi-
 tion sprang,
 Herself at once both labyrinth and
 clue.
 The miracle fades out of history,
 But faith and wonder and the primal
 earth
 Are born into the world with every
 child.
 Shall this self-maker with the prying
 eyes,
 This creature disenchanted of re-
 spect
 By the New World's new fiend,
 Publicity,
 Whose testing thumb leaves every-
 where its smutch,
 Not one day feel within himself the
 need
 Of loyalty to better than himself,
 That shall ennoble him with the
 upward look ?
 Shall he not catch the Voice that
 wanders earth,
 With spiritual summons, dreamed or
 heard,
 As sometimes, just ere sleep seals up
 the sense,
 We hear our mother call from deeps
 of Time,
 And, waking, find it vision,—none
 the less
 The benediction bides, old skies
 return,
 And that unreal thing, preëminent,
 Makes air and dream of all we see
 and feel ?
 Shall he divine no strength unmade
 of votes,
 Inward, impregnable, found soon as
 sought,
 Not cognisable of sense, o'er sense
 supreme ?
 His holy places may not be of stone,

Nor made with hands, yet fairer far
 than aught
 By artist feigned or pious ardour
 reared,
 Fit altars for who guards inviolate
 God's chosen seat, the sacred form
 of man.
 Doubtless his Church will be no
 hospital
 For superannuate forms and mump-
 ing shams,
 No parlour where men issue policies
 Of life-assurance on the Eternal Mind,
 Nor his religion but an ambulance
 To fetch life's wounded and malin-
 gerers in,
 Scorned by the strong ; yet he, un-
 conscious heir
 To the influence sweet of Athens and
 of Rome,
 And old Judæa's gift of secret fire,
 Spite of himself shall surely learn to
 know
 And worship some ideal of himself,
 Some divine thing, large-hearted,
 brotherly,
 Not nice in trifles, a soft creditor,
 Pleased with his world, and hating
 only cant.
 And if his Church be doubtful, it is sure
 That, in a world, made for whatever
 else,
 Not made for mere enjoyment—in a
 world
 Of toil but half-required, or, at best,
 Paid in some futile currency of breath,
 A world of incompleteness, sorrow
 swift
 And consolation laggard, whatso'er
 The form of building or the creed
 professed,
 The Cross, bold type of shame to
 homage turned,
 Of an unfinished life that sways the
 world,
 Shall tower as sovereign emblem
 over all.
 The kobold Thought moves with us
 when we shift
 Our dwelling to escape him ; perched
 aloft

On the first load of household-stuff
 he went;
 For, where the mind goes, goes old
 furniture.
 I, who to Chartres came to feed my
 eye
 And give to Fancy one clear holiday,
 Scarce saw the minster for the
 thoughts it stirred,
 Buzzing o'er past and future with
 vain quest.
 Here once there stood a homely
 wooden church,
 Which slow devotion nobly changed
 for this,
 That echoes vaguely to my modern
 steps.
 By suffrage universal it was built,
 As practised then, for all the country
 came
 From far as Rouen to give votes for
 God,
 Each vote a block of stone securely
 laid,
 Obedient to the master's deep-mused
 plan.
 Will what our ballots rear, responsible
 To no grave forethought, stand so
 long as this?—
 Delight like this the eye of after days,
 Brightening with pride that here, at
 least, were men
 Who meant and did the noblest thing
 they knew?
 Can our religion cope with deeds
 like this?
 We, too, build Gothic contract-
 shams, because
 Our deacons have discovered that it
 pays,
 And pews sell better under vaulted
 roofs
 Of plaster painted like an Indian
 squaw.
 Shall not that Western Goth, of
 whom we spoke,
 So fiercely practical, so keen of eye,
 Find out, some day, that nothing
 pays but God,
 Served whether on the smoke-shut
 battle-field,
 In work obscure done honestly, or vote

For truth unpopular, or faith main-
 tained
 To ruinous convictions, or good deeds
 Wrought for good's sake, mindless of
 heaven or hell?
 Shall he not learn that all prosperity,
 Whose bases stretch not deeper than
 the sense,
 Is but a trick of this world's atmos-
 phere,
 A desert-born mirage of spire and
 dome,
 Or find too late, the Past's long lesson
 missed,
 That dust the prophets shake from
 off their feet
 Grows heavy to drag down both
 tower and wall?
 I know not; but, sustained by sure
 belief
 That man still rises level with the
 height
 Of noblest opportunities, or makes
 Such, if the time supply not, I can
 wait.
 I gaze round on the windows, pride
 of France,
 Each the bright gift of some mechanic
 guild
 Who loved their city, and thought
 gold well spent
 To make her beautiful with piety;
 I pause, transfigured by some stripe
 of bloom,
 And my mind throngs with shining
 auguries,
 Circle on circle, bright as seraphim,
 With golden trumpets, silent, that
 await
 The signal to blow news of good to
 men.
 Then the revulsion came that always
 comes
 After these dizzy elations of the mind,
 And with a passionate pang of doubt
 I cried,
 "O mountain-born, sweet with snow-
 filtered air
 From uncontaminated wells of ether
 drawn
 And never-broken secrecies of sky,

Freedom, with anguish won, mis- prized till lost, They keep thee not who from thy sacred eyes Catch the consuming lust of sensual good And the brute's license of unfettered will. Far from the popular shout and venal breath Of Cleon blowing the mob's baser mind To bubbles of wind-piloted conceit, Thou shrinkest, gathering up thy skirts, to hide In fortresses of solitary thought And private virtue strong in self- restraint. Must we too forfeit thee, misunder- stood, Content with names, nor inly wise to know That best things perish of their own excess, And quality o'er-driven becomes defect? Nay, is it thou indeed that we have glimpsed, Or rather such illusion as of old Through Athens glided mænadlike and Rome, A shape of vapour, mother of vain dreams And mutinous traditions, specious plea Of the glaived tyrant and long- memoried priest?" I walked forth saddened; for all thought is sad, And leaves a bitterish savour in the brain,— Tonic, it may be, not delectable,— And turned, reluctant, for a parting look At those old weather-pitted images Of bygone struggle, now so sternly calm. About their shoulders sparrows had built nests, And fluttered, chirping, from gray perch to perch,	Now on a mitre poising, now a crown, Irreverently happy. While I thought How confident they were, what care- less hearts Flew on those lightsome wings and shared the sun, A larger shadow crossed; and look- ing up, I saw where, nesting in the hoary towers, The sparrow-hawk slid forth on noiseless air, With sidelong head that watched the joy below, Grim Norman baron o'er this clan of Kelts. Enduring Nature, force conservative, Indifferent to our noisy whims! Men prate Of all heads to an equal grade cashiered On level with the dullest, and expect (Sick of no worse distemper than themselves) A wondrous cure-all in equality; They reason that To-morrow must be wise Because To-day was not, nor Yester- day, As if good days were shapen of them- selves, Not of the very life-blood of men's souls; Meanwhile, long-suffering, impertur- bable, Thou quietly complet'st thy syllo- gism, And from the premise sparrow here below Draw'st sure conclusion of the hawk above, Pleased with the soft-billed songster, pleased no less With the fierce beak of natures aquiline. Thou beautiful Old Time, now hid away In the Past's valley of Avalon, Haply, like Arthur, till thy wound be healed,
---	---

Then to reclaim the sword and crown
 again !
 Thrice beautiful to us ; perchance
 less fair
 To who possessed thee, as a moun-
 tain seems
 To dwell around its bases but a heap
 Of barren obstacle that lairs the storm
 And the avalanche's silent bolt holds
 back
 Leashed with a hair,—meanwhile
 some far-off clown,
 Hereditary delver of the plain,
 Sees it an unmoved vision of repose,
 Nest of the morning, and conjectures
 there
 The dance of streams to idle shep-
 herds' pipes,
 And fairer habitations softly hung
 On breezy slopes or hid in valleys
 cool
 For happier men. No mortal ever
 dreams
 That the scant isthmus he encamps
 upon
 Between two oceans, one, the Stormy,
 passed,
 And one, the Peaceful, yet to venture
 on,
 Has been that future whereto pro-
 phets yearned
 For the fulfilment of Earth's cheated
 hope,
 Shall be that past which nerveless
 poets moan
 As the lost opportunity of song.
 O Power more near my life than
 life itself
 (Or what seems life to us in sense
 immured),

Even as the roots, shut in the dark-
 some earth,
 Share in the tree-top's joyance, and
 conceive
 Of sunshine and wide air and wingèd
 things
 By sympathy of nature, so do I
 Have evidence of Thee so far above,
 Yet in and of me ! Rather Thou
 the root
 Invisibly sustaining, hid in light,
 Not darkness, or in darkness made
 by us.
 If sometimes I must hear good men
 debate
 Of other witness of Thyself than
 Thou,
 As if there needed any help of
 ours
 To nurse Thy flickering life, that else
 must cease,
 Blown out, as 'twere a candle, by
 men's breath,
 My soul shall not be taken in their
 snare,
 To change her inward surety for
 their doubt
 Muffled from sight in formal robes of
 proof :
 While she can only feel herself
 through Thee,
 I fear not Thy withdrawal ; more I
 fear,
 Seeing, to know Thee not, hood-
 winked with dreams
 Of signs and wonders, while, un-
 noticed, Thou,
 Walking Thy garden still, com-
 mun'st with men,
 Missed in the commonplace of
 miracle.

THREE MEMORIAL POEMS

'Coscienza fusca
O della propria o dell'altrui vergogna
Pur sentirà la tua parola brusca.'

If I let fall a word of bitter mirth
When public shames more shameful
pardon won,
Some have misjudged me, and my service done,
If small, yet faithful, deemed of little worth :
Through veins that drew their life from
Western earth
Two hundred years and more my blood
bath run
In no polluted course from sire to son ;
And thus was I predestined ere my birth
To love the soil wherewith my fibres own
Instinctive sympathies ; yet love it so
As honour would, nor lightly to dethrone
Judgment, the stamp of manhood, nor
forego
The son's right to a mother dearer grown
With growing knowledge and more
chaste than snow.

E. L. GODKIN,

IN CORDIAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HIS
EMINENT SERVICE IN HEIGHTEN-
ING AND PURIFYING THE TONE
OF OUR POLITICAL
THOUGHT,

This Volume

IS DEDICATED.

* * Readers, it is hoped, will remember that, by his Ode at the Harvard Commemoration, the author had precluded himself from many of the natural outlets of thought and feeling common to such occasions as are celebrated in this little volume.

ODE

READ AT THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNI-
VERSARY OF THE FIGHT AT CON-
CORD BRIDGE

19TH APRIL 1875

WHO cometh over the hills,
Her garments with morning sweet,
The dance of a thousand rills
Making music before her feet ?
Her presence freshens the air ;
Sunshine steals light from her face ;
The leaden footstep of Care
Leaps to the tune of her pace,
Fairness of all that is fair,
Grace at the heart of all grace,
Sweetener of hut and of hall,
Bringer of life out of naught,
Freedom, oh, fairest of all
The daughters of Time and Thought !

11

She cometh, cometh to-day :
Hark ! hear ye not her tread,
Sending a thrill through your clay,
Under the sod there, ye dead,
Her nurslings and champions ?
Do ye not hear, as she comes,
The bay of the deep-mouthed guns,
The gathering buzz of the drums ?
The bells that called ye to prayer,
How wildly they clamour on her,
Crying, "She cometh ! prepare
Her to praise and her to honour,
That a hundred years ago
Scattered here in blood and tears
Potent seeds wherefrom should grow
Gladness for a hundred years !"

III

Tell me, young men, have ye seen
 Creature of diviner mien
 For true hearts to long and cry for,
 Manly hearts to live and die for?
 What hath she that others want?
 Brows that all endearments haunt,
 Eyes that make it sweet to dare,
 Smiles that glad untimely death,
 Looks that fortify despair,
 Tones more brave than trumpet's
 breath;

Tell me, maidens, have ye known
 Household charm more sweetly rare,
 Grace of woman ampler blown,
 Modesty more debonair,
 Younger heart with wit full grown?
 Oh, for an hour of my prime,
 The pulse of my hotter years,
 That I might praise her in rhyme
 Would tingle your eyelids to tears,
 Our sweetness, our strength, and
 our star,
 Our hope, our joy, and our trust,
 Who lifted us out of the dust,
 And made us whatever we are!

IV

Whiter than moonshine upon snow
 Her raiment is, but round the hem
 Crimson stained; and, as to and fro
 Her sandals flash, we see on them,
 And on her instep veined with blue,
 Flecks of crimson, on those fair
 feet,

High-arched, Diana-like, and fleet,
 Fit for no grosser stain than dew:
 Oh, call them rather christs than
 stains,

Sacred and from heroic veins!
 For, in the glory-guarded pass,
 Her haughty and far-shining head
 She bowed to shrive Leonidas
 With his imperishable dead;
 Her, too, Morgarten saw,
 Where the Swiss lion fleshed his icy
 paw;

She followed Cromwell's quenchless
 star

Where the grim Puritan tread
 Shook Marston, Naseby, and Dun-
 bar:

Yea, on her feet are dearer dyes
 Yet fresh, nor looked on with un-
 tearful eyes.

V

Our fathers found her in the woods
 Where Nature meditates and broods,
 The seeds of unexampled things
 Which Time to consummation brings
 Through life and death and man's
 unstable moods;

They met her here, not recognised,
 A sylvan huntress clothed in furs,
 To whose chaste wants her bow
 sufficed,
 Nor dreamed what destinies were
 hers:

She taught them bee-like to create
 Their simpler forms of Church and
 State;

She taught them to endure
 The past with other functions than
 it knew,

And turn in channels strange the
 uncertain stream of Fate;

Better than all, she fenced them in
 their need

With iron-handed Duty's sternest
 creed,

'Gainst Self's lean wolf, that ravens
 word and deed.

VI

Why cometh she hither to-day
 To this low village of the plain,
 Far from the Present's loud high-
 way,

From Trade's cool heart and seeth-
 ing brain?

Why cometh she? She was not far
 away.

Since the soul touched it, not in
 vain,

With pathos of immortal gain,
 'Tis here her fondest memories
 stay.

She loves yon pine - bemurmured
 ridge
 Where now our broad-browed poet
 sleeps,
 Dear to both Englands ; near him he
 Who wore the ring of Canace ;
 But most her heart to rapture
 leaps
 Where stood that era-parting bridge,
 O'er which, with footfall still as
 dew,
 The Old Time passed into the
 New ;
 Where, as your stealthy river creeps,
 He whispers to his listening weeds
 Tales of sublimest homespun deeds.
 Here English law and English
 thought
 'Gainst the self-will of England
 fought ;
 And here were men (coequal with
 their fate)
 Who did great things, unconscious
 they were great.
 They dreamed not what a die was
 cast
 With that first answering shot ; what
 then ?
 There was their duty ; they were
 men
 Schooled the soul's inward gospel to
 obey,
 Though leading to the lion's den.
 They felt the habit-hallowed world
 give way
 Beneath their lives, and on went
 they,
 Unhappy who was last.
 When Buttrick gave the word,
 That awful idol of the unchallenged
 Past,
 Strong in their love, and in their
 lineage strong,
 Fell crashing : if they heard it not,
 Yet the earth heard,
 Nor ever bath forgot,
 As on from startled throne to throne,
 Where Superstition sate or conscious
 Wrong,
 A shudder ran of some dread birth
 unknown.
 Thrice venerable spot !

River more fateful than the Rubicon !
 O'er those red planks, to snatch her
 diadem,
 Man's Hope, star-girdled, sprang
 with them,
 And over ways untried the feet of
 Doom strode on.

VII

Think you these felt no charms
 In their gray homesteads and em-
 bowered farms ?
 In household faces waiting at the
 door
 Their evening step should lighten up
 no more ?
 In fields their boyish feet had known ?
 In trees their fathers' hands had set,
 And which with them had grown,
 Widening each year their leafy
 coronet ?
 Felt they no pang of passionate
 regret
 For those unsolid goods that seem
 so much our own ?
 These things are dear to every man
 that lives,
 And life prized more for what it
 lends than gives.
 Yea, many a tie, through iteration
 sweet,
 Strove to detain their fatal feet ;
 And yet the enduring half they chose,
 Whose choice decides a man life's
 slave or king,
 The invisible things of God before
 the seen and known :
 Therefore their memory inspiration
 blows
 With echoes gathering on from zone
 to zone ;
 For manhood is the one immortal
 thing
 Beneath Time's changeful sky,
 And, where it lightened once, from
 age to age,
 Men come to learn, in grateful
 pilgrimage,
 That length of days is knowing when
 to die.

VIII

What marvellous change of things
and men!
She, a world-wandering orphan then,
So mighty now! Those are her
streams
That whirl the myriad, myriad wheels
Of all that does, and all that dreams,
Of all that thinks, and all that feels,
Through spaces stretched from sea
to sea;
By idle tongues and busy brains,
By who doth right, and who refrains,
Hers are our losses and our gains;
Our maker and our victim she.

IX

Maiden half mortal, half divine,
We triumphed in thy coming; to
the brinks
Our hearts were filled with pride's
tumultuous wine;
Better to-day who rather feels than
thinks.
Yet will some graver thoughts in-
trude,
And cares of sterner mood;
They won thee: who shall keep thee?
From the deeps
Where discrowned empires o'er their
ruins brood,
And many a thwarted hope wrings
its weak hands and weeps,
I hear the voice as of a mighty
wind
From all heaven's caverns rushing
unconfined,
"I, Freedom, dwell with Know-
ledge: I abide
With men whom dust of faction
cannot blind
To the slow tracings of the Eternal
Mind;
With men by culture trained and
fortified,
Who bitter duty to sweet lusts prefer,
Fearless to counsel and obey.
Conscience my sceptre is, and law
my sword,

Not to be drawn in passion or in play,
But terrible to punish and deter;
Implacable as God's word,
Like it, a shepherd's crook to them
that blindly err.
Your firm-pulsed sires, my martyrs
and my saints,
Shoots of that only race whose
patient sense
Hath known to mingle flux with
permanence,
Rated my chaste denials and re-
straints
Above the moment's dear-paid para-
dise:
Beware lest, shifting with Time's
gradual creep,
The light that guided shine into
your eyes.
The envious Powers of ill nor wink;
nor sleep:
Be therefore timely wise,
Nor laugh when this one steals, and
that one lies,
As if your luck could cheat those
sleepless spies,
Till the deaf Fury comes your house
to sweep!"
I hear the voice, and unafrighted bow;
Ye shall not be prophetic now,
Heralds of ill, that darkening fly
Between my vision and the rain-
bowed sky,
Or on the left your hoarse fore-
bodings croak
From many a blasted bough
On Yggdrasil's storm-sinewed oak,
That once was green, Hope of the
West, as thou:
Yet pardon if I tremble while I boast;
For I have loved as those who par-
don most.

X

Away, ungrateful doubt, away!
At least she is our own to-day.
Break into rapture, my song,
Verses, leap forth in the sun,
Bearing the joyance along
Like a train of fire as you run!

Pause not for choosing of words,
 Let them but blossom and sing
 Blithe as the orchards and birds
 With the new coming of spring!
 Dance in your jollity, bells;
 Shout, cannon; cease not, ye drums;
 Answer, ye hillside and dells;
 Bow, all ye people! She comes,
 Radiant, calm-fronted, as when
 She hallowed that April day.
 Stay with us! Yes, thou shalt stay,
 Softener and strengthener of men,
 Freedom, not won by the vain,
 Not to be courted in play,
 Not to be kept without pain.
 Stay with us! Yes, thou wilt stay,
 Handmaid and mistress of all,
 Kindler of deed and of thought,
 Thou that to hut and to hall
 Equal deliverance brought!
 Souls of her martyrs, draw near,
 Touch our dull lips with your fire,
 That we may praise without fear
 Her our delight, our desire,
 Our faith's inextinguishable star,
 Our hope, our remembrance, our
 trust,
 Our present, our past, our to be,
 Who will mingle her life with our
 dust
 And makes us deserve to be free!

UNDER THE OLD ELM

POEM READ AT CAMBRIDGE ON THE
 HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF WASH-
 INGTON'S TAKING COMMAND OF THE
 AMERICAN ARMY,

3RD JULY 1775

I

I

WORDS pass as wind, but where
 great deeds were done
 A power abides transfused from sire
 to son:
 The boy feels deeper meanings thrill
 his ear,

That tingling through his pulse life-
 long shall run,
 With sure impulsion to keep honour
 clear,
 When, pointing down, his father
 whispers, "Here,
 Here, where we stand, stood he, the
 purely great,
 Whose soul no siren passion could
 unsphere,
 Then nameless, now a power and
 mixed with fate."
 Historic town, thou holdest sacred
 dust,
 Once known to men as pious, learned,
 just,
 And one memorial pile that dares
 to last;
 But memory greets with reverential
 kiss
 No spot in all thy circuit sweet as this,
 Touched by that modest glory as it
 past,
 O'er which yon elm hath piously
 displayed
 These hundred years its monumental
 shade.

II

Of our swift passage through this
 scenery
 Of life and death, more durable than
 we,
 What landmark so congenial as a tree
 Repeating its green legend every
 spring,
 And, with a yearly ring,
 Recording the fair seasons as they
 flee,
 Type of our brief but still-renewed
 mortality?
 We fall as leaves: the immortal
 trunk remains,
 Built with costly juice of hearts
 and brains
 Gone to the mould now, whither all
 that be
 Vanish returnless, yet are procreant
 still
 In human lives to come of good or ill,
 And feed unseen the roots of Destiny.

II

I

MEN's monuments, grown old, forget
the names
They should eternise, but the place
Where shining souls have passed im-
bibes a grace
Beyond mere earth ; some sweetness
of their fames
Leaves in the soil its unextinguished
trace,
Pungent, pathetic, sad with nobler
aims,
That penetrates our lives and
heightens them or shames.
This insubstantial world and fleet
Seems solid for a moment when we
stand
On dust ennobled by heroic feet
Once mighty to sustain a tottering
land,
And mighty still such burthen to
upbear,
Nor doomed to tread the path of
things that merely were :
Our sense, refined with virtue of the
spot,
Across the mists of Lethe's sleepy
stream
Recalls him, the sole chief without a
blot,
No more a pallid image and a dream,
But as he dwelt with men, decorously
supreme.

II

Our grosser minds need this terres-
trial hint
To raise long-buried days from tombs
of print.
"Here stood he," softly we repeat,
And lo, the statue shrined and still
In that gray minster-front we call
the Past,
Feels in its frozen veins our pulses
thrill,
Breathes living air and mocks at
Death's deceit.
It warms, it stirs, comes down to us
at last,

Its features human with familiar
light,
A man, beyond the historian's art to
kill,
Or sculptor's to efface with patient
chisel-blight.

III

Sure the dumb earth hath memory,
nor for naught
Was Fancy given, on whose en-
chanted loom
Present and Past commingle, fruit
and bloom
Of one fair bough, inseparably
wrought
Into the seamless tapestry of
thought.
So charmed, with undeluded eye we
see
In history's fragmentary tale
Bright clues of continuity,
Learn that high natures over Time
prevail,
And feel ourselves a link in that
entail
That binds all ages past with all
that are to be.

III

I

BENEATH our consecrated elm
A century ago he stood,
Famed vaguely for that old fight in
the wood
Whose red surge sought, but could
not overwhelm
The life foredoomed to wield our
rough-hewn helm :—
From colleges, where now the
gown
To arms had yielded, from the
town,
Our rude self-summoned levies
flocked to see
The new-come chiefs and wonder
which was he.

No need to question long; close-
lipped and tall,
Long trained in murder-brooding
forests lone
To bridle others' clamours and his
own,
Firmly erect, he towered above them
all,
The incarnate discipline that was to
free
With iron curb that armed demo-
cracy.

II

A motley rout was that which came
to stare,
In raiment tanned by years of sun
and storm,
Of every shape that was not uniform,
Dotted with regimentals here and
there;
An army all of captains, used to pray
And stiff in fight, but serious drill's
despair,
Skilled to debate their orders, not
obey;
Deacons were there, selectmen, men
of note
In half-tamed hamlets ambushed
round with woods,
Ready to settle Freewill by a vote,
But largely liberal to its private
moods;
Prompt to assert by manners, voice,
or pen,
Or ruder arms, their rights as Eng-
lishmen,
Nor much fastidious as to how and
when:
Yet seasoned stuff and fittest to create
A thought-staid army or a lasting
state:
Haughty they said he was, at first;
severe;
But owned, as all men own, the
steady hand
Upon the bridle, patient to command,
Prized, as all prize, the justice pure
from fear,
And learned to honour first, then
love him, then revere.

Such power there is in clear-eyed
self-restraint
And purpose clean as light from
every selfish taint.

III

Musing beneath the legendary tree,
The years between furl off: I seem
to see
The sun-flecks, shaken the stirred
foliage through,
Dapple with gold his sober buff and
blue
And weave prophetic aureoles round
the head
That shines our beacon now, nor
darkens with the dead.
O man of silent mood!
A stranger among strangers then,
How art thou since renowned the
Great, the Good,
Familiar as the day in all the homes
of men!
The winged years, that winnow praise
and blame,
Blow many names out: they but fan
to flame
The self-renewing splendours of thy
fame.

IV

I

How many subtlest influences unite
With spiritual touch of joy or pain,
Invisible as air and soft as light,
To body forth that image of the
brain
We call our Country, visionary shape,
Loved more than woman, fuller of
fire than wine,
Whose charm can none define,
Nor any, though he flee it, can
escape!
All party-coloured threads the weaver
Time
Sets in his web, now trivial, now
sublime,

All memories, all forebodings, hopes
and fears,
Mountain and river, forest, prairie,
sea,
A hill, a rock, a homestead, field, or
tree,
The casual gleanings of unreckoned
years,
Take goddess-shape at last, and there
is She;
Old at our birth, new as the spring-
ing hours,
Shrine of our weakness, fortress of
our powers,
Consoler, kindler, peerless 'mid her
peers,
A force that 'neath our conscious
being stirs
A life to give ours permanence, when
we
Are borne to mingle our poor earth
with hers,
And all this glowing world goes with
us on our biers.

II

Nations are long results, by ruder
ways
Gathering the might that warrants
length of days;
They may be pieced of half-reluctant
shares
Welded by hammer-strokes of broad-
brained kings,
Or from a doughty people grow, the
heirs
Of wise traditions widening cautious
rings;
At best they are computable things,
A strength behind us making us feel
bold
In right, or, as may chance, in wrong;
Whose force by figures may be
summed and told—
So many soldiers, ships, and dollars
strong,
And we but drops that bear compul-
sory part
In the dumb throb of a mechanic
heart;

But Country is a *shape* of each man's
mind
Sacred from definition, unconfined
By the cramped walls where daily
drudgeries grind;
An inward vision, yet an outward
birth
Of sweet familiar heaven and earth;
A brooding Presence that stirs
motions blind
Of wings within our embryo being's
shell,
That wait but her completer spell
To make us eagle-natured, fit to
dare
Life's nobler spaces and untarnished
air.

III

You who hold dear this self-con-
ceived ideal,
Whose faith and works alone can
make it real,
Bring all your fairest gifts to deck
her shrine
Who lifts our lives away from Thine
and Mine,
And feeds the lamp of manhood
more divine
With fragrant oils of quenchless
constancy.
When all have done their utmost,
surely he
Hath given the best who gives a
character
Erect and constant, which nor any
shock
Of loosened elements, nor the force-
ful sea
Of flowing or of ebbing fates, can
stir
From its deep bases in the living
rock
Of ancient manhood's sweet secu-
rity:
And this he gave, serenely far from
pride
As baseness, boon with prosperous
stars allied,
Part of what nobler seed shall in our
loins abide.

IV

No bond of men as common pride so strong,
 In names time-filtered from the lips of song,
 Still operant, with the primal Forces bound
 Whose currents, on their spiritual round,
 Transfuse our mortal will nor are gainsaid:
 These are their arsenals, these the exhaustless mines
 That give a constant heart in great designs;
 These are the stuff whereof such dreams are made
 As make heroic men: thus surely he
 Still holds in place the massy blocks he laid
 'Neath our new frame, enforcing soberly
 The self-control that makes and keeps a people free.

V

I

OH, for a drop of that Cornelian ink
 Which gave Agricola dateless length of days,
 To celebrate him fitly, neither swerve
 To phrase unkempt, nor pass discretion's brink,
 With him so statue-like in sad reserve,
 So diffident to claim, so forward to deserve!
 Nor need I shun due influence of his fame
 Who, mortal among mortals, seemed as now
 The equestrian shape with unimpassioned brow,
 That paces silent on through vistas of acclaim.

II

What figure more immovably august
 Than that grave strength so patient and so pure,
 Calm in good fortune, when it wavered, sure?
 That mind serene, impenetrably just,
 Modelled on classic lines so simple they endure?
 That soul so softly radiant and so white
 The track it left seems less of fire than light,
 Cold but to such as love distemperature?
 And if pure light, as some deem, be the force
 That drives rejoicing planets on their course,
 Why for his power benign seek an impurer source?
 His was the true enthusiasm that burns long,
 Domestically bright,
 Fed from itself and shy of human sight,
 The hidden force that makes a life-time strong,
 And not the short-lived fuel of a song.
 Passionless, say you? What is passion for
 But to sublime our natures and control
 To front heroic toils with late return,
 Or none, or such as shames the conqueror?
 That fire was fed with substance of the soul,
 And not with holiday stubble that could burn,
 Unpraised of men who after bonfires run,
 Through seven slow years of unadvancing war,
 Equal when fields were lost or fields were won,
 With breath of popular applause or blame,

Nor fanned nor damped, unquench-
ably the same,
Too inward to be reached by flaws
of idle fame.

III

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
High-poised example of great duties
done
Simply as breathing, a world's hon-
ours worn
As life's indifferent gifts to all men
born;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to
God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral where
they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed con-
tent:
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self;
unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper
shamed;
Never seduced through show of pre-
sent good
By other than unsettling lights to steer
New-trimmed in Heaven, nor than
his steadfast mood
More steadfast, far from rashness as
from fear;
Rigid, but with himself first, grasp-
ing still
In swerveless poise the wave-beat
helm of will;
Not honoured then or now because
he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still
withstood;
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there
is but one
Who was all this and ours, and all
men's—WASHINGTON.

IV

Minds strong by fits, irregularly
great,
That flash and darken like revolving
lights,

Catch more the vulgar eye, unschooled
to wait
On the long curve of patient days
and nights
Rounding a whole life to the circle
fair
Of orb'd fulfilment; and this
balanced soul,
So simple in its grandeur, coldly
bare
Of draperies theatric, standing
there
In perfect symmetry of self-con-
trol,
Seems not so great at first, but
greater grows
Still as we look, and by experience
learn
How grand this quiet is, how nobly
stern
The discipline that wrought through
lifelong throes
That energetic passion of repose.

V

A nature too decorous and severe,
Too self-respectful in its griefs and
joys,
For ardent girls and boys,
Who find no genius in a mind so
clear
That its grave depths seem obvious
and near,
Nor a soul great that made so little
noise.
They feel no force in that calm-
cadenced phrase,
The habitual full-dress of his well-
bred mind,
That seems to pace the minnet's
courtly maze
And tell of ampler leisures, roomier
length of days.
His firm-based brain, to self so little
kind
That no tumultuary blood could
blind,
Formed to control men, not amaze,
Looms not like those that borrow
height of haze:

It was a world of statelier movement
 then
 Than this we fret in, he a denizen
 Of that ideal Rome that made a
 man for men.

VI

I

THE longer on this earth we
 live
 And weigh the various qualities of
 men,
 Seeing how most are fugitive,
 Or fitful gifts at best, of now and
 then,
 Wind-wavered corpse-lights, daugh-
 ters of the fen ;
 The more we feel the high stern-
 featured beauty
 Of plain devotedness to duty,
 Steadfast and still, nor paid with
 mortal praise,
 But finding amplest recompense
 For life's ungarlanded expense
 In work done squarely and unwasted
 days :
 For this we honour him, that he
 could know
 How sweet the service and how
 free
 Of her, God's eldest daughter here
 below,
 And choose in meanest raiment
 which was she.

II

Placid completeness, life without a
 fall
 From faith or highest aims, truth's
 breachless wall ;
 Surely if any fame can bear the
 touch,
 His will say "Here !" at the last
 trumpet's call,
 The unexpressive man whose life ex-
 pressed so much.

VII

I

NEVER to see a nation born
 Hath been given to mortal man,
 Unless to those who, on that sum-
 mer morn,
 Gazed silent when the great Vir-
 ginian
 Unsheathed the sword whose fatal
 flash
 Shot union through the incoherent
 clash
 Of our loose atoms, crystallising
 them
 Around a single will's unpliant stem,
 And making purpose of emotion rash.
 Out of that scabbard sprang, as from
 its womb,
 Nebulous at first but hardening to a
 star,
 Through mutual share of sunburst
 and of gloom,
 The common faith that made us
 what we are.

II

That lifted blade transformed our
 jangling clans,
 Till then provincial, to Americans,
 And made a unity of wildering
 plans ;
 Here was the doom fixed : here is
 marked the date
 When this New World awoke to
 man's estate,
 Burnt its last ship and ceased to
 look behind :
 Nor thoughtless was the choice ; no
 love or hate
 Could from its poise move that de-
 liberate mind,
 Weighing between too early and too
 late
 Those pitfalls of the man refused by
 Fate :
 His was the impartial vision of the
 great,
 Who see not as they wish, but as
 they find.

He saw the dangers of defeat, nor
less
The incomputable perils of success;
The sacred past thrown by, an
empty rind;
The future, cloud-land, snare of prop-
hets blind;
The waste of war, the ignominy of
peace;
On either hand a sullen rear of
woes,
Whose garnered lightnings none
could guess,
Piling its thunder-heads and mutter-
ing "Cease!"
Yet drew not back his hand, but
gravely chose
The seeming-desperate task whence
our new nation rose.

III

A noble choice and of immortal
seed!
Nor deem that acts heroic wait on
chance
Or easy were as in a boy's romance;
The man's whole life precludes the
single deed
That shall decide if his inheritance
Be with the sifted few of matchless
breed,
Our race's sap and sustenance,
Or with the unmotivated herd that
only sleep and feed.
Choice seems a thing indifferent;
thus or so,
What matters it? The Fates with
mocking face
Look on inexorable, nor seem to
know
Where the lot lurks that gives life's
foremost place.
Yet Duty's leaden casket holds it
still,
And but two ways are offered to our
will—
Toil with rare triumph, ease with
safe disgrace,
The problem still for us and all of
human race.

He chose, as men choose, where most
danger showed,
Nor ever faltered 'neath the load
Of petty cares, that gall great hearts
the most,
But kept right on the strenuous up-
hill road,
Strong to the end, above complaint
or boast:
The popular tempest on his rock-
mailed coast
Wasted its wind-borne spray,
The noisy marvel of a day;
His soul sate still in its unstormed
abode.

VIII

VIRGINIA gave us this imperial man,
Cast in the massive mould
Of those high-statured ages old
Which into grander forms our mortal
metal ran;
She gave us this unblemished gentle-
man:
What shall we give her back but love
and praise,
As in the dear old unestranged days
Before the inevitable wrong began?
Mother of States and undiminished
men!
Thou gavest us a country, giving
him,
And we owe always what we owed
thee then:
The boon thou wouldst have snatched
from us agen
Shines as before with no abatement
dim.
A great man's memory is the only
thing
With influence to outlast the present
whim
And bind us as when here he knit
our golden ring.
All of him that was subject to the
hours
Lies in thy soil and makes it part of
ours:
Across more recent graves,
Where unresentful Nature waves

Her pennons o'er the shot-ploughed
sod,
Proclaiming the sweet Truce of
God,
We from this consecrated plain
stretch out
Our hands, as free from afterthought
or doubt
As here the united North
Poured her embrownèd manhood
forth
In welcome of our saviour and thy
son.
Through battle we have better
learned thy worth,
The long-breathed valour and un-
daunted will,
Which, like his own, the day's
disaster done,
Could, safe in manhood, suffer and
be still.
Both thine and ours the victory
hardly won;
If ever with distempered voice or pen
We have misdeemed thee, here we
take it back,
And for the dead of both don common
black.
Be to us evermore as thou wast then,
As we forget thou hast not always
been,
Mother of States and unpolluted
men,
Virginia, fitly named from England's
manly queen !

AN ODE

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY 1876

I

I

ENTRANCED I saw a vision in the
cloud
That loitered dreaming in yon sunset
sky,
Full of fair shapes, half creatures of
the eye,

Half chance-evoked by the wind's
fantasy
In golden mist, an ever-shifting
crowd :
There, 'mid unreal forms that came
and went
In robes air-spun of evanescent
dye,
A woman's semblance shone pre-
eminent ;
Not armed like Pallas, not like Hera
proud,
But, as on household diligence
intent,
Beside her visionary wheel she
bent
Like Aretè or Bertha, nor than they
Less queenly in her port : about her
knee
Glad children clustered confident in
play :
Placid her pose, the calm of energy ;
And over her broad brow in many a
round
(That loosened would have gilt her
garment's hem),
Succinct, as toil prescribes, the hair
was wound
In lustrous coils, a natural diadem.
The cloud changed shape, obsequious
to the whim
Of some transmuting influence felt
in me,
And, looking now, a wolf I seemed
to see
Limned in that vapour, gaunt and
hunger-bold,
Threatening her charge : resolve in
every limb,
Erect she flamed in mail of sun-
wove gold,
Penthesilea's self for battle dight ;
One arm uplifted braced a flickering
spear,
And one her adamant shield made
light ;
Her face, helm-shadowed, grew a
thing to fear,
And her fierce eyes, by danger chal-
lenged, took
Her trident-sceptred mother's dannt-
less look.

"I know thee now, O goddess-born !"
 I cried,
 And turned with loftier brow and
 firmer stride ;
 For in that spectral cloud-work I
 had seen
 Her image, bodied forth by love and
 pride,
 The fearless, the benign, the mother-
 eyed,
 The fairer world's toil-consecrated
 queen.

II

What shape by exile dreamed elates
 the mind
 Like hers whose hand, a fortress of
 the poor,
 No blood in lawful vengeance spilt
 bestains ?
 Who never turned a suppliant from
 her door ?
 Whose conquests are the gains of all
 mankind ?
 To-day her thanks shall fly on every
 wind,
 Unstinted, unrebuked, from shore to
 shore,
 One love, one hope, and not a doubt
 behind !
 Cannon to cannon shall repeat her
 praise,
 Banner to banner flap it forth in
 flame ;
 Her children shall rise up to bless
 her name,
 And wish her harmless length of
 days,
 The mighty mother of a mighty brood,
 Blessed in all tongues and dear to
 every blood,
 The beautiful, the strong, and, best
 of all, the good !

III

Seven years long was the bow
 Of battle bent, and the heightening
 Storm-heaps convulsed with the throe
 Of their uncontainable lightning ;

Seven years long heard the sea
 Crash of navies and wave-borne
 thunder ;
 Then drifted the cloud-rack a-lee,
 And new stars were seen, a world's
 wonder ;
 Each by her sisters made bright,
 All binding all to their stations,
 Cluster of manifold light
 Startling the old constellations :
 Men looked up and grew pale :
 Was it a comet or star,
 Omen of blessing or bale,
 Hung o'er the ocean afar ?

IV

Stormy the day of her birth :
 Was she not born of the strong,
 She, the last ripeness of earth,
 Beautiful, prophesied long ?
 Stormy the days of her prime :
 Hers are the pulses that beat
 Higher for perils sublime,
 Making them fawn at her feet.
 Was she not born of the strong ?
 Was she not born of the wise ?
 Daring and counsel belong
 Of right to her confident eyes :
 Human and motherly they,
 Careless of station or race :
 Hearken ! her children to-day
 Shout for the joy of her face.

II

I

No praises of the past are hers,
 No fanes by hallowing time caressed,
 No broken arch that ministers
 To some sad instinct in the breast :
 She has not gathered from the
 years
 Grandeur of tragedies and tears,
 Nor from long leisure the unrest
 That finds repose in forms of classic
 grace :
 These may delight the coming race

Who haply shall not count it to our
 crime
 That we who fain would sing are
 here before our time.
 She also hath her monuments;
 Notsuch as stand decrepitly resigned
 To ruin-mark the path of dead events
 That left no seed of better days
 behind,
 The tourist's pensioners that show
 their scars
 And maunder of forgotten wars;
 She builds not on the ground, but in
 the mind,
 Her open-hearted palaces
 For larger-thoughted men with
 heaven and earth at ease:
 Her march the plump mow marks,
 the sleepless wheel,
 The golden sheaf, the self-swayed
 commonweal;
 The happy homesteads hid in orchard
 trees
 Whose sacrificial smokes through
 peaceful air
 Rise lost in heaven, the household's
 silent prayer;
 What architect hath bettered these?
 With softened eye the westward
 traveller sees
 A thousand miles of neighbours side
 by side,
 Holding by toil-won titles fresh from
 God
 The lands no serf or seigneur ever
 trod,
 With manhood latent in the very sod,
 Where the long billow of the wheat-
 field's tide
 Flows to the sky across the prairie
 wide,
 A sweeter vision than the castled
 Rhine,
 Kindly with thoughts of Ruth and
 Bible-days benign.

II

O ancient commonwealths, that we
 revere
 Haply because we could not know
 you near,

Your deeds like statues down the
 aisles of Time
 Shine peerless in memorial calm
 sublime,
 And Athens is a trumpet still, and
 Rome;
 Yet which of your achievements is
 not foam
 Weighed with this one of hers (below
 you far
 In fame, and born beneath a milder
 star),
 That to Earth's orphans, far as curves
 the dome
 Of death-deaf sky, the bounteous
 West means home,
 With dear precedency of natural ties
 That stretch from roof to roof and
 make men gently wise?
 And if the nobler passions wane,
 Distorted to base use, if the near goal
 Of insubstantial gain
 Tempt from the proper race-course of
 the soul
 That crowns their patient breath
 Whose feet, song-pinioned, are too
 fleet for Death,
 Yet may she claim one privilege
 urbane
 And haply first reveal the civic roll,
 That none can breathe her air nor
 grow humane.

III

Oh, better far the briefest hour
 Of Athens self-consumed, whose
 plastic power
 Hid Beauty safe from Death in words
 or stone;
 Of Rome, fair quarry where those
 eagles crowd
 Whose fulgurous vans about the
 world had blown
 Triumphant storm and seeds of
 polity;
 Of Venice, fading o'er her shipless
 sea,
 Last iridescence of a sunset cloud;
 Than this inert prosperity,
 This bovine comfort in the sense
 alone!

Yet art came slowly even to such as
those,
Whom no past genius cheated of
their own
With prudence of o'ermastering pre-
cedent ;
Petal by petals spreads the perfect rose,
Secure of the divine event ;
And only children read the bud
half-blown
To forestall Nature in her calm
intent :
Time hath a quiver full of purposes
Which miss not of their aim, to us
unknown,
And brings about the impossible with
ease :
Haply for us the ideal dawn shall
break
From where in legend-tinted line
The peaks of Hellas drink the morn-
ing's wine,
To tremble on our lids with mystic
sign
Till the drowsed ichor in our veins
awake
And set our pulse in tune with moods
divine :
Long the day lingered in its sea-
fringed nest,
Then touched the Tuscan hills with
golden lance
And paused ; then on to Spain and
France
The splendour flew, and Albion's
misty crest :
Shall Ocean bar him from his destined
West ?
Or are we, then, arrived too late,
Doomed with the rest to grope dis-
consolate,
Foreclosed of Beauty by our modern
date ?

III

I

POETS, as their heads grow gray,
Look from too far behind the eyes,
Too long-experienced to be wise
In guileless youth's diviner way ;

Life sings not now, but prophesies ;
Time's shadows they no more behold,
But, under them, the riddle old
That mocks, bewilders, and defies :
In childhood's face the seed of
shame,
In the green tree an ambushed flame,
In Phosphor a vaunt-guard of Night,
They, though against their will,
divine,
And dread the care-dispelling wine
Stored from the Muse's vintage
bright,
By age imbued with second-sight.
From Faith's own eyelids there
peeps out,
Even as they look, the leer of doubt ;
The festal wreath their fancy loads
With care that whispers and fore-
bodes :
Nor this our triumph-day can blunt
Megæra's goads.

II

Murmur of many voices in the air
Denounces us degenerate,
Unfaithful guardians of a noble
fate,
And prompts indifference or despair :
Is this the country that we dreamed
in youth,
Where wisdom and not numbers
should have weight,
Seed-field of simpler manners, braver
truth,
Where shams should cease to domi-
nate
In household, church, and state ?
Is this Atlantis ? This the un-
poisoned soil,
Sea-whelmed for ages and recovered
late,
Where parasitic greed no more
should coil
Round Freedom's stem to bend awry
and blight
What grew so fair, sole plant of love
and light ?
Who sit where once in crowned
seclusion sate
The long-proved athletes of debate,

Trained from their youth, as none
thinks needful now?
Is this debating club, where boys
dispute
And wrangle o'er their stolen fruit,
The Senate, erewhile cloister of the
few,
Where Clay once flashed and Webster's
cloudy brow
Brooded those bolts of thought that
all the horizon knew?

III

Oh, as this pensive moonlight blurs
my pines,
Here while I sit and meditate these
lines,
To gray-green dreams of what they
are by day,
So would some light, not reason's
sharp-edged ray,
Trance me in moonshine as before
the flight
Of years had won me this unwelcome
right
To see things as they are, or shall
be soon,
In the frank prose of undissembling
noon!

IV

Back to my breast, ungrateful sigh!
Whoever fails, whoever errs,
The penalty be ours, not hers!
The present still seems vulgar, seen
too nigh;
The golden age is still the age that's
past:
I ask no drowsy opiate
To dull my vision of that only state
Founded on faith in man, and there-
fore sure to last.
For, O my country, touched by thee,
The gray hairs gather back their
gold;
Thy thought sets all my pulses
free;
The heart refuses to be old;
The love is all that I can see.

Not to thy natal-day belong
Time's prudent doubt or age's wrong,
But gifts of gratitude and song:
Unsummoned crowd the thankful
words,
As sap in spring-time floods the
tree,
Foreboding the return of birds,
For all that thou hast been to me!

IV

I

FLAWLESS his heart and tempered
to the core
Who, beckoned by the forward-
leaning wave,
First left behind him the firm-footed
shore,
And, urged by every nerve of sail
and oar,
Steered for the Unknown which gods
to mortals gave,
Of thought and action the mysterious
door,
Bugbear of fools, a summons to the
brave:
Strength found he in the unsym-
pathising sun,
And strange stars from beneath the
horizon won,
And the dumb ocean pitilessly grave:
High-hearted surely he;
But bolder they who first off-cast
Their moorings from the habitable
Past
And ventured chartless on the sea
Of storm-engendering Liberty:
For all earth's width of waters is a
spau,
And their convulsed existence mere
repose,
Matched with the unstable heart of
man,
Shoreless in wants, mist-girt in all
it knows,
Open to every wind of sect or clan,
And sudden-passionate in ebbs and
flows.

II

They steered by stars the elder ship-
men knew,
And laid their courses where the
currents draw
Of ancient wisdom channelled deep
in law,
The undaunted few
Who changed the Old World for the
New,
And more devoutly prized
Than all perfection theorised
The more imperfect that had roots
and grew.
They founded deep and well,
Those danger-chosen chiefs of men,
Who still believed in Heaven and
Hell,
Nor hoped to find a spell
In some fine flourish of a pen
To make a better man
Than long-considering Nature will
or can,
Secure against his own mistakes,
Content with what life gives or
takes,
And acting still on some fore-ordered
plan,
A cog of iron in an iron wheel,
Too nicely poised to think or feel,
Dumb motor in a clock-like common-
weal.
They wasted not their brain in
schemes
Of what man might be in some
bubble-sphere,
As if he must be other than he seems

Because he was not what he should
be here,
Postponing Time's slow proof to
petulant dreams :
Yet herein they were great
Beyond the incredulous lawgivers of
yore,
And wiser than the wisdom of the
shelf,
That they conceived a deeper-rooted
state,
Of hardier growth, alive from rind
to core,
By making man sole sponsor of him-
self.

III

God of our fathers, Thou who wast,
Art, and shall be when those eye-
wise who flout
Thy secret presence shall be lost
In the great light that dazzles them
to doubt,
We, sprung from loins of stalwart
men
Whose strength was in their trust
That Thou wouldst make Thy dwell-
ing in their dust
And walk with them a fellow-citizen
Who build a city of the just ;
We, who believe Life's bases rest
Beyond the probe of chemic test,
Still, like our fathers, feel Thee near,
Sure that, while lasts the immutable
decree,
The land to Human Nature dear
Shall not be unbeloved of Thee.

LATER POEMS

BIRTHDAY VERSES

WRITTEN IN A CHILD'S ALBUM

'Twas sung of old in hut and hall,
How once a king in evil hour
Hung musing o'er his castle wall,
And, lost in idle dreams, let fall
Into the sea his ring of power.

Then, let him sorrow as he might,
And pledge his daughter and his
 throne
To who restored the jewel bright,
The broken spell would ne'er unite;
The grim old ocean held his own.

Those awful powers on man that wait,
On man, the beggar or the king,
To hovel bare or hall of state,
A magic ring that masters fate
On each succeeding birthday bring.

Therein are set four jewels rare;
Pearl winter, summer's ruby blaze,
Spring's emerald, and than all more
 fair

Fate's pensive opal doomed to bear
A pearl of fire bedreamed with haze.

To him the simple spell who knows,
The spirits of the ring to sway,
Fresh power with every sunrise flows,
And royal pursuivants are those
That fly his mandates to obey.

But he that with a slackened will
Dreams of things past or things
 to be,
From him the charm is slipping still,
And drops ere he suspect the ill
Into the inexorable sea.

ESTRANGEMENT

THE path from me to you that led,
 Untrodden long, with grass is
 grown,
Mute carpet that his lieges spread
 Before the Prince Oblivion,
When he goes visiting the dead.

And who are they but who forget?
 You, who my coming could sur-
 mise
Ere any hint of me as yet
 Warned other ears and other
 eyes,
See the path blurred without regret.

But when I trace its windings sweet
 With saddened steps, at every spot
That feels the memory in my feet,
 Each grass-blade turns forget-me-
 not,
Where murmuring bees your name
 repeat.

—*Century Magazine*, 1882.

PHOEBE

ERE pales in Heaven the morning
 star,
A bird, the loneliest of its kind,
Hears Dawn's faint footfall from afar
While all its mates are dumb and
 blind.

It is a wee sad-coloured thing,
As shy and secret as a maid,
That, ere in choir the robins ring,
Pipes its own name like one afraid.

It seems pain-prompted to repeat
The story of some ancient ill,
But *Phæbe* ! *Phæbe* ! sadly sweet
Is all it says, and then is still.

It calls and listens. Earth and sky,
Hushed by the pathos of its fate,
Listen : no whisper of reply
Comes from its doom-dissevered
mate.

Phæbe ! it calls and calls again,
And Ovid, could he but have heard,
Had hung a legendary pain
About the memory of the bird ;

A pain articulate so long
In penance of some mouldered crime
Whose ghost still flies the Furies'
thong
Down the waste solitudes of time.

Waif of the young World's wonder-
hour,
When gods found mortal maidens
fair,
And will malign was joined with
power
Love's kindly laws to overbear ;

Like Progne, did it feel the stress
And coil of the prevailing words
Close round its being, and com-
press
Man's ampler nature to a bird's ?

One only memory left of all
The motley crowd of vanished scenes,
Hers, and vain impulse to recall
By repetition what it means.

Phæbe ! is all it has to say
In plaintive cadence o'er and o'er,
Like children that have lost their
way,
And know their names, but nothing
more.

Is it a type, since Nature's Lyre
Vibrates to every note in man,
Of that insatiable desire,
Meant to be so since life began ?

I, in strange lands at gray of dawn,
Wakeful, have heard that fruitless
plaint,
Through Memory's chambers deep
withdrawn,
Renew its iterations faint.

So nigh ! yet from remotest years
It summons back its magic, rife
With longings unappeased, and tears
Drawn from the very source of life.

—*Century Magazine*, 1881.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

DON'T believe in the Flying Dutch-
man ?

I've known the fellow for years ;
My button I've wrenched from his
clutch, man :
I shudder whenever he nears !

He's a Rip van Winkle skipper,
A Wandering Jew of the sea,
Who sails his bedevilled old clipper
In the wind's eye, straight as a
bee.

Back topsails, you can't escape him ;
The man-ropes stretch with his
weight,
And the queerest old toggeries drape
him,
The Lord knows how long out of
date !

Like a long-disembodied idea
(A kind of ghost plentiful now),
He stands there ; you fancy you see a
Coeval of Teniers or Douw.

He greets you ; would have you take
letters ;

You scan the addresses with dread,
While he mutters his *donners* and
wetters,—

They're all from the dead to the
dead !

You seem taking time for reflection,
But the heart fills your throat with
a jam,
As you spell in each faded direction
An ominous ending in "dam."

Am I tagging my rhymes to a legend?
That were changing green turtle to
mock:
No, thank you! I've found out
which wedge-end
Is meant for the head of a block.

The fellow I have in my mind's eye
Play's the old Skipper's part here
on shore,
And sticks like a burr, till he finds I
Have got just the gauge of his
bore.

This postman 'twixt one ghost and
t'other,
With last dates that smell of the
mould,
I have met him (O man and brother,
Forgive me!) in azure and gold.

In the pulpit I've known of his
preaching,
Out of hearing behind the time,
Some statement of Balaam's im-
peaching,
Giving Eve a due sense of her crime.

I have seen him some poor ancient
thrashing
Into something (God save us!)
more dry,
With the Water of Life itself washing
The life out of earth, sea, and sky.

O dread fellow-mortal, get newer
Despatches to carry, or none!
We're as quick as the Greek and the
Jew were
At knowing a loaf from a stone.

Till the couriers of God fail in duty,
We sha'n't ask a mummy for news,
Nor sate the soul's hunger for beauty
With your drawings from casts of
a Muse.

SONNETS FROM OVER THE SEA

SCOTTISH BORDER

AS sinks the sun behind yon alien
hills
Whose heather-purpled slopes, in
glory rolled,
Flush all my thought with momentary
gold,
What pang of vain regret my fancy
thrills!
Here 'tis enchanted ground the
peasant tills,
Where the shy ballad dared its
blooms unfold,
And memory's glamour makes new
sights seem old,
As when our life some vanished dream
fulfils:
Yet not to thee belong these painless
tears,
Land loved ere seen: before my
darkened eyes,
From far beyond the waters and the
years,
Horizons mute that wait their poet
rise;
The stream before me fades and
disappears,
And in the shades the western
splendour dies.

SONNET

ON BEING ASKED FOR AN AUTO- GRAPH IN VENICE

AMID these fragments of heroic
days
When thought met deed with mutual
passions' leap,
There sits a Fame whose silent
trump makes cheap
What short-lived rumour of ourselves
we raise.

They had far other estimate of
praise
Who stamped the signet of their
souls so deep
In art and action, and whose
memories keep
Their height like stars above our
misty ways :
In this grave presence to record my
name
Something within me hangs the head
and shrinks.
Dull were the soul without some joy
in fame ;
Yet here to claim remembrance were,
methinks,
Like him who, in the desert's awful
frame,
Notches his cockney initials on the
Sphinx.

THE DANCING BEAR

FAR over Elf-land poets stretch
their sway,
And win their dearest crowns be-
yond the goal
Of their own conscious purpose ;
they control
With gossamer threads wide-flown
our fancy's play,
And so our action. On my walk to-
day,
A wallowing bear begged clumsily
his toll,
When straight a vision rose of Atta
Troll,
And scenes ideal witch'd mine eyes
away.
" *Merci, Mossieu !* " the astonished
bear-ward cried,
Grateful for thrice his hope to me,
the slave
Of partial memory, seeing at his
side
A bear immortal ! the glad dole I
gave
Was none of mine ; poor Heine o'er
the wide
Atlantic reached it from his grave.

NIGHT WATCHES

WHILE the slow clock, as they were
miser's gold,
Counts and recounts the mornward
steps of Time,
The darkness thrills with conscience
of each crime
By Death committed, daily grown
more bold.
Once more the list of all my wrongs
is told,
And ghostly hands stretch to me
from my prime
Helpless farewells, as from an alien
clime ;
For each new loss redoubles all the
old.
This morn 'twas May ; the blossoms
were astir
With southern wind ; but now the
boughs are bent
With snow instead of birds, and all
things freeze.
How much of all my past is dumb
with her,
And of my future, too, for with her
went
Half of that world I ever cared to
please !

DEATH OF QUEEN MERCEDES

HERS all that Earth could promise or
bestow,—
Youth, beauty, love, a crown, the
beckoning years,
Lids never wet, unless with joyous
tears,
A life remote from every sordid
woe,
And by a nation's swelled to lordlier
flow.
What lurking-place, thought we, for
doubts or fears,
When, the day's swan, she swam
along the cheers
Of the Alcalá, five happy months
ago ?

The guns were shouting Io Hymen
 then
 That, on her birthday, now announce
 her doom ;
 The same white steeds that tossed
 their scorn of men
 To-day as proudly drag her to the
 tomb.
 Grim jest of fate ! Yet who dare
 call it blind,
 Knowing what life is, what our
 humankind ?

—*Harper's Magazine*, 1881.

PRISON OF CERVANTES

SEAT of all woes ? Though Nature's
 firm decree
 The narrowing soul with narrowing
 dungeon bind,
 Yet was his free of motion as the
 wind,
 And held both worlds, of spirit and
 sense, in fee.
 In charmed communion with his
 dual mind
 He wandered Spain, himself both
 knight and hind,
 Redressing wrongs he knew must
 ever be.
 His humour wise could see life's long
 deceit,
 Man's baffled aims, nor therefore
 both despise ;
 His knightly nature could ill fortune
 greet
 Like an old friend. Whose ever
 such kind eyes
 That pierced so deep, such scope,
 save his whose feet
 By Avon ceased 'neath the same
 April's skies ?

—*Harper's Magazine*, 1881.

SONNET

TO F. A.

UNCONSCIOUS as the sunshine,
 simply sweet
 And generous as that, thou dost not
 close
 Thyself in art, as life were but a rose
 To rumple bee-like with luxurious feet ;
 Thy higher mind therein finds sure
 retreat,
 But not from care of common hopes
 and woes ;
 Thee the dark chamber, thee the
 unfriended, knows,
 Although no babbling crowds thy
 praise repeat :
 Consummate artist, who life's land-
 scape bleak
 Hast brimmed with sun, to many a
 clouded eye,
 Touched to a brighter hue the
 beggar's cheek,
 Hung over orphaned lives a gracious
 sky,
 And traced for eyes, that else would
 vainly seek,
 Fair pictures of an angel drawing nigh !

FLORENCE, 1873.

FOR A MEMORIAL WINDOW TO SIR WALTER RALEIGH

SET UP IN ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMIN-
 STER, BY AMERICAN CONTRIBUTORS

THE New World's sons, from Eng-
 land's breasts we drew
 Such milk as bids remember
 whence we came ;
 Proud of her Past, wherefrom our
 Present grew,
 This window we inscribe with
 Raleigh's name.

AGASSIZ

"Come
Dicesti *egli ebbe?* non viv' egli ancora?
Non fiere gli occhi suoi lo dolce lume?"

I
I

THE electric nerve, whose instantaneous thrill
Makes next door gossips of the antipodes,
Confutes poor Hope's last fallacy of case,—
The distance that divided her from ill;
Earth sentient seems again as when of old

The horny foot of Pan
Stamped, and the conscious horror ran
Beneath men's feet through all her fibres cold;
Space's blue walls are mined; we feel the throe
From underground of our night-mantled foe;

The flame-winged feet
Of Trade's new Mercury that dryshod run
Through briny abysses dreamless of the sun

Are mercilessly fleet,
And at a bound annihilate
Ocean's prerogative of short reprieve;
Surely ill news might wait,
And man be patient of delay to grieve:

Letters have sympathies
And tell-tale faces that reveal,
To senses finer than the eyes,
Their errand's purport ere we break the seal;

They wind a sorrow round with circumstance
To stay its feet, nor all unwarned displace

The veil that darkened from our sidelong glance
The inexorable face:
But now Fate stuns as with a mace;
The savage of the skies, that men have caught
And some scant use of language taught,
Tells only what he must,—
The steel-cold fact in one laconic thrust.

II

So thought I, as, with vague, mechanic eyes,
I scanned the festering news we half despise

Yet scramble for no less,
And read of public scandal, private fraud,
Crime flaunting scot-free while the mob applaud,

Office made vile to bribe unworthiness,
And all the unwholesome mess
The Land of Broken Promise serves of late

To teach the Old World how to wait,

When suddenly,
As happens if the brain, from overweight

Of blood, infect the eye,
Three tiny words grew lurid as I read,
And reeled commingling: *Agassiz is dead.*

As when, beneath the street's familiar jar,
An earthquake's alien omen rumbles far,

Men listen and forebode, I hung my
head,
And strove the present to re-
call,
As if the blow that stunned were yet
to fall.

III

Uprooted is our mountain oak,
That promised long security of
shade
And brooding-place for many a
winged thought;
Not by Time's softly-warning
stroke
With pauses of relenting pity stayed,
But ere a root seemed sapt, a bough
decayed,
From sudden ambush by the whirl-
wind caught
And in his broad maturity betrayed!

IV

Well might I, as of old, appeal to
you,
O mountains, woods, and streams,
To help us mourn him, for ye loved
him too;
But simpler moods befit our
modern themes,
And no less perfect birth of nature
can,
Though they yearn tow'ards him,
sympathise with man,
Save as dumb fellow - prisoners
through a wall;
Answer ye rather to my call,
Strong poets of a more outspoken
day,
When Nature spake nor sought nice
reasons why,
Too much for softer arts forgotten
since
That teach our forthright tongue to
lisp and mince,
And drown in music the heart's
bitter cry!
Lead me some steps in your directer
way,

Teach me those words that strike a
solid root

Within the ears of men;
Ye chiefly, virile both to think and
feel,
Deep-chested Chapman and firm-
footed Ben,—
For he was masculine from head to
heel.
Nay, let himself stand undiminished
by
With those clear parts of him that
will not die.
Himself from out the recent dark I
claim
To hear, and, if I flatter him, to
blame;
To show himself, as still I seem
to see,
A mortal, built upon the antique plan,
Brimful of lusty blood as ever ran,
And taking life as simply as a tree!
To claim my foiled good-bye let him
appear,
Large-limbed and human as I saw
him near,
Loosed from the stiffening uniform
of fame:
And let me treat him largely: I
should fear
(If with too prying lens I chanced to
err,
Mistaking catalogue for character),
His wise forefinger raised in smiling
blame.
Nor would I scant him with judicial
breath
And turn mere critic in an epitaph;
I choose the wheat, incurious of the
chaff
That swells fame living, chokes it
after death,
And would but memorise the shining
half
Of his large nature that was turned
to me:
Fain had I joined with those that
honoured him
With eyes that darkened because
his were dim,
And now been silent: but it might
not be.

11

I

IN some the genius is a thing apart,
 A pillared hermit of the brain,
 Hoarding with incommunicable art
 Its intellectual gain;
 Man's web of circumstance and
 fate
 They from their perch of self
 observe,
 Indifferent as the figures on a slate
 Are to the planet's sun-swung
 curve
 Whose bright returns they cal-
 culate;
 Their nice adjustment, part to
 part,
 Were shaken from its serviceable
 mood
 By unpremeditated stirs of heart
 Or jar of human neighbourhood:
 Some find their natural selves, and
 only then,
 In furloughs of divine escape from
 men,
 And when, by that brief ecstasy left
 bare,
 Driven by some instinct of desire,
 They wander worldward, 'tis to blink
 and stare,
 Like wild things of the wood about
 a fire,
 Dazed by the social glow they can-
 not share;
 His nature brooked no lonely lair
 But basked and bourgeoned in co-
 partnership,
 Companionship, and open-windowed
 glee:
 He knew, for he had tried
 Those speculative heights that
 lure
 The unpractised foot, impatient of a
 guide,
 Tow'rd ether too attenuately
 pure
 For sweet unconscious breath,
 though dear to pride,
 But better loved the foothold
 sure

Of paths that wind by old abodes of
 men
 Who hope at last the churchyard's
 peace secure,
 And follow time-worn rules, that
 them suffice,
 Learned from their sires, tradition-
 ally wise,
 Careful of honest custom's how and
 when;
 His mind, too brave to look on Truth
 askance,
 No more those habitudes of faith
 could share,
 But, tinged with sweetness of the
 old Swiss manse,
 Lingered around them still and fain
 would spare.
 Patient to spy a sullen egg for
 weeks,
 The enigma of creation to surprise,
 His truer instinct sought the life
 that speaks
 Without a mystery from kindly
 eyes;
 In no self-woven silk of prudence
 wound,
 He by the touch of men was best
 inspired,
 And caught his native greatness at
 rebound
 From generousities itself had fired;
 Then how the heat through every
 fibre ran,
 Felt in the gathering presence of
 the man,
 While the apt word and gesture
 came unbid!
 Virtues and faults it to one metal
 wrought,
 Fined all his blood to
 thought,
 And ran the molten man in all he
 said or did.
 All Tully's rules and all Quintilian's
 too
 He by the light of listening faces
 knew,
 And his rapt audience all uncon-
 scious lent
 Their own roused force to make him
 eloquent;

Persuasion fondled in his look and
tone;
Our speech (with strangers prudish)
he could bring
To find new charm in accents not
her own;
Her coy constraints and icy hin-
drances
Melted upon his lips to natural
ease,
As a brook's fetters swell the dance
of spring.
Nor yet all sweetness; not in vain
he wore,
Nor in the sheath of ceremony,
controlled
By velvet courtesy or caution cold,
That sword of honest anger prized
of old,
But, with two-handed wrath,
If baseness or pretension crossed
his path,
Struck once nor needed to strike
more.

II

His magic was not far to
seek,—
He was so human! Whether strong
or weak,
Far from his kind he neither sank
nor soared,
But sate an equal guest at every
board:
No beggar ever felt him condescend,
No prince presume; for still himself
he bare
At manhood's simple level, and
where'er
He met a stranger, there he left a
friend.
How large an aspect! nobly unsevere,
With freshness round him of
Olympian cheer,
Like visits of those earthly gods he
came;
His look, wherever its good-fortune
fell,
Doubled the feast without a miracle,
And on the hearthstone danced a
happier flame;

Philemon's crabbed vintage grew
benign;
Amphitryon's gold-juice humanised
to wine.

III

I

THE garrulous memories
Gather again from all their far-flown
nooks,
Singly at first, and then by twos and
threes,
Then in a throng innumerable, as
the rooks
Thicken their twilight files
Tow'rd Tintern's gray repose of roof-
less aisles:
Once more I see him at the table's
head
When Saturday her monthly banquet
spread
To scholars, poets, wits,
All choice, some famous, loving
things, not names,
And so without a twinge at others'
fames;
Such company as wisest moods be-
fits,
Yet with no pedant blindness to the
worth
Of undeliberate mirth,
Natures benignly mixed of air and
earth,
Now with the stars and now with
equal zest
Tracing the eccentric orbit of a jest.

II

I see in vision the warm-lighted
hall,
The living and the dead I see
again,
And but one chair is empty; of them
all
'Tis I that seem the dead: they all
remain

Immortal, changeless creatures of
the brain :
Wellnigh I doubt which world is real
most,
Of sense or spirit, to the truly
sane ;
In this abstraction it were light to
deem
Myself the figment of some stronger
dream ;
They are the real things, and I the
ghost
That glide unhindered through the
solid door,
Vainly for recognition seek from
chair to chair,
And strive to speak and am but futile
air,
As truly most of us are little more.

III

Him most I see whom we most
dearly miss,
The latest parted thence,
His features poised in genial armis-
tice
And armed neutrality of self-defence,
Beneath the forehead's walled pre-
eminence,
While Tyro, plucking facts with care-
less reach,
Settles off-hand our human how and
whence ;
The long-trained veteran scarcely
wincing hears
The infallible strategy of volun-
teers,
Making through Nature's walls its
easy breach,
And seems to learn where he alone
could teach.
Ample and ruddy, the board's end
he fills
As he our fireside were, our light and
heat,
Centre where minds diverse and
various skills
Find their warm nook and stretch
unhampered feet ;
I see the firm benignity of face,

Wide-smiling champaign, without
tameness sweet,
The mass Teutonic toned to Gallic
grace,
The eyes whose sunshine runs before
the lips
While Holmes's rockets curve their
long ellipse,
And burst in seeds of fire that
burst again
To drop in scintillating rain.

IV

There too the face half-rustic, half-
divine,
Self-poised, sagacious, freaked with
humour fine,
Of him who taught us not to mow
and mope
About our fancied selves, but seek
our scope
In Nature's world and Man's, nor fade
to hollow trope,
Content with our New World and
timely bold
To challenge the o'ermastery of
the Old ;
Listening with eyes averse I see
him sit
Pricked with the cider of the
Judge's wit
(Ripe-hearted homebrew, fresh and
fresh again),
While the wise nose's firm-built
aquiline
Curves sharper to restrain
The merriment whose most unruly
moods
Pass not the dumb laugh learned
in listening woods
Of silence-shedding pine :
Hard by is he whose art's consol-
ing spell
Hath given both worlds a whiff of
asphodel,
His look still vernal 'mid the wintry
ring
Of petals that remember, not fore-
tell,
The paler primrose of a second
spring.

V

And more there are : but other
forms arise,
And seen as clear, albeit with
dimmer eyes :
First he from sympathy still held
apart
By shrinking over-eagerness of
heart,
Cloud charged with searching fire,
whose shadow's sweep
Heightened mean things with
sense of brooding ill,
And steeped in doom familiar field
and hill,—
New England's poet, soul reserved
and deep,
November nature with a name of
May,
Whom high o'er Concord plains
we laid to sleep,
While the orchards mocked us in
their white array
And building robins wondered at
our tears,
Snatched in his prime, the shape
august
That should have stood unbent
'neath fourscore years,
The noble head, the eyes of furtive
trust,
All gone to speechless dust.
And he our passing guest,
Shy nature, too, and stung with
life's unrest,
Whom we too briefly had but could
not hold,
Who brought ripe Oxford's culture
to our board,
The Past's incalculable hoard,
Mellowed by scutcheoned panes in
cloisters old,
Seclusions ivy-hushed, and pave-
ments sweet
With immemorial lisp of musing
feet ;
Young head time-tensured smoo-
ther than a friar's,
Boy face, but grave with answerless
desires,
Poet in all that poets have of best,

But foiled with riddles dark and
cloudy aims,
Who now hath found sure
rest,
Not by still Isis or historic Thames,
Nor by the Charles he tried to love
with me,
But, not misplaced, by Arno's hal-
lowed brim,
Nor scorned by Santa Croce's
neighbouring fames,
Haply not mindless, where-
so'er he be,
Of violets that to-day I scattered
over him ;
He, too, is there,
After the good centurion fitly
named,
Whom learning dulled not, nor
convention tamed,
Shaking with burly mirth his
hyacinthine hair,
Our hearty Grecian of Homeric
ways,
Still found the surer friend where
least he hoped the praise.

VI

Yea truly, as the fallowing years
Fall from us faster, like frost-
loosened leaves
Pushed by the misty touch of shorten-
ing days,
And that unawakened winter nears,
'Tis the void chair our surest guest
receives,
'Tis lips long cold that give the
warmest kiss,
'Tis the lost voice comes oftenest to
our ears ;
We count our rosary by the beads
we miss :
To me, at least, it seemeth so,
An exile in the land once found
divine,
While my starved fire burns low,
And homeless winds at the loose
casement whine
Shrill ditties of the snow-roofed
Apennine.

IV

I

Now forth into the darkness all are
gone,
But memory, still unsated, follows on,
Retracing step by step our homeward walk,
With many a laugh among our serious talk,
Across the bridge where, on the dimpling tide,
The long red streamers from the windows glide,
Or the dim western moon
Rocks her skiff's image on the broad lagoon,
And Boston shows a soft Venetian side
In that Arcadian light when roof and tree,
Hard prose by daylight, dream in Italy ;
Or haply in the sky's cold chambers wide
Shivered the winter stars, while all below,
As if an end were come of human ill,
The world was wrapt in innocence of snow
And the cast-iron bay was blind and still :
These were our poetry ; in him perhaps
Science had barred the gate that lets in dream,
And he would rather count the perch and bream
Than with the current's idle fancy lapse ;
And yet he had the poet's open eye
That takes a frank delight in all it sees,
Nor was earth voiceless, nor the mystic sky,
To him, the life-long friend of fields and trees :
Then came the prose of the suburban street,
Its silence deepened by our echoing feet,

And converse such as rambling hazard finds ;
Then he who many cities knew and many minds,
And men once world-noised, now mere Ossian forms
Of misty memory, bade them live anew
As when they shared earth's manifold delight,
In shape, in gait, in voice, in gesture true,
And, with an accent heightening as he warms,
Would stop forgetful of the shortening night,
Drop my confining arm, and pour profuse
Much worldly wisdom kept for others' use,
Not for his own, for he was rash and free,
His purse or knowledge all men's, like the sea.
Still can I hear his voice's shrilling might
(With pauses broken, while the fitful spark
He blew more hotly rounded on the dark
To tint his features with a Rembrandt light)
Call Oken back, or Humboldt, or Lamarck,
Or Cuvier's taller shade, and many more
Whom he had seen, or knew from others' sight,
And make them men to me as ne'er before :
Not seldom, as the undeadened fibre stirred
Of noble friendships knit beyond the sea,
German or French thrust by the lagging word,
For a good leash of mother-tongues had he.
At last, arrived at where our paths divide,
" Good night ! " and, ere the distance grew too wide,

"Good night!" again; and now
with cheated ear
I half hear his who mine shall never
hear.

II

Sometimes it seemed as if New
England air
For his large lungs too parsimonious
were,
As if those empty rooms of dogma
drear,
Where the ghost shivers of a faith
austere,
Counting the horns o'er of the
Beast,
Still scaring those whose faith in it
is least,
As if those snaps o' th' moral atmos-
phere
That sharpen all the needles of the
East

Had been to him like death,
Accustomed to draw Europe's freer
breath

In a more stable element;
Nay, even our landscape, half the
year morose,
Our practical horizon grimly
pent,
Our air, sincere of ceremonious
haze,
Forcing hard outlines mercilessly
close,

Our social monotone of level days,
Might make our best seem
banishment!

But it was nothing so;
Haply his instinct might di-
vine,

Beneath our drift of puritanic
snow,

The marvel sensitive and fine
Of sanguinaria over-rash to blow
And trust its shyness in an air
malign;

Well might he prize truth's war-
ranty and pledge

In the grim outcrop of our granite
edge,

Or Hebrew fervour flashing forth
at need

In the stiff sons of Calvin's iron
breed,

As prompt to give as skilled to
win and keep;

But, though such intuitions might
not cheer,

Yet life was good to him, and,
there or here,

With that sufficing joy, the day was
never cheap;

Thereto his mind was its own
ample sphere,

And, like those buildings great
that through the year

Carry one temperature, his nature
large

Made its own climate, nor could
any marge

Traced by convention stay him
from his bent:

He had a habitude of mountain air;
He brought wide outlook where he
went,

And could on sunny uplands
dwell

Of prospect sweeter than the pas-
tures fair

High-hung of viny Neuf-
châtel;

Nor, surely, did he miss
Some pale, imaginary bliss

Of earlier sights whose inner land-
scape still was Swiss.

V

I

I CANNOT think he wished so soon
to die

With all his senses full of eager
heat,

And rosy years that stood expec-
tant by

To buckle the winged sandals on
their feet,

He that was friends with Earth,
and all her sweet

Took with both hands unsparingly.

Truly this life is precious to the
 root,
 And good the feel of grass beneath
 the foot;
 To lie in buttercups and clover-
 bloom,
 Tenants in common with the
 bees,
 And watch the white clouds drift
 through gulfs of trees,
 Is better than long waiting in the
 tomb;
 Only once more to feel the
 coming spring
 As the birds feel it, when it bids
 them sing,
 Only once more to see the moon
 Through leaf-fringed abbey-arches
 of the elms
 Curve her mild sickle in the
 West
 Sweet with the breath of hay-
 cocks, were a boon
 Worth any promise of soothsayer
 realms
 Or casual hope of being elsewhere
 blest;
 To take December by the beard
 And crush the creaking snow with
 springy foot,
 While overhead the North's dumb
 streamers shoot,
 Till Winter fawn upon the cheek
 endeared;
 Then the long evening-ends
 Lingered by cosy chimney-
 nooks,
 With high companionship of books
 Or slippered talk of friends
 And sweet habitual looks,—
 Is better than to stop the ears with
 dust;
 Too soon the spectre comes to say,
 "Thou must!"

II

When toil-crooked hands are crost
 upon the breast,
 They comfort us with sense of
 rest;

They must be glad to lie for ever
 still;
 Their work is ended with their
 day;
 Another fills their room; 'tis the
 World's ancient way,
 Whether for good or ill;
 But the deft spinners of the
 brain,
 Who love each added day and find
 it gain,
 Them overtakes the doom
 To snapt the half-grown flower upon
 the loom
 (Trophy that was to be of life-long
 pain),
 The thread no other skill can ever
 knit again.
 'Twas so with him, for he was
 glad to live,
 'Twas doubly so, for he left
 work begun.
 Could not this eagerness of Fate
 forgive
 Till all the allotted flax was
 spun?
 It matters not; for, go at night or
 noon,
 A friend, whene'er he dies, has
 died too soon,
 And, once we hear the hopeless *He*
is dead,
 So far as flesh hath knowledge, all
 is said.

VI

I

I SEEM to see the black procession
 go:
 That crawling prose of death too
 well I know,
 The vulgar paraphrase of glorious
 woe;
 I see it wind through that un-
 sightly grove,
 Once beautiful, but long de-
 faced
 With granite permanence of cock-
 ney taste

And all those grim disfigurements
 we love :
 There, then, we leave him : Him ?
 such costly waste
 Nature rebels at : and it is not
 true
 Of those most precious parts of him
 we knew :
 Could we be conscious but as
 dreamers be,
 'Twere sweet to leave this shifting
 life of tents
 Sunk in the changeless calm of
 Deity ;
 Nay, to be mingled with the
 elements,
 The fellow-servant of creative
 powers,
 Partaker in the solemn year's
 events,
 To share the work of busy-fingered
 hours,
 To be night's silent almoner of
 dew,
 To rise again in plants and breathe
 and grow,
 To stream as tides the ocean
 caverns through,
 Or with the rapture of great winds
 to blow
 About earth's shaken coignes, were
 not a fate
 To leave us all disconso-
 late ;
 Even endless slumber in the sweeten-
 ing sod
 Of charitable earth,
 That takes out all our mortal
 stains
 And makes us cleaner neighbours
 of the clod,
 Methinks were better worth
 Than the poor fruit of most men's
 wakeful pains,
 The heart's insatiable ache.
 But such was not his faith,
 Nor mine : it may be he had
 trod
 Outside the plain old path of *God*
thus spake ;
 But God to him was very God,
 And not a visionary wraith

Skulking in murky corners of the
 mind ;
 And he was sure to be
 Somehow, somewhere, imperishable
 as He ;
 Not with His essence mystically
 combined,
 As some high spirits long, but whole
 and free,
 A perfected and conscious Agas-
 siz.
 And such I figure him : the wise of
 old
 Welcome and own him of their peace-
 ful fold ;
 Not truly with the guild enrolled
 Of him who seeking inward
 guessed
 Diviner riddles than the rest,
 And groping in the darks of
 thought
 Touched the Great Hand and
 knew it not ;
 Rather he shares the daily light,
 From reason's charier fountains
 won,
 Of his great chief, the slow-paced
 Stagyrte,
 And Cuvier clasps once more his
 long-lost son.

II

The shape erect is prone : for ever
 stilled
 The winning tongue ; the forehead's
 high-piled heap,
 A cairn which every science helped
 to build,
 Unvalued will its golden secrets
 keep :
 He knows at last if Life or Death be
 best.
 Wherever he be flown, whatever
 vest
 The being hath put on which lately
 here
 So many-friended was, so full of
 cheer
 To make men feel the Seeker's noble
 zest,

We have not lost him all ; he is not
gone
To the dumb herd of them that
wholly die ;
The beauty of his better self lives on
In minds he touched with fire, in
many an eye
He trained to Truth's exact severity.
He was a Teacher ; why be grieved
for him
Whose living word still stimulates
the air ?

In endless file shall loving scholars
come
The glow of his transmitted touch to
share,
And trace his features with an eye less
dim
Than ours, whose sense familiar wont
makes numb.

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GLOSSARY TO THE BIGLOW PAPERS

Act'ly, *actually*.

Air, *are*.

Airth, *earth*.

Airy, *area*.

Aree, *area*.

Arter, *after*.

Ax, *ask*.

Beller, *bellow*.

Bellowses, *lungs*.

Ben, *been*.

Bile, *boil*.

Bimeby, *by-and-by*.

Blurt out, *to speak bluntly*.

Bust, *burst*.

Buster, *a roistering blade*; used also as a general superlative.

Caird, *carried*.

Cairn, *carrying*.

Caleb, *a turncoat*.

Cal'late, *calculate*.

Cass, *a person with two lives*.

Close, *clothes*.

Cockerel, *a young cock*.

Cocktail, *a kind of drink*; also, an ornament peculiar to soldiers.

Convention, *a place where people are imposed on*; *a juggler's show*.

Coons, *a cant term for a now defunct party*; derived, perhaps, from the fact of their being commonly up a tree.

Cornwallis, *a sort of muster in masquerade*; supposed to have had its origin soon after the Revolution, and to commemorate the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. It took the place of the old Guy Fawkes procession.

Crooked stick, *a perverse, froward person*.

Cunne, *a colonel*.

Cus, *a curse*; also, *a pitiful fellow*.

Darsn't, used indiscriminately, either in singular or plural number, for *dare not*, *dares not*, and *dared not*.

Deacon off, *to give the cue to*; derived

from a custom, once universal, but now extinct, in our New England Congregational churches. An important part of the office of deacon was to read aloud the hymns *given out* by the minister, one line at a time, the congregation singing each line as soon as read.

Demmercrat, *leadin', one in favour of extending slavery*; *a free-trade lecturer maintained in the custom-house*.

Desput, *desperate*.

Doos, *does*.

Doughface, *a contented lick-spittle*; a common variety of Northern politician.

Dror, *draw*.

Du, *do*.

Dunno, dno, *do not or does not know*.

Dut, *dirt*.

Eend, *end*.

Ef, *if*.

Emptins, *yeast*.

Env'y, *envoy*.

Everlasting, *an intensive, without reference to duration*.

Ev'y, *every*.

Ez, *as*.

Fence, on the; said of one who halts between two opinions; a trimmer.

Fer, *for*.

Ferlie, *ferful, fearful*; also an intensive.

Fin', *find*.

Fish-skin, used in New England to clarify coffee.

Fix, *a difficulty, a nonplus*.

Foller, *folly, to follow*.

Forrerd, *forward*.

Frum, *from*.

Fur, *far*.

Furder, *farther*.

Furrer, *furrow*. Metaphorically, *to draw a straight furrow* is to live up-rightly or decorously.

Gin, *gave*.
 Git, *get*.
 Gret, *great*.
 Grit, *spirit, energy, pluck*.
 Grout, *to sulk*.
 Grouty, *crabbed, surly*.
 Gum, *to impose on*.
 Gump, *a foolish fellow, a dullard*.
 Gut, *got*.

Hed, *had*.
 Heern, *heard*.
 Hellum, *helm*.
 Hendy, *handy*.
 Het, *heated*.
 Hev, *have*.
 Hez, *has*.
 Holl, *whole*.
 Holt, *hold*.
 Huf, *hoof*.
 Hull, *whole*.
 Hum, *home*.
 Humbug, *General Taylor's anti-slavery*.
 Hut, *hurt*.

Idno, *I do not know*.
 In my, *enemy*.
 Insides, *ensigns*; used to designate both the officer who carries the standard and the standard itself.
 Inter, intu, *into*.

Jedge, *judge*.
 Jest, *just*.
 Jine, *join*.
 Jint, *joint*.
 Junk, *a fragment of any solid substance*.

Keer, *care*.
 Kep', *kept*.
 Killock, *a small anchor*.
 Kin', kin' o', kinder, *kind, kind of*.

Lawth, *loath*.
 Less, *let's, let us*.
 Let daylight into, *to shoot*.
 Let on, *to hint, to confess, to own*.
 Lick, *to beat, to overcome*.
 Lights, *the bowels*.
 Lily-pads, *leaves of the water-lily*.
 Long-sweetening, *molasses*.

Mash, *marsh*.
 Mean, *stingy, ill-natured*.
 Min', *mind*.

Nimepunce, *ninepence, twelve and a half cents*.
 Nowers, *nowhere*.

Offen, *often*.
 Ole, *old*.
 Ollers, olluz, *always*.
 On, *of*; used before *it* or *them*, or at the end of a sentence, as *on't, on 'em, nut es ever I heerd on*.
 On'y, *only*.
 Ossifer, *officer* (seldom heard).

Peaked, *pointed*.
 Peek, *to peep*.
 Pickerel, *the pike, a fish*.
 Pint, *point*.
 Pocket full of rocks, *plenty of money*.
 Pooty, *pretty*.
 Pop'ler, *conceited, popular*.
 Pus, *purse*.
 Put out, *troubled, vexed*.

Quarter, *a quarter-dollar*.
 Queen's-arms, *a musket*.

Resh, *rush*.
 Revelee, *the réveille*.
 Rile, *to trouble*.
 Riled, *angry; disturbed*, as the sediment in any liquid.
 Riz, *risen*.
 Row, *a long row to hoe, a difficult task*.
 Rugged, *robust*.

Sarse, *abuse, impertinence*.
 Sartin, *certain*.
 Saxon, *sacristan, sexton*.
 Scaliest, *worst*.
 Scringe, *cringe*.
 Scrouge, *to crowd*.
 Sech, *such*.
 Set by, *valued*.
 Shakes, *great, of considerable consequence*.
 Shappoes, *chapeaux, cocked-hats*.
 Sheer, *share*.
 Shet, *shut*.
 Shut, *shirt*.
 Skeered, *scared*.
 Skeeter, *mosquito*.
 Skooting, *running or moving swiftly*.
 Slarterin', *slaughtering*.
 Slim, *contemptible*.
 Snake, *crawled like a snake*; but to *snake any one out* is to track him to

- his hiding-place; *to snake a thing out* is to snatch it out.
- Soffies, *sofas*.
- Sogerin', *soldiering*; a barbarous amusement common among men in the savage state.
- Som'ers, *somewhere*.
- So'st, *so as that*.
- Sot, *set, obstinate, resolute*.
- Spiles, *spoils*; objects of political ambition.
- Spry, *active*.
- Staddles, *stout stakes driven into the salt marshes*, on which the hayricks are set, and thus raised out of the reach of high tides.
- Streaked, *uncomfortable, discomfited*.
- Suckle, *circle*.
- Sutthin', *something*.
- Suttin, *certain*.
- Take on, *to sorrow*.
- Talents, *talons*.
- Taters, *potatoes*.
- Tell, *till*.
- Tetch, *touch*.
- Tetch tu, *to be able*; used always after a negative in this sense.
- Tollable, *tolerable*.
- Toot, used derisively for *playing on any wind instrument*.
- Thru, *through*.
- Thundering, a euphemism common in New England for the profane English expression *devilish*. Perhaps derived from the belief, common formerly, that thunder was caused by the Prince of the Air, for some of whose accomplishments consult Cotton Mather.
- Tu, *to, too*; commonly has this sound when used emphatically or at the end of a sentence. At other times it has the sound of *t* in *tough*, as, *Ware ye goin' tui?* *Goin' ta Boston*.
- Ugly, *ill-tempered, intractable*.
- Uncle Sam, *United States*; the largest booster of liberty and owner of slaves.
- Unrizzest, applied to dough or bread; *heavy, most unrisen, or most incapable of rising*.
- V-spot, *a five-dollar bill*.
- Valley, *value*.
- Wake snakes, *to get into trouble*.
- Wal, *well*; spoken with great deliberation, and sometimes with the *a* very much flattened, sometimes (but more seldom) very much broadened.
- Wannut, *walnut (hickory)*.
- Ware, *where*.
- Ware, *were*.
- Whopper, *an uncommonly large lie*; as, that General Taylor is in favour of the Wilmot Proviso.
- Wig, *Whig*; a party now dissolved.
- Wunt, *will not*.
- Wus, *worse*.
- Wut, *what*.
- Wuth, *worth*; as, *Anti-slavery perfections 'fore 'lection aint wuth a Bungtown copper*.
- Wuz, *was*, sometimes *were*.
- Yaller, *yellow*.
- Yeller, *yellow*.
- Yellers, *a disease of peach-trees*.
- Zack, Ole, *a second Washington, an Anti-slavery slaveholder; a humane buyer and seller of men and women, a Christian hero generally*.

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THE END

